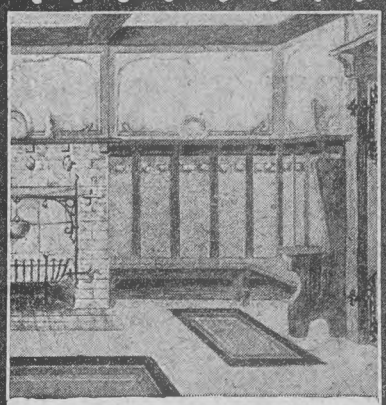

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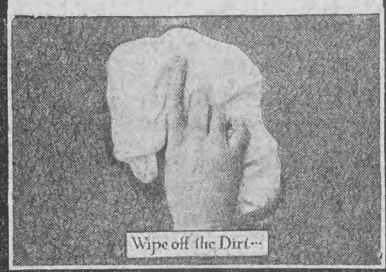

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXII. | *Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.* | No. 8

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We receive a very large number of manuscripts every day, but most contributors appear to ignore the possibilities of the short article. And that is wanted by readers today. Short articles of about 2000 words which touch upon different phases of life in our own country. Here is an opportunity for some of our readers to use their talents to good advantage.

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Yours truly,

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"Never thought he would live."

93, Queen's Head Road,
Handsworth, Birmingham.

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I took him when one month old, and the Doctor ordered Virol. With careful attention, and Virol added regularly with his food, I am sure it has proved very successful, as you see from his photograph. Wishing your Virol every success.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) (Mrs.) E. Walker.

Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

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It's such a simple matter to fit my frocks on the "Collapso Queen" Adjustable Dress Form. Why, I've made all my own dresses, skirts, and even blouses since I got my form—and Helen's clothes as well. It's no trouble to adjust it to either of our figures. And my—the money my "Collapso Queen" has saved me. It has paid for itself a do en times over in the dressmaker's cost it has saved.

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The Pedlar and His Pack

Continued from Page 11

You saw great, dirty, romantic cities of the East—Constantinople, Damascus, Bagdad. You saw the blue Mediterranean and the Isles of Greece and Arabia and the Red Sea and Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives and the "little town of Bethlehem," and could even call up a picture of shepherds watching their flocks by night under the stars! You saw lemon groves and street bazaars, sycamore and fig trees, date palms, cedars of Lebanon and long camel caravans winding their slow way over the desert to that ancient market of the eastern world, Damascus. The pedlar could conjure all these wonders up in broken, halting English in such an irresistible way you could have listened forever.

But this year he does not speak much of his people or of Syria. His heart is too full and in his dark eyes that unsleeping sorrow is more noticeable. So you do not question him. He is restrained but intense fire smoulders within him and dries up any tears that might flow. One of his sisters was hung by the hair of the head to a roadside gallows near Van, because she resisted the Turks. His old mother was dragged from a sick-bed and sent on a long march with hundreds of other prisoners and when she died her body was kicked over a precipice. His cousin was crucified by order of the Germans in Turkey, and many friends perished in the wholesale massacres. He had a sweetheart. If she is yet alive—forlorn hope!—he will find her and they will be married and live in Damascus.

A word about Damascus, called "The Pearl of the East." This is the oldest city in the world. There is absolutely no other to dispute the claim. It lies on a fertile plain and its strategical importance is great for it is the key to Central Syria and the terminal of the great caravan routes. It is watered by seven streams, and dominated by Mount Hermon whose snowy crest rises to a height of 9,000 feet. The first impression of Damascus made on the traveller is one of entrancing beauty. From afar it "shines like a diamond, set in the deep green of fruitful gardens, amid cypress, myrtle, palm, apricot, olive, walnut, orange, fig, and pomegranate trees, and the air is saturated with the fragrance of their blossoming in spring." The city received its name from the damascene work for which it has always been noted from days of antiquity up to the present. This damascene work consists of inlaying fine steel with gold and silver in wavy lines which produce a sheen when held to the light. Hence, too, comes damask linen and the city gave its name also to the damask rose, the damask plum, to rosewater, damask powder and to a certain quality of chased silverware.

The houses of Damascus are outwardly mean but it is said that the interiors of the larger ones are magnificent. Until it felt the oppression and the tyranny of the Turk the city of Damascus was wealthy beyond computation. The streets are no index of the city itself. They are narrow and dirty and crooked. Running east and west through the town to this day is "the Street called Straight" however. This would seem to indicate that a straight thoroughfare was a remarkable thing back in those biblical times—as it yet is in some more modern cities. Traces of colonnades may yet be seen and according to tradition persisting down the centuries the sites of the houses of Naaman, Ananias, Judas, and of the one where "standing room only" forced Paul to descend in a basket from a hole in the roof, can be pointed out. In the "Street which is called Straight" a great mosque stands and the Moslems believe that at the end of the world all who can crowd into this temple will be saved.

Damascus has undergone more changes of ownership than any other city in the world. It belonged in turn to the Egyptians, to King David, to Solomon, to the Assyrians, to Alexander the Great, to Rome, to the Moslems, to the Crusaders, to Saladin, to Turkey again, to Egypt again, back to Turkey in the nineteenth century and now—shall it become the capital of a free and happy and enlightened republic? Who can say! But one fact is absolutely sure and reliable: with Great Britain to guide the destiny of Asia Minor oppression and injustice will never again hold sway and the Syrian may look confidently forward to the beginning of his Golden Age.

The Riders of The Plains

Continued from Page 12

estimated that the distance to the farthest patrol, about 1300 miles, could be covered in fifteen hours and it took the gold seekers who went to the Klondyke in 1897, just eighteen months to make the trip.

Many distinguished visitors, including the Prince of Wales, have become ardent admirers of this famous force and His Royal Highness has consented to become Honorary Commandant of the body.

The members of the force are usually men of superior education. They have always been of great physique. Parthian riders, unequalled scouts, accustomed to hardships and rough fare and schooled in all the arts of diplomacy. It has been very truly said that "there is one thing on this planet longer than the equator and that is the arm of British Justice and the Mounted Police are the men who enforce it."

Fashions and Patterns

Continued from page 61

illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Coat Style—Pattern 3338 was used for this model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3¾ yards of 44-inch material. Cheviot, tweed, heather mixtures, polo cloth, velours, serge, satin and velvet are good for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Corset Cover—Pattern 3117, cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure is here portrayed. It will require 1⅜ yard of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The design is good for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, nainsook, satin, silk, crepe, batiste and cambric. It is simple, easy to develop and to adjust. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Work Dress—Pattern 3127 is here portrayed. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 7 yards of 27-inch material. This model is excellent for a nurse's or maid's uniform. It may be developed in gingham, chambray, lawn, linen, sateen or serge. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular School Dress—Pattern 3331 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Plaid or checked gingham, percale, seersucker, poplin, repp, serge, mixtures, velveteen and taffeta, also linen and pique are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Brook Fishing for the Gaspereau

Continued from Page 14

Earl the big hawks sailed along outside, but would not come near enough for me to picture them.

The gulls make a frantic fall into the water—the salt water of the harbor—and dip their necks and shoulders down and nip up an unwary kyiack, or alewife, or gaspereau—call it what you will.

I do not blame you dwellers along the great lakes and prairies for saying that the alewife is thin and bony, as you get a fresh-water dwarfed fish, but take one of these fish, double the size of those in mid-continent, full-fleshed—yes, and fullboned, too. I admit there seems to be more bones in it than the critter really needs for a well-adjusted skeleton, but one of these big fish, as large as the largest herring you have ever taken from the fresh-water lakes, is really only fairly good eating. The female is a bit bigger and stouter than the male as it is full of spawn. One odd thing about them: I could not find a single tooth on either jaw, or on the tongue or vomer.

We are wondering, as we sit here at home resting, just how that boy Earl will get those two partly-filled barrels of fish to his home a mile away. Then, if he is going to smoke them, he will have to salt them. He luckily does not have to clean them as all these fish are smoked "just as they is."

CRAFTY SNAKES

The South African snake called the eggeater has inherited from long generations of ancestors a sense of smell so acute that it appears never to be at fault. Professor Fitzsimons, director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, gives in his book on "The Snakes of South Africa" an interesting incident of the wisdom of these serpents.

Being short of fresh pigeons' eggs once, I went to my cabinet and took the clean-blown shells of a few doves' eggs. Beating up the contents of a fowl's fresh egg, I syringed them into the empty shells, and carefully pasted tiny bits of tissue paper over the holes. I put these in the eggeater's cage, and watched, for I expected the snakes to swallow them as they did the other eggs. First one eggeater advanced. He touched each egg gently in turn with the tip of his nose or the point of his forked tongue, and crawled away in disgust. Another and yet another eagerly advanced, repeated the performance, and straight-way retired. I began to get interested. Leaving the eggs, I returned in a few hours' time to find them still there.

For two whole weeks those eggs remained in the cage untouched, although I refrained from giving the snakes any others. Then I procured some fresh pigeons' eggs and put them into the cage. The snakes approached, touched them with their noses or tongues, and instantly began to swallow them. I tried this experiment a second time with the same result. Frequently I have noticed that the snakes would eat some of the eggs that I gave them, and reject others. On breaking the latter open, I always found that they were either addled or else had a partially developed young bird inside. I could never induce an eggeater to swallow an egg that was not perfectly fresh.

The eggeater is an expert climber, and his sense of smell is so sharp that he can discover birds nests with the greatest facility. If you place an empty bird's nest in the cage of an eggeater, he will take no notice of it, except to use it occasionally for a cosy bed. But if you put fresh eggs in it, he at once detects their presence, although they are hidden from his sight.

THE BLACK TRACKER

During the South African War an officer of the Australian contingent boasted of the cunning of his black tracker,—who was no great master of his craft after all,—until he quite exhausted the credulity of the British officers with whom he was messing. He told one remarkable tale after another, until the other men challenged him to make good his reputation for veracity, and the conditions were these:

The five skeptical British officers, two afoot and three mounted, should start, at various intervals, in whatsoever directions they might elect, and proceed for a period agreed upon; and the black tracker, knowing only the color of the horse that each mounted man rode, and having seen only the print of the shoes that each footman wore, should trace them all within a certain time and subsequently report the movements of each with reasonable accuracy.

"Is it agreed," said one of the officers, "that we may obscure our tracks?"

"Oh, yes"

"Must we keep to soft ground?"

"Oh, my word, no!" the Australian laughed. "Go where you like."

"May we take off our shoes?"

"Of course. Don't spare the tracker. He'll be all right enough."

The tracker had an entertaining day of it. He returned contemptuous of the bushcraft of the five British officers. But he had not been spared, for the officers had taken to stony ground and sought in every way to bewilder him. He had followed the tracks of the mounted men, however, on the run, indentifying the movements of each by the colors of the dark-brown, light-brown and gray hairs of the horses, samples of which he produced; he also told how the first horseman had dismounted and lighted his pipe, how the second had been thrown when riding at a canter, and how the third had dismounted, rested in the shade and climbed a tree for a veiw of the country.

He also described accurately the movements of the footmen. One had tramped his course without pause or accident, but the other, having taken off his shoes, according to the evidence of a wisp or two of wool from his socks, had cut his foot and gone lame the rest of the way, as a stone with a speck of blood disclosed.

When the tracker concluded his revelations, it was agreed by the five British officers that his report was ample, that he had not made a single mistake, and that he had fulfilled all the conditions of the trial.

SUPERHUMANLY SENSITIVE

In a recent issue, the National Geographic Magazine contains an interesting article about the measuring and testing machines in the Bureau of Standards Building at Washington. It says: Here can be seen instruments of such delicacy and precision that the mind fails at first to grasp the full significance of what they can accomplish. In one room is a balance so sensitive that the mere presence of the operator's body generates an amount of heat that is sufficient to disturb the machine's accuracy. In another room there is one so delicately adjusted that it shows the loss of weight due to the reduction of the earth's atmosphere when two pieces of metal are weighed one upon another instead of side by side.

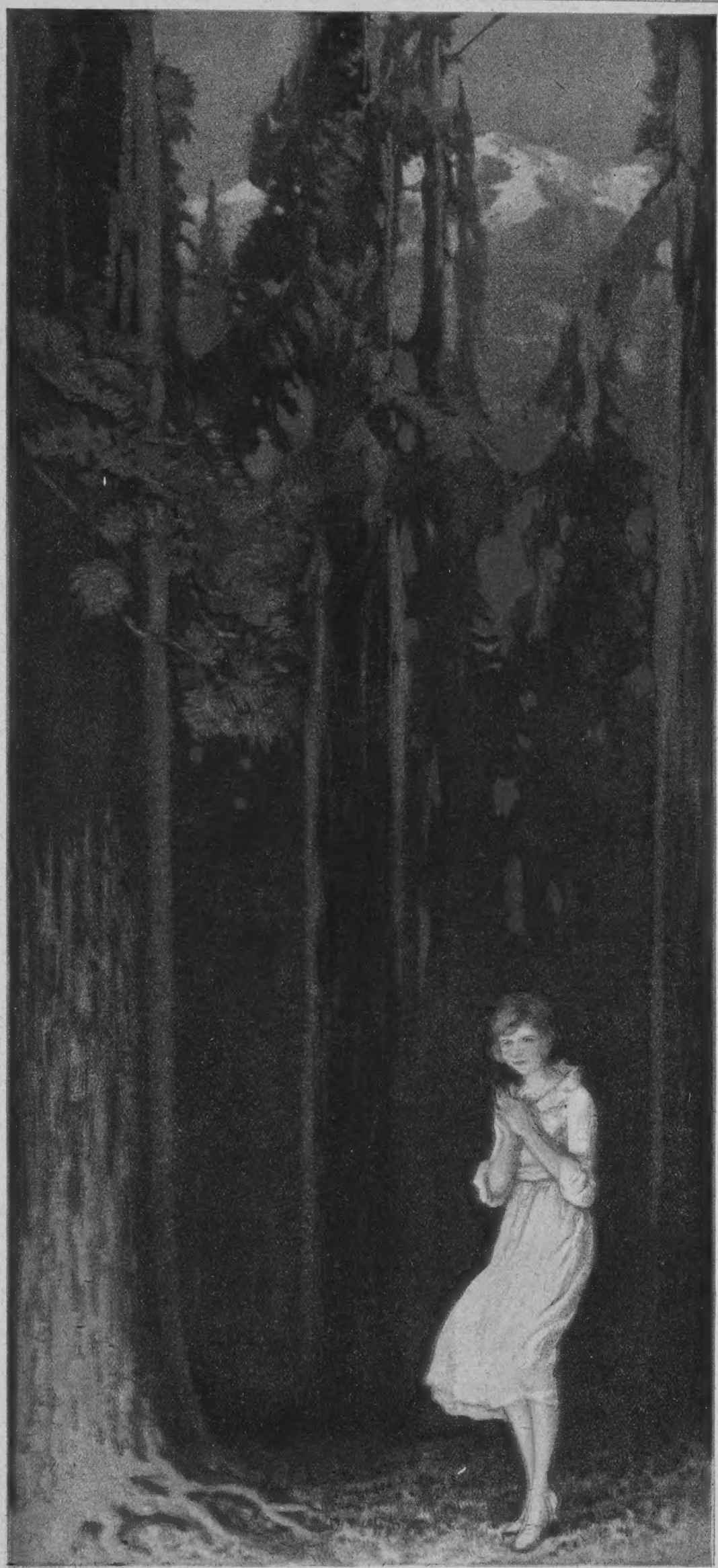
Remarkable beyond the imagination are the heat-measuring instruments that register infinitesimal fluctuations of temperature. A ray of light may have started ten years ago from some distant star, and may have spent all of those years hurtling earthward-bound through space at a gait so astonishing that it could girdle the globe in far less time than it takes to wink the eye, and yet when it falls upon the sensitive bolometers at the Bureau of Standards, they will tell the observer how much heat that ray brought with it from the star to the earth.

Such are a few of the most delicate instruments. There are others that are as powerful as those are sensitive. In the engineering laboratory there is a huge testing machine that can tear apart the strongest steel girders used in building great "skyscrapers," while on the floor above are little electric furnaces that can generate a heat intense enough to melt the most refractory materials. The Bureau can accurately measure cold great enough to liquefy the very air we breathe, and heat that will melt solid rocks.

An American spending his vacation in Scotland had an opportunity to play golf every day on a world-famous links. Moreover, he had assigned to him an exceptionally fine caddie, who had frequently carried the bags of the best golfers in Scotland.

"Donald, my man, I expect to get some good tips from you while I am here," said the American, while making the first round of the course.

"And I expect," returned the thrifty Donald, "the like frae you."



"The ultimate choice of the prudent housewife" ⊕

AWAY from home and out of doors, what can excel cotton for the quick change from travel-stained garments into something fresh, crisp, cool, beautiful and withal inexpensive?

¶ There are the plain, heavy-duty materials such as duck or drill—or, on the other hand, the exquisite fine weaves that cling like silk itself. Nothing takes decoration more effectively! Or cleans so easily! Or costs so little, as cotton!

¶ And there are no better or cheaper cottons than *"PRUE COTTONS."* Ask your retailer.

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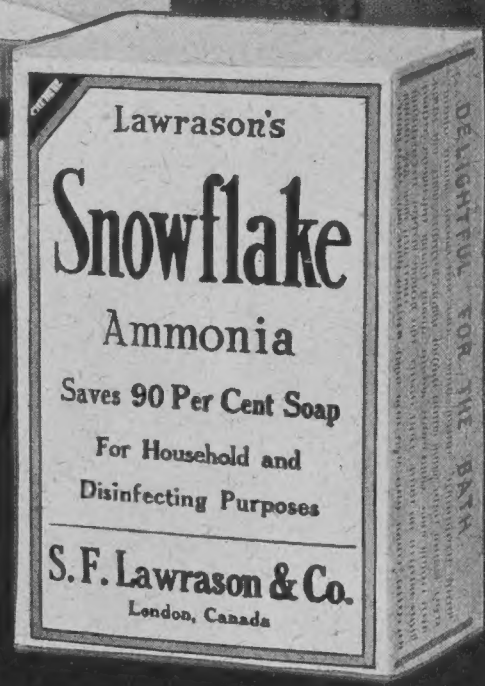

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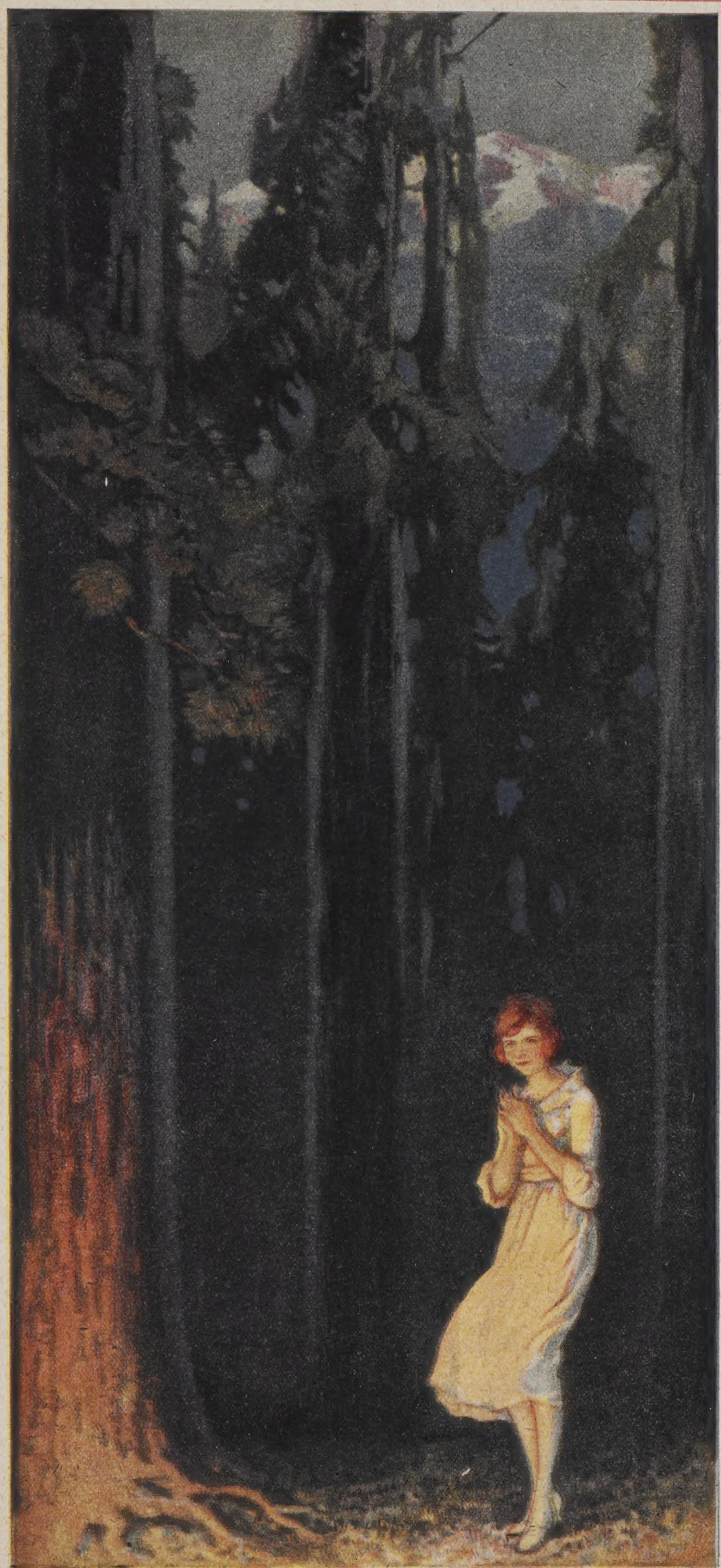
The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Issued Monthly
10c Per Copy

WINNIPEG, MAN., SEPTEMBER, 1920

Western Canada's
Home Magazine



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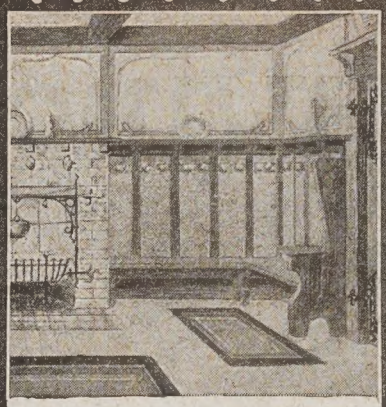

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We receive a very large number of manuscripts every day, but most contributors appear to ignore the possibilities of the short article. And that is wanted by readers today. Short articles of about 2000 words which touch upon different phases of life in our own country. Here is an opportunity for some of our readers to use their talents to good advantage.

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All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires

THE FEDERATION AND THE O. B. U.

It was quite a novel gathering which was held in the Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg, early in August. The two factions of the Labor Party came together to argue the merits of their platforms. It cannot be said that either side was particularly happy in the choice of speakers, for there was a disposition on the part of all to talk in a rambling manner rather than in a plain, straight-forward logical way. This might have been avoided in part if the listeners had been fair to the men on the platform. There are a great many people in Western Canada vitally interested in a discussion of the problem that was supposed to have been argued, and it is too bad that the case could not be placed before the public fairly and squarely.

In as far as an unprejudiced mind can judge the sum of the argument for the Internationals was this: "We have been organized as guilds or crafts in all countries for many years, and have gradually gained for Labor a recognition and it now virtually controls the conditions under which work is carried on. In four years the battle will be completely won by the process of evolution, which the International body has always advocated. Never was Labor in better position than now. It would be even in a more favoured state if only the agitators of the O. B. U. had sense enough to keep quiet at the critical moment." On the other side, the argument of the O. B. U. seems to be this. "Organization by means of guilds or crafts is ineffective and always will be so. The International is not near victory. Moreover, it is a body controlled by a dictatorship which is owned by the moneyed classes. The only solution is an organization of all workers regardless of their occupation on geographical lines. They can extend their organization as far as they like, to include a city, a province, a nation or the world. The last is of course the objective. The one thing desirable is to put the workers in control of things. We can never get anywhere by peaceful means. The only way to get anything in this world is to take it."

Now, this may not be fair to either party but the arguments advanced seem to bear this construction. The big problem of course is whether either party is within gunshot of the truth. An appeal to passion in these days is useless except as a means of gaining temporary control of a situation. What we all desire is a solution that will look towards permanent welfare of all the people. It is unfortunate that the case was not presented in a better way. And the very first condition to be observed in presenting the case is that the speakers are really sincere as well as accurate in their statements. Abuse does not take the place of argument.

Labor has a good argument, though not nearly so good as it had a few years ago. It is true that unbridled capital is as ruthless as ever and just as greedy, but Labor has fallen from its high estate for several reasons. There are dissensions within the ranks, the workers are not always honest in that they do not give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, many of them are very much overpaid since there is no adequate recognition of variation in talent, and above all there is a disposition on the part of not a few to claim a right that can never belong to them—the right as a particular class to usurp the power of government. For it is fundamental that good government is the concern of all, and therefore the right of all, and to no class, no matter how assertive it may be, must the power of all be transferred.

It is time that discussion should proceed along rational lines. A few leading principles being accepted by all, as the result of careful observation and reflection, it is not difficult to build upon these a reasonably sound economic and political system. The speakers, during the discussion at Winnipeg, seemed to ignore general principles.

YOUTH AND AGE.

One of the chief differences between youth and age is that the former looks forward and the latter backward, the former is buoyed up by hope, the latter is made happy through recollection.

In youth we are all making plans for the future—plans of love, of wealth, of achievement, of philanthropy. Sometimes we are carried away by one consuming life desire, sometimes we are content to live from day to day happy in the experience of the moment. We are fortunate indeed if we can go on hoping to the end of life without discouragement, and without regret. Then will our life seem full and overflowing, profitable and worth the living.

With most of us there comes a time, however, when for some reason or other we cease looking forward. We take pleasure in doing things, in visiting, in recalling old scenes—simply because in each case we are renewing our youth. The young people with whom we live do not always comprehend it. Rightly enough they say that reminiscence is a sure sign of advancing age.

In the words of a well-known magazine: "The best cure for that malady of age, if it be a malady, is to fill our lives as full as possible with the interests that cannot grow old. Worldly pleasures and ambitions will fail and pall, but the charm of nature, the inexhaustible delight of thought, the endless resource of seeking others' happiness, stick to us as long as we stick to them. Only, those things cannot be taken up at a moment's notice, when more unworthy things have fallen away.

FATHERHOOD

Fatherhood is deserving of more than an occasional and half-jocose word. Some thirty years ago a book entitled "Mother, Home and Heaven" ran through countless editions. A rather frivolous wit has suggested a companion volume on "Father, the Club, and the Other Place." As a matter of fact, there is no modern book that exalts fatherhood to the plane occupied by motherhood in the popular imagination. In too many families the labor that produces the daily bread, the sheltering and protecting care that makes the home possible, are accepted as matters of course.

The pivotal commandment in the Decalogue, in which duty to God and duty to man meet each other, is that in which young people are commanded to reverence their father and their mother; and in the present age there is special need that people put a new emphasis on the first half of it.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

We are in the West a practical people, and put a supreme value on all that is useful, yet in our wiser moments we are influenced in our speech, dress and action by the thought of the beautiful. No matter what we profess, we admire a lady who is comely in appearance, a house that is clean and nicely kept, a book that is neatly bound, a manner that is simple yet attractive. Beauty compels adoration though it does not seek it. It allies itself with truth and goodness and is the handmaid of all true progress.

Beauty of person is greatly to be desired. All the outward helps are legitimate if they can be attained without undue expense of time or money. "The skill of the manicurist, the cunning, witchery of dress—most cunning and most effective when it enjoys simplicity and neatness rather than extravagance and display—all these are at the disposal of the honest-minded woman."

The best means to beauty of person is the cultivation of beautiful qualities in the life. It is not possible for every one to own rich furniture, handsome paintings, splendid music. It is not possible for every one to own even those little adornments of jewelry and lace and ribbons that do so much when used in moderation to improve appearance. One who has to make her own clothes and do her own housework, must of necessity do without some things. Yet, it is not the possession of beautiful things but the power to enjoy them that makes the soul beautiful. You may remember old Titbottom in "Prue and I," who, looking out at the broad, smiling acres of the capitalist, said "And to think that I own them all!" When checked, he explained by saying, "Surely, I own them all—all the beauty of shade and color. All that rich old Bourne owns is the dirt and fences." So it is quite possible for all to enjoy the beautiful and to have it permeate their being. All can answer the poet's prayer, "God make me beautiful within."

"By living with beauty we do not mean the set and ostentatious beauty of great art. We mean rather that there is an unconscious beautifying influence in the simpler things of every day, if only we open our souls to them. The songs of the birds, the drift of clouds, the twinkle of flowers, the tranquility of stars—these things impart a subtle and compelling beauty to the faces of those who really live with them. That is what the poet means when he said:

And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

You women who wish to charm, fill your souls with beautiful thoughts, and you will be charming. The magic and the great worth of that charm is that it never grows old."

Living Up To Lady Mary

By OWEN OLIVER

IT was the first day at office after my holiday abroad, and I was busy with papers that had accumulated; but I found a smile for Charlie Tarne, when he entered my room.

"Well, Charlie, my boy!" I said chaffingly, "have you called about the marriage settlements?"

He had become engaged to the only daughter of Lord Royton during my absence.

Charlie put his hat on the table and sat down, with his hands in his pockets, and stretched his long legs, and stared at his boots.

"Hang it all!" he complained. "I haven't been engaged a month yet."

I looked at him curiously. I had hoped that his engagement would sober him; but it seemed to have sobered him a little too much.

"Repent in haste and marry at leisure?" I suggested.

"Something like that," he agreed.

I put my papers aside and prepared for council.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

She's about ten times too good for me. . . . Do you mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

I pushed the box his way, and leaned back in my chair watching him.

"I've been getting you out of scrapes ever since you left school," I observed.

"And now I want you to get me out of this."

"What scrape?" I asked.

"The engagement," he answered.

"Oh! You mean that!"

I lit a cigarette myself and smoked, still watching him. His father was the friend; and I have no son of my own; and marriage is a serious scrape.

"I don't know Lady Mary," I remarked presently; "but people seem to think a deal of her."

"I don't suppose there's anyone who thinks more of her than I do. She's good....I'm not. That's where it is."

That's where it is," I sighed. "I thought you'd make a nice average between you."

"We don't add up," he stated.

"Umph!....When you wrote you gave me to understand that you were in love with her."

"I thought I was. In a way I think I am; as much as she'll let me be. She's so different from the girls I've known."

"Thank Heaven!"

"Look here!" He faced me for the first time. "I mean good girls. I don't think of her along with the others. See?"

"I see....And she is different?"

"Well—she rather chills demonstration. I mean—I suppose a fellow might feel like it to a saint. I don't mind her being a saint; but all the family are like it. When I go there I have to be a saint too. Oh! You may laugh. You aren't.

"I've been thirty years a lawyer, Charlie! And fifty-odd a sinner. No. I don't care for men-saints; but saintliness is all right in a woman, if it isn't too obtrusive."

"It isn't that. They don't preach; and they don't cant. It's just—atmosphere. I daren't say 'cards'; and as for a flutter on a race—! They've never been on a racecourse in their lives. They're teetotalers; and they would'nt go to a theater, unless it was grand opera. What the deuce am I to do, when I'm married?"

"You needn't let your wife's people choose your amusements."

"They wouldn't!" She would!" He nodded emphatically; and then he laughed. "It seems funny to be under the thumb of such a quiet little thing, but I am. The strange thing is that she hasn't the least notion of bossing me. In fact, she's quite ready to be bossed. She just makes me ashamed to do things. That's all. I said she was ten times too good for me. I ought to have said twenty. 'Of course," she'll say, 'you know better than I do; and you wouldn't do anything that isn't right....Well, that is my idea of you.'....And she'll just smile a little fraction of a smile—she always smiles like that—and I don't do it. I don't even have a row with her over it. You can't quarrel with an angel who hasn't the remotest idea of quarreling. You can't hurt her either. If I married her I should. ....It wasn't me she accepted, but her idea of me. I can't live up to it. I don't want to."

"Then you'd better tell her so," I suggested.

He flung his cigarette into the grate.

"If I'd wanted that advice," he told me, "I'd have gone to any fool!"

"And you've come to me....There are two sides to an engagement. Have you thought of her's?"

"Yes." He faced me squarely for the second time. "I've thought a good bit of her's. She'll be better out of it. She'll have to be out of it, if I go and tell her the truth."

You can't quarrel with an angel who hasn't the remotest idea of quarreling

"Sometimes," I said, "the truth answers as well as the other thing."

And sometimes it doesn't ! If I break it off it's a fearful slight to her; to all of them. They've got a lot of pride to hurt. It's only the decent thing to let her break it off, if I can manage it." I nodded. "Well, that's what I've come to you about."

I lit another cigarette.

"Suppose," I enquired, "she heard of certain little escapades of yours? Escapades that took place before you knew her—I suppose there isn't something since?" He shook his head decidedly. "It is certain that she would break it off?"

"Of course. If you knew her, you wouldn't ask the question. You don't realize how things look to her. I tell you she's a white saint."

"A white saint," I asserted, "would forgive a black saint if she happened to be desperately in love with him."

Charlie laughed a hard laugh. Somehow that laugh made one understand the position better.

"If Mary were the desperately loving sort of saint," he asserted, "I'd possibly submit to reformation."

"Yes," I agreed. "Yes." The arms of a woman round a man's neck are good preaching. "Well, she isn't my client, and I haven't to consider her; but you have."

"And I have!" he declared stoutly. "I don't say it won't hurt her. She'll grieve for the poor black devil; shed a few tears, and pray for him. Perhaps she'll—" he moistened his lips—"even miss him a bit; but it will never occur to her to risk her saintship to cure his devilship. He'll just be pitch that she can't touch. Well, she shant....

It would hurt her a deal more if she married me and then found that I didn't come up to—to the family ideas!....Mind, I've nothing to say against them. They've been good to me; and I like them. They're puritans; but they're honest puritans. They're not my sort, and I'm not their sort. That's what it comes to——It must be broken off, if I have to do it on my own; but I'd almost as soon shoot myself as insult her by crying off....I thought you'd help me."

"Very well," I said. The ass has fallen into the pit again, and I'll have to dig him out....It's sickening work, digging asses out of pits, Charlie. I wish you'd give a thought to the man who somes after the ass! You'd be such a good chap, if you were a trifle steadier."

I put my hand on the boy's shoulder. When a lad is handsome and affectionate, and you're always pulling him out of pits, you get fond of him; especially if you've no child of your own.

I'm an infernal rotter," he said, looking away from me. You've been a second father to me; and I've been worry enough for a son.... I'll pull up a bit....I've been all right since I knew Mary."

"Yes. Have you thought of going and telling her frankly what you've told me? Perhaps if she knew that a little more 'demonstration' would help you, she'd—demonstrate!"

"Poor girl, yes! If I only told her that, she'd worry her good little soul out trying to be nice and comforting; but if she knew the—the little escapades—! If she didn't, it would be marrying her under false pretenses; and I won't."

"If there were no pretenses there would be fewer marriages.... Still, I don't know that it isn't wiser to have it out. Something would be bound to come to her ears some day....You're sure she wouldn't forgive you?"

"Sure as fate!"

"Very well. Her father shall hear of your past—enough of it."

Charlie laughed uncomfortably.

"A selection will do! I've been a fool; an ungrateful fool....Look here, Mr. Newland. I'm going to pay you back this time. I'll give up gambling. Word of honor." He held out his hand.

"Word of honor, Charlie," I said.

We shook hands on it.

"How are you going to do it?" he asked.

"Anonymous letter," I said briefly.

"You won't like doing that."

"No."

"Besides, he isn't the sort to go by anonymous letters. He'd put it on the fire."

"Oh, no! I shall make perfectly specific statements, and give him the opportunity of verifying them. We dont want to drag in a lot of outsiders and stir up mud. I shall name myself as the best person to question about the facts."

Charlie put his hand on my arm.

"Digging out the ass is an unpleasant business," he owned, "and—I've had a second father in—in the man who comes after the ass.... I know you'll hate the anonymous business, and I shouldn't let you do it for me; but it isn't only the ass. You're digging out a—a good girl."

He choked down something; and went.

The Anonymous Letter

I typed the anonymous letter myself, after the clerks had gone. I am no typist, and my mistakes gave the document a satisfactory appearance of illiterateness. I instanced a sufficient number of Charlie's escapades, and mentioned "Mr. Newland, the senior partner of Newland, Evans, & Green, Solicitors," as "a gentleman of standing," who could not deny the facts, if questioned. I could have described him as a gentleman of unquestionable uprightness, if he hadn't written the letter!....Well, Charlie is my old friend's son, and I've none of my own; and the girl was bound to find out some day, and better before marriage than after. I excused myself so; but I was ashamed of the business.

Charlie brought the anonymous letter to me the day after. It had come to him inclosed with a note from Lady Mary's father.

My Dear Tarne:

"I have received the enclosed.

"I trust that the accusations are unfounded, or so grossly ex-
"aggerated that I can advise my daughter that they may be over-
"looked. In that case you will be glad to have the opportunity of
"denying them. In any case you will not blame me for thinking
"inquiry necessary.

"I do not wish to communicate with Mr. Newland, or with any-
"body, behind your back. He was your guardian, I believe, and is
"now your solicitor; and I know of him simply as being a
"gentleman in whom a gentleman may trust. I think the best
"thing would be for you to see him and induce him to come with
"you to discuss the matter with us this afternoon.

"I say 'us.' Mary is a grown woman, and one of character. I

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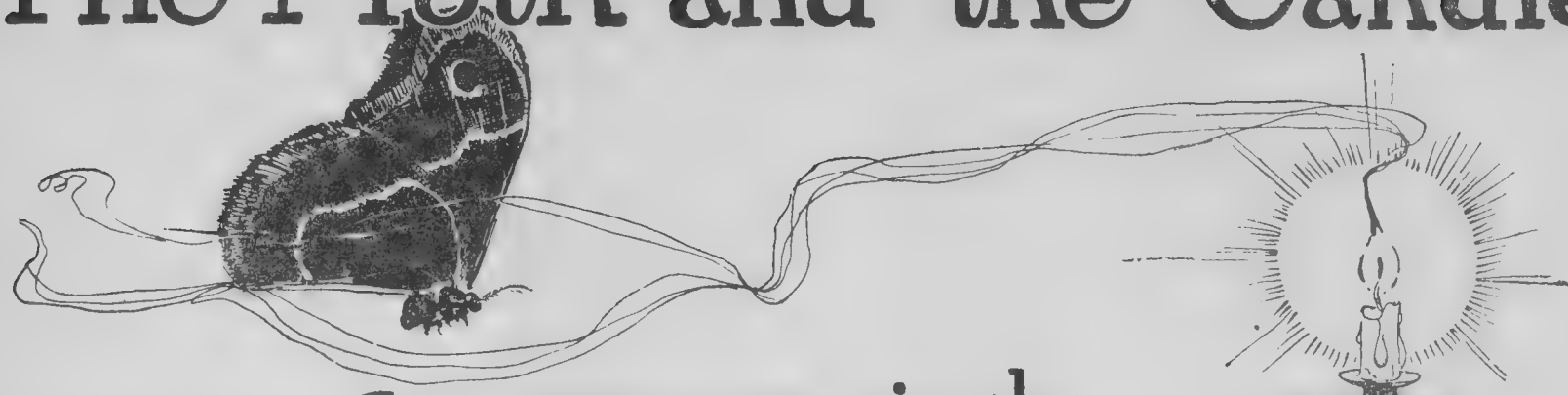
"The boy's all right" I said. "And—God bless her!—and the girl! .....He'll never pull her down. .. The boy's all right!"

The Moth and the Candle



by Joanna Single

Illustrated by Walter Whitehead

JANET was ushered into a dim hall so perfect that entering it seemed part of a rite. A trim maid showed her up the carved stairway, and into the room where soft voiced women were laying aside their wraps, and discussing the recital of chamber music about to begin in the rooms below. A momentary hush followed Janet's entrance, and as the maid took her hat and coat she was conscious that these women of her world had been speaking of her. Henri Reaux' manifest and ardent wooing had not passed unnoticed.

Janet smiled and bowed her greetings to her friends, and went down without even a glance at the mirror. Her dark hair was parted from brow to neck and rolled behind her ears in a fashion that lent an odd Japanese appearance to her pale oval face and long gray eyes. She was small but slender, with a distinction of carriage that made her seem tall. Her dress was so perfect that the casual observer would only have known that it was gray, with soft lace draped on the bodice, and that she was very beautiful in it. At the stair's foot her hostess greeted her, a pretty child handed her a program, and she seated herself near a little candle-stand in the music room doorway facing the musicians.

The music room was even more shrine-like than the hall and, like the larger rooms opening from it, gave a marvellous effect of simplicity, considering the wealth of rich detail. The general color-feeling was that of still green relieved by jars of red roses set carelessly about. Soft oriental draperies were drawn back from the doorways and in a niche over the piano stood a great, white-winged Victory. All the curtains were close-drawn, and many shaded candles lighted the soft gloom, for it was Henri Reaux' caprice to think himself unable to play by daylight. He said the glare destroyed his mood and irritated him.

Janet sat watching the little orchestra of four pieces. For all that his appearance told, the second violinist might have been a clerk or a broker; the 'cellist was a fat, common-place-looking man, who suggested much beer. But the sixteen-year -old boy with the violin might have fittingly worn a halo; his face, though not perfect of feature, was of expression beautiful, and very fair. His eyes sought Janet's face with respectful adoration.

Then the first violinist rose to touch the key-note on the piano. While the others tuned their instruments and as he returned to his place, he took a long-stemmed rose from a vase and, passing Janet dropped it in her lap. He was the observed of all eyes. Henri Reaux was the city's newest musical idol; for three months society had adored and feted him for his music, his perfect manners, his peculiar foreign charm and distinction. He was a new sensation. He was of medium height and graceful, though rather thick-set with dark hair only a mere thought too long, and a pale complexion offset by his carefully curled black moustache. He could not have been forty. Always a favorite with women, men shrugged their shoulders and laughed at the women who surrounded him, though they had no definite objection to him. As he tuned his instrument a preliminary ecstasy shone in his fine dark eyes and, meeting Janet's glance, his face almost lit to beauty.

Janet sat fingering her rose, which was a splash of crimson against her gray gown. This afternoon he was to play for her and to her and afterwards she was to say whether she would go to Paris with him when he returned thither in a week. He told her she alone could make him play as a god, could through him pour the beauty of her pure spirit into his music. He could do nothing without her now; she had taken from him his own power and must not deny him the gift of her more perfect strength.

Roused by his devotion to what she thought was an answering love in herself, she intended to go with him. She hardly understood just why she had postponed her answer till now. Perhaps an indefinable wistfulness in her widowed mother's face had stayed her—a reluctance to leave her alone. Was it some instinct that said "Wait?" She was sure it was no thought of Ellis Field whom she refused because she was not sure of more than a comradely affection for him, and who had temporarily left town just before the musician came. She had hardly thought of Ellis; certainly had not missed him What made her remember him now?

The tuning ended; and a Beethoven Adagio thrilled so softly into the room that its beginning was felt rather than heard. And as if in answer to a call, Ellis Field quietly entered and took a seat in front of Janet and just to one side. For a moment every head turned toward him; not entirely because his return to the city was unknown and unexpected, or because he was more often found at his law office than at afternoon functions; nor even because he was an open lover of Janet; but because he was disturbingly definite and vital—the wild note where tameness prevailed. His strong and lovable personality pervaded any company where he appeared, and never retreated into the polite colorlessness of mere convention. Other men loved him; children sought him; old ladies told him their troubles. He was tall and a blonde, with the smile of a boy, and stern righteousness lay beneath the kindness in his blue eyes.

Ellis Field's proximity troubled Janet and disturbed her mood. He had placed one long arm across the back of the vacant chair before her and she found herself watching the fine tenseness of his hand which, without actually moving, yet seemed to vibrate to every tone of the music. She remembered that he was no mean pianist himself. His face was turned to look past her, and she could see his eyes narrow a little in evident contemplation of Reaux. She had a momentary indignant impulse, half motherly, to shield the artist from the pitiless scrutiny of this balanced young man of the world, in whom the judge never slept. She felt nervously that Ellis would not understand the musician's temperament. Never before had she felt a throb of apology for the man she intended to marry; it surprised and hurt her.

Then the caressing passion of the violin's singing laid its spell upon her, and she joyed in the thought that she was inspiring it—that she was stirring Reaux' interpretative life to new vitality. She felt the woman's pleasure of giving all that she has, and found a finer generosity in the man's ability to receive without any thought of recompense. Ellis would not have accepted any sacrifice from any

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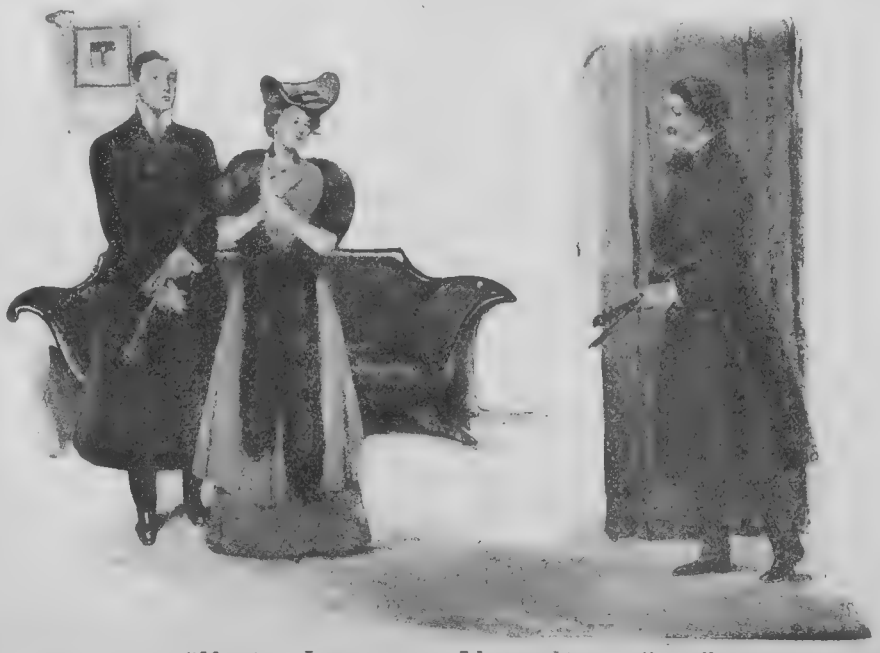

"Monsieur, I never forget. I have nothing to tell you."

Film makes teeth dim and dingy

You may not realize it, but remove the film and see how teeth look then.

Compare your teeth now with the teeth you see after this ten-day test. It will be a revelation.

Every woman owes this to herself.

Millions of Smiles

Now show beautiful teeth---this is why

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Look at people's teeth when they smile. Many teeth are dingy and discolored. All one's attractions are marred by them.

Other teeth now glisten. For millions of people now brush teeth in a new way. Twice a day they fight the film which dulls them.

Your teeth are coated more or less if you brush them in old ways. See the difference when you brush them in the new way for a while. Ask for this ten-day test

You must combat film

Brushing does not clean teeth if it leaves the film. It removes some debris, but it does not end the teeth's great enemy.

Millions find that well-brushed teeth still discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Now modern dental science finds the reason in a film.

New film is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then, between your dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. A soapy tooth paste makes it more viscous. So brushing teeth in old ways has left much film intact. Its daily removal has in late years been a major dental problem.

How film ruins teeth

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Dental science, after painstaking research, has found new ways to combat film. Able authorities have proved them by clinical and laboratory tests. Their efficiency is now beyond all question. These methods have with millions revolutionized teeth cleaning.

These new factors are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—an ideal tooth paste which complies with all the new requirements. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. To prove it quickly to all careful people, a ten-day tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Five quick effects

Pepsodent brings five desired effects with every application. Some are at once apparent, and all soon show their benefits to teeth.

One ingredient is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits that cling. Another instant result is multiplied alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Thus with every application Pepsodent combats the teeth's great enemies in new and efficient ways. Both in Europe and America it is fast bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

The way to know it is to try it. The first application reveals some new effects. A few-day test is most convincing. See these effects, read the reasons for them, and judge this new method for yourself.

If it brings you whiter, safer, cleaner teeth, tell others about it. There are few things more important.

Few children escape

Children's teeth seem most susceptible to film-caused attacks. Very few young folks escape them. Dentists advise the use of Pepsodent from the day the first tooth appears.

Old methods have proved inadequate. See what the new way does. Right tooth protection in early years means much in years to come.

Men who smoke will also see conspicuous results. Their teeth are often much discolored, for tobacco stains the film.

Pepsodent CANADA REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, acting in new ways. Approved by the highest authorities and advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

Watch the change in a week

Send this Coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

These effects mean much to you. Cut out the coupon now.

462

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 814—1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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On'y one tube to a Family

Wholesome products of Nature are combined in

Delicious and Refreshing

Coca-Cola

in bottles

In the field, on the table, for home folks or guest, it adds zest to living, quenches thirst, and is pure, clean, satisfying. A case (two dozen bottles) from your grocer or druggist is a source of never-failing satisfaction.

Seventeen Canadian factories are producing Coca-Cola, one division of the international service of refreshment which millions enjoy.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.
WINNIPEG

1X

Buy a bottle or case

The Expert

By W. R. Gilbert

MY ONLY neighbour up the Gulch was Looney the Fool, a young man with large round spectacles and a full moon smile. Looney had never put up the drinks in his life, wore gloves when he worked in his shaft, knew no more of silver mining than a six months old infant, talked like an idiot when he talked at all, made no friends, knew nobody, bought nothing in Amber, sold nothing, and spent his Sundays collecting twigs, leaves, weeds and all sorts of rubbish, which he kept pressed out in a book of blotting paper.

All up the mountains, on both sides of the gulch, the granite was rich as you please in silver and carbonates. Every vein in the camp was easy to work by tunnelling, fortunes were being made on every side, and every man with the sense of a horse seemed to speculate in mines or town lotes except Looney.

There was one streak of ground in the district which no one but a natural born idiot would have thought of prospecting, and that was the deep alluvial at the bottom of Amber Gulch.

One could not tunnel there because the ground was flat; to sink a shaft there meant pumping, and as the underground part of the Amber River ran loose among big boulders down on bedrock, you might pump forever without lowering the water an inch.

That is why Looney had located his claim in the flat, just where Granite Creek came in from the north making a big "Y." It was enough to make a man sick, the very thought of such a proposition as Looney's deep caisson down to bedrock. Why, his pumping had cost one fortune, his idiotic mill had cost another; his water rights for milling, a third; but I must say that Looney never seemed out of funds. The stuff he took out of the caisson certainly wasn't silver —I'd tested that once on my own account, just to make sure. It was a sort of yellow dirt, not a bit like any paying rock I knew of. So with my cabin just below the fork of the river, and Looney's cabin and model mill just above in the "Y," I never had spoke to the critter for twelve whole months.

But when the Associated Ten stole the water which fed poor Looney's flume, it made me mad. The man might only be fit for the county asylum, but he had paid hard cash for every drop of water he used, and I calculated that there was enough straight Anglo-Saxon in me to see fair play. So I went to call on Looney that very night.

"Mister," says I, "we ain't acquainted yet, but my name's Jim Ballantyne."

He smiled his full moon smile, and asks me to sit down. He was squatting in his doorstep like a heathen idol, smiling down the Gulch towards Amber City, as though he'd leased it for the purpose: so I sat down on a chunk of granite and filled my old corncob, wondering if the critter would object to smoke.

"I think," he said, as calm as you please, "you are my first visitor in nineteen months."

"That may be, Mister; but the Associated Ten has jumped your water, which ain't straight dealing."

"My friend, I am Looney the Fool. I have no rights which anybody need respect."

"What are you going to do about it? Law?"

"A wise man, Mr. Ballantyne, would go to law—a fool would say, "What's the good of a ten thousand dollar man litigating against a two million dollar synlicate?"

"Look here," says I: "You may be, as all the Gulch says, a natural born idiot, but this thing ain't square, and I'm going to see you through."

"Mr. Ballantyne, if you were a harmless maniac like myself, I could understand that remark; but you being a very clever and a very popular man, your motive seems obscure."

"You think us a bad lot, eh?"

He smiled.

"Well, I'll just prove we ain't.

"Mr. Ballantyne, is it possible that any of you could act from disinterested motives? You have apparently nothing to gain."

"Well," says I, "Where I was raised, there's something that has no price, which isn't on the market, which can't be bought or sold—and that's called 'Justice.'"

Now as to my boasting to Looney that I would see him through, I don't claim to being anything more than a common scrub prospector; but if you go to Amber, and ask the first man you meet, "What is Jim Ballantyne?" the answer will be 'square!'" The reason is, that once the manager of the Amber Bank skipped the camp with such a load of plunder that we come very near being a busted community. That night a ragged ass of a prospector, who had been fooled like the rest of us, knew enough to guess which way the thief had run, gave chase on a yard engine from Amber depot, caught up the manager, captured all the plunder and brought it back to town in time to stop a big commercial panic. Moreover, the said prospector was Jim Ballantyne, and the said thief was Peter Ballantyne, his own brother. That is why Jim Ballantyne is generally known as "square!"

Well, to return to this business about Looney the Fool. We were having rather a rough time, so to speak, in Amber, because the town was full of deadbeats, tramps, gamblers, toughs, and still worse vermin not to be named before ladies, all attracted, of course, by the boom at the Associated Ten mines. Men were waylaid and sandbagged in the streets; miners too drunk to know any better, were drugged and robbed in the saloons; and about once a week there'd be a shooting scrap, and a funeral.

Of course, the Vigilance Committee continued to notify the worst hard cases, who usually took the hint and slid out, but our merchants were too busy to do the things properly by holding lynching soirees. As for me, I took things easily, because the people who were shot, were not of the kind to be missed: and if a man gets drunk, to be cleaned out by toughs is a part of the entertainment. Fifty saloons and only one church for fifteen hundred people might seem peculiar to some: but if strangers don't understand a mining camp, that's their infirmity. Let them, therefore, continue strangers.

Shooting is all right, sandbagging is all right, faro games are all right, but jumping water rights is crooked, which ain't right. Without his flume of water even an idiot can't run a stamp mill, and Looney had a clear record, which the Associated Ten syndicate had not. Why, it was only three months before that they had jumped a side street for a railway siding, on which occasion the Vigilance Committee turned loose a barrel of free drinks for our citizens to refresh themselves while they tore up the tracks.

How I slanged that Vigilance Committee! I just went for them with both hoofs—I found them in McPhail's back store, making cigar smoke and resolutions about turning out our surplus population.

What did their local suasion amount to when they only talked about lynching, and stood by while a decent quiet citizen was being robbed and ruined up the Gulch? One of the Associated Ten was like me, a member of the Committee, but he had to shut his mouth and sit tight when I opened fire with Jacks.

Next morning the Committee took a personally conducted crowd of tourists up to the Associated Ten flume; and by the time we had finished investigating, the dam was blown up, the flumes was dispersed, and a notice posted that any son of a gun who jumped water rights in our Gulch should swing.

The courts would have kept Looney in litigation for years with the thieves in possession, then ended by non-suiting him with costs; but our Committee fixed the whole thing before breakfast.

The result was that Looney and I became acquainted.

"Jim," says he, from behind his goggles, "I've been waiting a year now for a practical local partner. The one qualification was honesty. I want you."

Fancy me having a lunatic for a partner! I laughed, and just to please him said it was a go. But when he took me into the mill, and showed me round, I quit laughing right there. The thing he made me his partner in was no asylum game. The lunatic wasn't on the premises, unless it was me; and when I thought of all I'd said and felt, it made me sick.

"Look here," said Looney, taking me outside. "What do you call these mountains?"

"Granite," says I, straight out.

"Both?"

"Both!"

"The experts of Amber Gulch don't know granite from syenite."

I was nettled—some. "There may be a sight of difference, I argued. "On the one side the granite is gray, and on the other it has a shade or so of pink; but what odds?" We're mining men here, thank the Lord, and not Freiberg experts.

"I," said Looney, quite quietlike, "am a Freiberg expert."

"The devil!"

"No, only an expert. These ridges on either side of the Gulch are of different ages, and different chemical structure. Both rocks are nearly friable, as it happens, but there seems to have been a line of depression on the line of contact. The water has carved out that valley along that line. Why, man!"—he pointed down the Gulch—"don't you see?"

I did see as if I had just left off being blind: one side of the trench was twice as steep as the other.

"And the contact?" said I.

"I have found it under thirty feet of alluvium. Moreover, I had seen the like in another country, in a tin district. Why, man, the whole country is stained with stannic acid"

"That may be—we western men don't know tin—we have none.

"What is the contact like?"

"Ten to fifteen feet of the richest oxides of tin ever discovered."

"Why, tin ranks next to silver."

"My friend, it is worth untold millions, and to us all the wealth we can conceive. But to be able to leave this place with some sense of security, I wanted to find an honest man popular enough, strong enough to hold the ground during my absence, to stave off officious inquiries—to keep the secret. So far I have been protected by my presumed lunacy. Now, I have found you, my watch dog, while I rake up capital in New York."

I did not believe a word. It was all too good to be true; but Looney was saner than I was anyway. That night he left for New York.

Six months I held down that property, giving myself out as Looney's hired man. Then came a letter—I have it here:—

"Dear Watchdog,—The Great Western Railroad is in doubt whether to cross the Bitter-root Range by the Dead Mule Pass or the Amber. The Dead Mule people offer a bonus of one hundred thousand dollars. Go to your Vigilance Committee, and tell them that if they can get Amber to put up that amount, you will double it. The enclosure is your warrant. —Yours, The Lunatic."

Enclosed I found a check—one hundred thousand dollars!

Another six months I held down the property, and whether I believed or not, I can't make out. Anyway, some one must have believed in my partner, to the extent of the amount of the check—for the check was honored, and fool or not, he had treated me like a white man. One or two parties would come along from time to time with orders from Looney to show them around the claim.

But they said nothing. The railroad was graded half-way over the pass; the Lunatic was almost forgotten in Amber; the Gulch was booming to such an extent that the population doubled every three months, regular as clockwork; and the wild cat claims I had never thought worth my assessments, sold at fancy prices to a casual tenderfoot. But still I waited—never budged an inch. Meanwhile I held for Looney his mortgage on the city waterworks, for a hundred thousand, at 8 per cent, invested all my own money in real estate, lived on the rents, and began to put on fat.

Well, one muddy day late in the fall, I strolled down to Amber for a square meal and a smoke with Dan McPhail, but halfway along the road, all slush and mire, I had to stand aside for a carriage. Of course, there was only one in the Gulch, kept by the livery people for elections and funerals.

"Whose procession?" said I to Spotty Joe, the driver.

"Job lot of tourists," says Joe, spitting over his shoulder, just clear of a shiny silk hat.

"Stop!" said someone, out of the carriage: "Is that Jim Ballantyne?"

WHAT WINS

By Edgar A. Guest

IT'S the everlasting climbing that gets you to the top,
And the everlasting sticking to the task you'd like to drop,
It's the grit and vim and muscle
In the rough and tumble tussle
That will bring you home to victory and the distant goal you seek;
It's the ever up and working,
Never lying down and shirking,
That eventually will land you on the mountain's sunny peak.

It's the patient perseverance to the plan which you have made,
That will bring you through the dangers and the pitfalls which are laid;
It's the steady constant driving
To the goal for which you're striving,
Not the speed with which you travel, that will make your victory sure;
It's the everlasting gaining,
Without whimpering or complaining
Of the burdens you are bearing or the woes you must endure.

It's the holding to a purpose, and the never giving in,
It's in cutting down the distance by the little that you win;
It's the sure and firm endeavor,
Not the brilliant stroke and clever,
That shall bring you home to gladness and to days of joy and song,
It's the iron will to do it,
And the steady sticking to it,
So whate'er your task, go to it! Keep your grit and plug along!

For Everybody

Some people want Ivory Soap to keep tender skins free from irritation.

Some people want Ivory Soap to remove the dirt and grime of rough work.

Some people want Ivory Soap to wash the finer garments.

Some people want Ivory Soap to keep like new many things about the house.

Some people want Ivory Soap to make dish-washing easy.

Everybody needs Ivory Soap for something, because Ivory can be depended upon for every particular need. Its superior quality, mildness and purity insure superior results.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

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Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

"What spike tail tourist is calling me, Jim?" I began to get mad, "My name's Mister to silk hats."

And then I saw who it was—Looney in a silk hat and a fur coat, regular store clothes, but no goggles, no scrubby beard, with no fool look about him whatever. At his side was a beautiful lady laughing fit to bust.

"Mister Ballantyne," said he, "let me present you to my wife."

But all I could do was to stare. Why not a soul in the Gulch would have known him by sight, except me!

"Come Jim, plenty of room; jump in. I'm taking Mrs. Marchmont out to see our little mining proposition up yonder."

"I looked at my jacket, all dust, and boots up to the calves in mud.

"All right," said Looney, understanding, "we're stopping at the French House. Dine with us at seven—so long."

You may be sure I bought the best store clothes in camp, before I showed up at the hotel for dinner. When I arrived, the turkey was served in a private room, with champagne and fixings. Mrs. Marchmont was dressed, well perhaps she was undressed; but anyway she was a picture. Looney was gotten up like a waiter, to show how humble he felt at having to entertain a roustabout like me. I was on my best behavior, you bet, but Looney talked for the three of us, and his wife just laughed. For some reason best known to herself she slid out just after dinner, perhaps to help wash up, while we men had our cigars on the veranda.

"Well," said Looney, "did you think I'd never come back?"

"You was twelve months."

"That's so; it took me six to buy the bed of this Gulch."

"The what!"

"Twenty miles of it, Jim, barring the Amber townsite. I have a better townsite of my own, so I guess I'll knock the bottom out of this City. You did that mortgage business fairly well."

"Are you the devil, or a relation of Jay Gould?"

"No, only a Freiberg expert; and you, the practical man, are the Freiberg expert's partner. You thought I was in a bad way over that flume affair?

"You was."

"Yes, that so called Associated Ten flume was mine—a trap I laid to catch an honest man. I caught you, Jim; but the City will have to pay me for the damages, or I'll wipe out your city fathers—clean. Here comes one of your honest vigilants, who think murder and outrage quite irreproachable, but tore up the flume which was to have made my tin mines prosperous."

Then I had to laugh.

"Ahem!" says Dan McPhail coming up. "How do, Jim? Will you present your friend?"

"Glad to see the celebrated Mr. Dan McPhail," says Looney, politely. "Be seated, Mr. McPhail; I am Professor Julius Marchmont, at your service.

"You villain, Jim!" says Mac, in an undertone. "Good gracious; why didn't I wash?" McPhail began to sweat. "I'd have taken you"—then he braced up like a man: "Excuse me, sir, but, barring the whisker, you are the dead spit of a man I knew once, Professor."

Looney chuckled, and I knew he was going to roast old Dan, by the cock of his eye.

"I'm glad," he said, "that I am only the dead spit of the gentleman. It might have been worse, McPhail; it might have been worse."

McPhail was as red as a turkey cock.

"However, Mr. McPhail, we are well met. You are the Mayor of Amber, I believe?"

"I am, Professor."

"Will you be free at eleven o'clock tomorrow for business?"

"Right on deck," says McPhail, "every time." We citizens of Amber are under great obligations to your great syndicate, Professor. The addition of tin mines to the already enormous resources of our locality is calculated to give us the bulge over them swine in Dead Mule Pass."

"The bulge over them swine," says Looney, "I shall never be able to master the business technicalities of the Far West. However, we will reserve our business till to-morrow. You must have some wonderful characters in this district."

"Some," says McPhail, accepting one of Looney's cigars which he began to chew. "There's Denver Shorty, Long Shorty, Tombstone Head, the Wide West: She's a woman is Wide West; but you should get Jim Ballantyne here to tell you about his missing partner.

"Oh!" Looney turned to me, "you did not mention any partner, Mr. Ballantyne?"

"There wasn't no necessity," says I.

"It's a joke we have against Jim," says McPhail, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at me. "He helped a poor maniac critter up the Gulch, which I guess he had leaked out of some asylum. We called him Looney the Fool, but Jim here was good to him—that he was—holds down a claim for him to this day. And such a claim you never seen in all your born days. Why"—

"Let me see," Looney broke him off short. "There is one thing I want to see you about, Mr. McPhail—a hospital. You're collecting for a new hospital, I believe. Have you the subscription list?" Looney handed over a roll of bills.

"Professor, I thank you," says McPhail, holding out his list. "I'm sure you won't mind giving us the name distinguished on both sides of the Atlantic—for financial genius and hard-headed common sense."

"You honor me too much. I pray you stop."

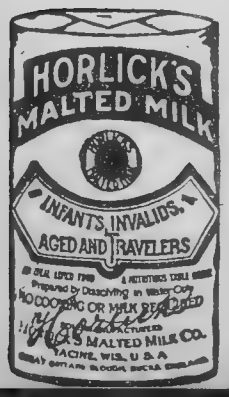
My partner scribbled on the list. "There: I hope I've written it legibly."

You should have seen McPhail's face as he read:

"Five thousand dollars—Looney the Fool."

"I wonder why that chap is always so quiet?"

"Well, you see he graduated from the school of experience, and that institution has no college yell."



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requires no added sweetening, for it contains its own pure grain sugar, developed from wheat and barley by twenty hours' baking.

Sprinkle Grape-Nuts over ripe fruit or berries and you'll save sugar.

The Pedlar and His Pack

By Edith G. Bayne

AS surely as December came round, in those faraway days before the war, it brought to us the swarthy, sad-eyed son of Syria soliciting Christmas trade. For five Decembers he has failed to come to our doors and we have missed him. We had not expected to see him ever again. But just the other day he came back, sadder than his wont, which is not at all surprising, though as sharp in the business way as ever. The good housewife used to shoo him away or at most lend an impatient ear to his tale of fine silks and laces but this year she lets the pies scorch in the oven while she invites him into the house and bids him open up his pack.

Oh, that alluring pack! How fascinating to childish eyes its heterogeneous contents—silk and satin drapes, fine hand-woven laces and embroideries, mouth-organs, knives, bracelets, candlesticks, mats, rugs, tapestries, mirrors, ribbons, dolls, little wooden ships and china and glass ornaments of many kinds! What if the mirrors were usually spotty, the knives dull, the perfume in the gaudy bottles poor! In childish minds the pedlar was a kind of advance agent of SantaClaus. Nothing he carried could be anything but splendid and desirable. We liked to listen to him talk in his soft, sad voice, to watch his brown hands unroll before our eager gaze the exquisite gold-cloth and embroidered satin cushion-tops which were too expensive for "our folks" to buy but which he insisted on displaying just the same!

And here he is again, more anxious than ever to sell his wares because he wants to go back to Armenia—or rather back to the remnant of his people who are safe from the Turks. There is no Armenia but much talk of one to be created—a sort of republic probably. He will be needed over there, and his ardor is great, for though he hadn't expected to see the Mediterranean again this idea of a self-governed state appeals to his imagination and he wants to go over and help his people. So probably this will be his last visit to us. In the past it was idle to guess his plans. Few knew or cared whence or whither he went. He was that pathetic anomaly—a man without a country. He belonged to a race but not a nation. But now that the world knows about the poor persecuted people called Armenians it is different. We have wakened up, have been roused to a sense of our responsibilities to people of every tongue and color. We can never be quite so apathetic again with the brotherhood-of-man principle before us and the Syrian pedlar will meet with few rebuffs this year. But now that he is a potential citizen of a free state—a republic in the making—it is safe to assume that his peddling days are over. He will go home and become a landowner or a merchant or will "run" as a candidate for the new house of representatives. Let us help to speed him on his way.

The people of this continent have always respected the Armenian. He called forth our sympathy and our admiration at the same time. Was it because he was a Christian and sorely persecuted—or because he was from the Near East and carried about with him all the mystic charm of that colorful land? Who can tell! Perhaps all of these things tended to make him interesting, even fascinating. Sometimes his "woman" journeyed with him and occasionally there was a bright-eyed, brown-faced baby with her; and even if all their wares didn't happen to be the final word in artistic taste you wanted to purchase at least a bit of lace—which you strongly suspected was born of a loom in New York—so that you would have an excuse to ask the pedlar questions. Then, what if he did overcharge you half-a-dollar or so! What a travelogue free gratis you enjoyed!

Continued on Page 64

"You are going to meet a handsome stranger!"

A Breakfast Dainty

That makes ice cream doubly delicious

Puffed Rice—just as you serve it at breakfast—adds exquisite nut-like flavor to ice cream.

The airy morsels, flimsy as a snowflake, melt into the cream. And they add a taste which nothing else supplies.

Also with berries they add a delightful blend. They add what crust adds to a shortcake—a flaky, flavory garnish

MIX WITH BERRIES

Yet major foods

Puffed Grains seem like food confections—like fascinating tidbits, created to entice. They are airy, toasted bubbles which crumble at a touch.

But consider what they are. They are whole grains with every food cell blasted—fitted for digestion as grains never were before.

Every granule has been steam exploded. Every atom of the whole grain feeds. They supply supreme nutrition.

Yet they are so dainty that you use them on ice cream. You use them in candy making. Children eat them like nut-meats—dry. The very foods which form the ideal breakfast.

Millions of dishes, in these hot months, are being served every day. You are missing much if you don't serve both Puffed Grains, all day long, in plenty

Douse with butter

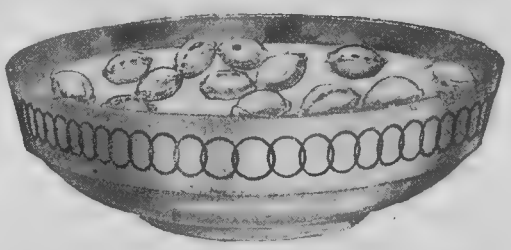
For hungry children to eat like salted nut-meats when at play.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Bubble Grains

Puffed by steam explosions to 8 times normal size



The supreme summer supper

For luncheons and suppers serve Puffed Wheat in milk. These are grains of whole wheat puffed to eight times normal size. They are flavory and toasted—so airy that they float. And they do not tax the stomach, for the food cells are exploded.

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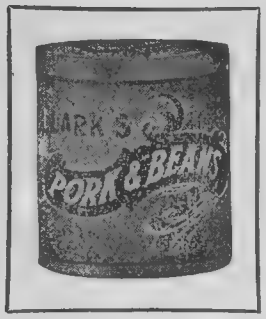

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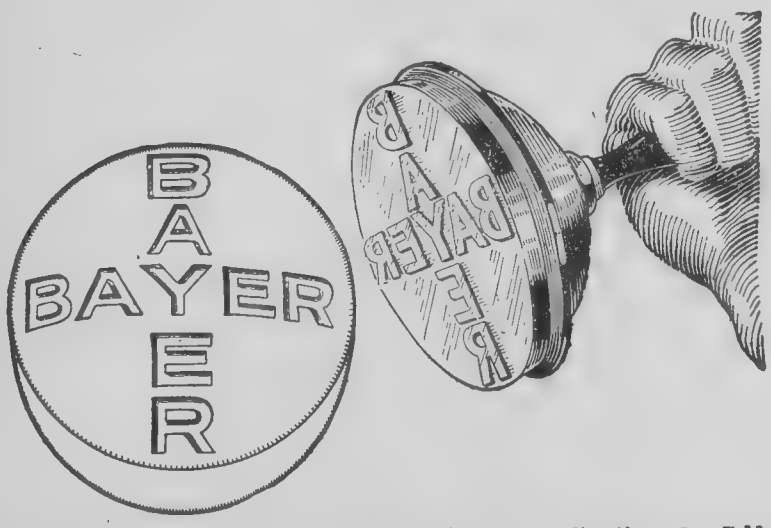

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Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

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The Riders of The Plains

By Charlotte Gordon

THE noble traditions and fascinating uniform of the Royal North-West Mounted Police are exclusively our own in Canada and it is fitting that, in its re-organization, it should be named the "Royal Canadian Mounted Police.' The trained messengers of peace and order have been an organization ever serviceable and ever celebrated. When Canada assumed the government of the Western prairies, the existence of tribes of wild Indians, the quarrels of the interior and the vast body of settlers coming in led the late Lord Strathcona, then Mr. Donald A. Smith, to present views to the Federal Government in 1870 as to the need of troops to assist the local authorities in the maintenance of peace and order for the protection of the Hudson Bay Forts and the safety of the settlers. Captain W F Butler also strongly advocated a military force in the North-West and so Sir John A Macdonald took effective possession of the great lone land in 1873 by establishing the Mounted Police. The aim was to have detachments of well-armed and disciplined men, judiciously posted throughout the Western country around central posts.

Colonel French, an Imperial officer in command of the School of Gunnery at Kingston, was chosen as the first head of the force, with headquarters in Toronto. The premier stated that the police were to be a "purely civil, not a military body, with as little gold lace, fuss and feathers as possible." The organization consisted of Commissioner, Superintendents and Sergeants to command constables, and sub-constables. On account of expected half-breed trouble, two troops were organized and sent to Winnipeg in 1873, the completed force going the following year.

The first force consisted of sixteen officers, 201 men and 244 horses. The troops travelled by way of Chicago to Fargo, Dakota, the end of the railway journey and the beginning of a long march across the plains. On the long, hard trip, the men were often without water, had sick horses, endured violent thunder storms and suffered mosquitoes. They hunted buffalo and one officer distinguished himself by his headlong chase after a buffalo, only to discover that he had forgotten to load his revolver.

The supplies were conveyed by bull-team, peculiar to the prairies. It consisted of three canvas-covered wagons to each band of twelve oxen which made up a team. ,There were sometimes as many as eight teams of twenty-four wagons to a train. The wagons were loaded with 7000 pounds of freight each or 21,000 pounds to a team.

In 1874, the police, three hundred strong, set out from Fort Garry to their destination at the juncture of the Belly and Bow Rivers, nine hundred miles distant. On the way, a portion was detached to Edmonton. The officers were, for the most part, men who held commissions in different militia camps in Canada. It is doubtful if any expedition of such importance ever before undertook a journey across vast plains, believing that at the end of it they would have to subdue lawless bands of desperadoes. People all over Canada took the greatest interest in the organization and success of the expedition.

One of the first forts reached on the long journey of the police was Fort Whoopup, seven miles above where the city of Lethbridge is now built. A trader from Benton overtook the men on their march and from him was purchased a sack of flour for twenty dollars and a gallon of syrup for three dollars. After four months of tedious marching, Old Man's river was reached where it was decided to locate permanently and a log fort was built and Fort McLeod established. There was a trading store already at this post where canned fruit could be purchased at one dollar a can and everything accordingly. The police immediately found plenty of work seeking whisky traders, for the Indians were held in almost complete subjection because of their ungovernable passion for liquor. The force very soon gained the respect of the Western settlers and the admiration of even the Indians, for the firm and just treatment that proclaimed the same law for white and red man and recognized the fact that the Indian had some rights in this Western land.

On many occasions, an officer and two or three men would go into a camp of several hundred lodges and arrest an Indian for some crime. They never met with resistance although the Indians had the power to wipe out the whole force in a short time. Major Walsh dashed into the middle of the Sioux Camp of refugees, who had fled to British soil, after the terrible slaughter of General Custer and his whole force by "Sitting Bull," surprised and stunned the savage chief into obedience and even friendship.

During the early years, clothing was very scarce, as much of the luggage had been left behind on the long trip across the plains. The men had to resort to self-made breeches of cow-skin, buffalo coats and caps and Indian moccasins, all of which they made.

The senior officer in command was Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis with Lt.-Col. McLeod second-in-command and Captain Winder as third officer. Colonel McLeod was given the name of "Stumach-so-to Kan" or "Buffalo Head" and the crest of the force was taken from that name.

About 1874, a police fort was established where Calgary is now built. A store was opened by the J G. Baker Company, which was reported to have coined money. In1876, fifteen thousand buffalo robes were sent from this store, costing about fifty cents each and selling from five to ten dollars each. This fort was named "Bresbois" but later changed to Calgary.

Colonel Jarvis, with a troop of forty men, had charge of Fort Edmonton where a Hudson Bay Fort had been established since 1795. In 1876, a fort was built on the south side of the Saskatchewan, some twenty-six miles from Edmonton and named Fort Saskatchewan. There were thirteen forts established by 1881. In 1882, a fort was built at "Pile of Bones," now Regina. The government buildings were shortly afterwards erected and so the town of Regina came into existence. In 1883, it was made the headquarters of the force for Canada with Commissioner Perry in charge.

From 1874, when the police force came into the country, until 1879, there was not a man molested or killed until Constable Greybourne was murdered by one of the Blood Indians.

With the disappearance of the buffalo in 1879, there was almost a famine among the Blackfeet. They began killing the settlers' cattle, and so great did the evil become that many of the stockmen moved across the boundary. The Indians had a system of informing each other of the movements of the police by signalling with glass on the hills. Matters reached a stage where the police were obliged to secure food for the starving people.

Early last year, the police force had fallen to about 500 men as the result of drafts made on it for Siberia, France and other theatres of war. Enlistment since has brought it up to a large extent, and it is including the Dominion Police Force. Operations were extended this year to include British Columbia which is now policed by the Red Coats and the late Major Fitz-Horrigan has been in charge. The latest post to be established is at Barnard Harbor, a bleak spot on Coronation Gulf. A patrol consisting of Staff-Sergeant and two privates with Eskimo guides left Fort McPherson some months ago, to make its way through the Copper-mine district and so another little red flag hangs in the office of the Chief Commissioner. The importance of the Northern patrol has increased by reason of the rapid development taking place in oil and copper there. Herschel Island, guarding the Arctic sea-board, is the most northerly post of the Police. The new force will likely extend its operations to a large part of Canada. The airship and airplane may be used in the long patrol of Canada's northern hinterland. It is

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Brook Fishing for the Gaspereau on Nova Scotia Waters

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

LADDIE! Go and get permission to photograph along that brook where they are catching the 'Kyiacks'." And off the lad set on his mile walk.

This ocean-running "alewife" (which you see in a dwarfed condition in Lake Ontario where they planted in the place of the shad destined for that big lake) are big plump fish of half a pound weight and twelve inches long and as wide from back to belly as a two-year-old black bass. But the belly thins out very fast and all the edge of it is lined with sharp-cutting spines about a quarter of an inch long. You may see this same fish dying in the fresh water lakes every summer—but do not think it looks like those invalids here.

"Yes! We may work there," the boy called out as he came running in, and off we set on the mossy earth road through the spruce trees. Our first specimen was a poor little myrtle warbler which had struck the telephone wire on its first flight in the dim dawn and lay bloodstained on the road, dead.

All the long Port Joli Harbor lay beside us, seen over the treetops; calm as an inland lake, just as if the three-mile-off Atlantic had not been on the rampage for many cold wild months. To-day the herring and black-backed gulls were calling and wheeling. A pair of willet sang "will-will-willet" over the tide-flats—these are a very large plover; larger than the yellow-leg. Herons and stray cormorants fed there, and warblers and song-sparrows and robins made the lonely woods sing an early matin, while swallows wheeled overhead.

"Hear the creek roar," said Laddie. True, this brawling brook which empties a two-mile-long lake is as noisy as if it were broad and deep. Just a wee wild rivulet dashing down its five-hundred-foot course from fresh to salt water, but up its narrow, rough channel many trout make their devious way in April, and tens of thousands of the "alewives," or "Gaspereau," as the Frenchman calls them, dart and waver and climb ahead of each tide all the month of May to get into the fresh water and lay their eggs—the mass of spawn is about as great as the contents of one hen's egg. I should estimate that there are fully 150,000 of these eggs in the bright red mass.

'Run to the house and get the big dip-net!" and off the boy legged it across the little bridge which spans the road. Soon returning with a long-handled net about as large as the biggest of the nets we use in fresh-water lakes to land a bass, but made much stouter.

"See if they are running," I asked the

Pouring Gaspereau into the barrel

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boy, and he dipped three times swiftly down stream—it was about six feet wide here and two feet deep—without result.

So we took comfortable positions and dipped faithfully once every two or three minutes. The tide was now at slack and soon began to run out and the mouth of the brook visibly lowered. Still we kept on until the mill-owner passing with a load of ship's timbers and lumber told us there was no chance until next tide when the Gaspereau ran in from the sea. So we walked back the mile to our ancient home, and the lad set a couple of lobster pots so that we might have some of these delicious crustaceans for our table.

Soon the whole blue harbor turned into a long, green seagrass field and by one p.m. it had all run out into the greedy ocean's maw and we paddling up the long narrow channel left in the flats, watching the lobstermen dig clams to bait their trawls for sculpin for lobsterbait.

As we neared the mouth of the brook many swiftly-moving, muddy patches below told us that some fish were in the tiny estuary. We again took our positions beside the brawling brook, and were joined by the son of one of the owners who daily dips out the flapping alewives. His empty barrel beside him had often been filled by his hard work, and as this thirteen-year-old lad gets two cents fresh, and three cents smoked, apiece for the fish he has a little gold mine here. There are other owners, too, and they take out a few barrels also and smoke them. They are all very

Gaspereau Drying

generous, giving every neighbor a mess of these big, silvery, shining iridescent fish.

All Saturday and Sunday the dam at the lake end of the brook had been left open for the free run of the fish, and the neighbors hereabouts say they must know the days—as these seem to be those of the best runs.

We walked over and pictured the smoke-house and the drying fish on the thin, long sticks. They had been salted in the barrels and then suspended over the bark fire until they were a nice golden-brown color, and very nice tasting fish too, as we can bear witness, having been presented with some by the lady who lives close beside the noisy rushing brook.

"See; the tails breaking in the estuary," said the boy, Earl. "Now look at that flock of gulls feeding down the harbor—there come the kyiacks!" And right good prophet he proved to be as I saw from where I stood. Both boys were resting on their net-handles when they heard a rushing, slapping sound and lo! the tiny narrow brook was alive with darting, silvery fish. They came up over the shallows, forcing their way up with many vibrations of their tails, over the dozens of places where the water was not more than three to six inches deep—up, up! they come, not showing even a bit of fin above the water—as there was a waiting fish-hawk above. Now both nets fly up and sweep down and a shower of slapping, twisting silvery fish fall into the barrels. Up and down, like great flails, the nets rise and fall. Really, I did not know Laddie could work so hard, as this was the toughest, swiftest game I had ever seen him tackle. As fast as his healthy body could throw that net aloft and dip it below, just so fast did he get a number of struggling fish in it. I think the most he secured in one fell swoop was fifteen—seven or eight pounds of good, clean ocean run fish. For the first ten minutes the fun was fast and furious, then the owner's dog got fishing for himself below us and frightened the big run back, but they were passing up in large numbers yet and the boys—now red-faced and sweating—were dipping swiftly and regularly, and I was jumping around like a jack-in-the-box picturing them.

Then I ran down and pictured the collie dog doing his little fishing stunt. He barked and waved his banner of a tail and evidently enjoyed it fully as much as we did.

I took a big shining Gaspereau off to a grassy bank and measured and noted it. You can always tell them by a big black spot on the side just behind the head showing clearly on the silvery scales. They are shot with rose and light purple, and when they leave the water they are things of beauty. Then I went below the boys and saw the fish running up over the brink of the great stones which formed that fall. If they saw the net approaching they deliberately backed up and were swept down again—and some were swept back by the great rush of water.

Now another big school comes up and the boys wave frantic nets and pour streams of glittering fish into the rapidly filling barrels. Laddie has his about half full now and the younger boy not far behind. Again there comes a slapping, flapping host and the nets fly like fate for those poor doomed fish. It does seem odd that we should have to take away so much life to support our own, but luckily they do not live long. All the fish of the white-scaled families of the salmon, in all its many branches of which this is one, die within the first five minutes after they are thrown exposed to the air. I have seen fifty thousand salmon flap their poor lives out within three minutes of the time they were thrown into the scows.

Now we see the mail motor draw up at the store just above the brook, so I walk up and get the Halifax paper and our wee bit mail. From where I stand on the white road above the field through which the brook runs, it looks like a tiny thread of silver on the green grass of the sod, where the myriad rocks of the glacial age encumber the ground. In fact all this outside shore of Nova Scotia is littered and piled with the tens of thousands of tons of rocks the great sliding glaciers of the Ice Age carried from the distant hills and mountains now called Quebec, and piled on these long-suffering fields. The hay-field beside which I write this for my regular readers is so dotted and spotted with these boulders that Laddie can leap across it, from stone to stone, and never press down a blade of the precious hay.

Still the boys kept on dipping. The run had thinned out by now—five o'clock—about a thousand fish lay in the barrels, and many times that number had escaped to the big lake above. I gave several very broad hints that it was time to leave this purling brook and the fun of dipping fish for the more prosaic duties of getting the evening meal. So Laddie told Earl he had dipped the fish for him, and the generous boy gave each of his young chums, who had come in, a string of fish apiece, and he also gave Laddie a dozen. Then we were given a number of smoked ones by the lady at the store, and off we set for the good old Rice Lake canoe with our strings of new, strange fish.

Earl was telling me of taking a kyiack with the tail torn off—no wonder, when the great cheeky fish-hawk came within half a gunshot and dived into the brook after a big, juicy fish. I do wonder if they recognize a boy or a man, as while we were there with

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Done by Deputy

By E. L. Chicanot

"WELL, boys," said Sandy McLeod, standing up, "it's been decided we want a woman. Next thing to decide is what sort of an arrangement are we goin' to make. How're we goin' to fix it so one woman looks after us all?"

The bachelors of Stony Corners were gathered together in solemn conclave as the grave, almost lugubrious, countenances about the table clearly evinced. The bachelors numbered five from Kid Willis, on whose youthful face the down was just appearing, up to Sandy McLeod, who if he had cared enough about his appearance, ought to have shaved twice a day. All fine sturdy fellows they were beneath their tattered overalls, and inside their ventilated socks—the total unmarried male population of Stony Corners. Of unmarried population of the gentler sex the settlement had unfortunately none, and the almost entire absence of feminine intercourse extending over years had rendered these men naturally shy and over sensitive in their relations with any women who came their way, as well as creating a tendency to idealize all visionary unmarried members of the skirted family. This consciousness even extended to discussions on the sex as witness the solemn demeanor of the men about the table. They had, in fact, decided to give up, to an extent, the liberties of bachelorhood to enjoy some of the comforts which a woman brings in her train. Severally and jointly they had arrived at the decision that "batching" was played out; that shacks were becoming wrecks and digestions undermined; that they were tired of darning socks and mending overalls and liked the idea of a boiled shirt on Sunday; that they had lived long enough the solitary existence of the wilds to appreciate the fact that woman only can bring about civilization; and lastly, that on account of the good crops and an elevation into more comfortable circumstances they were well able to support a housekeeper.

This was the point arrived at after several hours desultory discourse in which thoughts and ideas pent up for years were encouraged to publicity when, little by little, the other fellows exhibited the same tendency to frankness. Then Sandy McLeod, officiating as chairman from point of seniority, uttered the foregoing remarks and the running comment developed into a complete silence.

If the truth were to be admitted each young man there was longing for a housekeeper all of his own for the rest of his days. The socks and overalls were material excuses shrouding a visionary maiden in each man's soul, a woman belonging to no one else, but all his own, lightening his little shack every day, making it a home. But this is the last thing a man will admit and so the men about the little room were silent.

"Well, ain't none of you got anything to say?" bellowed Sandy, when no one spoke or seemed to have the slightest inclination to break the silence.

There was much shuffling and doughing and then Bob Gibson growled out: "Far's I can see there's only one way to fix it. Build her a home about the middle of our land. It's pretty much altogether so we can come in for grub convenient."

This seemed to voice the opinion of the assembly judging by the remarks that followed.

"Bully idea, Bob," "Grub's the main point," "Each feller take a Sunday to visit and give all a fair show." The last from the Kid in the corner, who was promptly silenced. The elders refused to look on that side of the case—in company.

"The next thing," said the chairman, "is where we're goin' to get her from?" The same impenetrable silence greeted the question. Apparently there were many points they had overlooked.

"What's the ord'nary way to do?" asked Bob Gibson. "Don't they write to homes or something?"

"I guess Bob's getting mixed up," put in the Kid. "He's thinkin' of widows an' orphans."

"We don't want a widow, I guess," broke in another voice.

"Well, I don't know as we ought to draw the line," said the chairman. To his mind the recollection of the bereaved lady of the personal column who was longing to meet a middle-aged bachelor who would love her for herself alone and not for the $30,000 she was incidentally possessed of.

"I propose—" began Bob Gibson.

"Hear, hear," from the Kid. "Nothin' like gettin' in on the start."

"Shut up. I propose we put the matter into the hands of Daddy Flynn an' let him arrange the business. Give him a free hand, let him do the best he can, an' pay him a commission if he wants one."

This suggestion was greeted with acclamation; everyone wondered they hadn't thought of such a simple solution before. It was so decided without any further discussion and a delegation appointed to wait upon Daddy Flynn; the relief they all experienced in shifting the responsibility and care to other shoulders and putting the affair into such capable hands was very evident on each face, except perhaps the Kid's.

We purposely omitted the name of Daddy Flynn from the ennumeration of the celibates of Stoney Corners. Though a bachelor in the general sense of the term, never having assumed the matrimonial yoke as far as anyone knew, he was as far removed in years from the others of his state, as to belong to a different category. It was commonly held that he had passed the stage of still having any matrimonial hopes or aspirations. It was this disparity and not on account of patriarchal years that the soubriquet of "Daddy" had been bestowed upon him, and due to a certain fatherly manner with which he was wont to regard his younger brethren. He was, in fact, barely middle aged, hale and hearty, and the oracle and adviser of the community. He patched up quarrels, divided grain crops, had chosen names and stood sponsor for the few babies who had made their first appearance in the settlement, and in short gave counsel and advice on all subjects. What more natural then than that the perplexed gathering should have recourse to him in their difficulty and deadlock. He received the delegation kindly as was his wont, kicked the dog off the bench to seat one and turned up the potato keg for the other.

There was some difficulty on the part of the delegates in coming to the point, the embarassment of the situation being yet upon them, but their confidant probed around gently and was soon acquainted with the whole of their wishes and desires. He considered it an excellent idea and agreed with them on all points. Bachelors deteriorated, got into bad habits; look at himself. No woman would look at him now, yet once upon a time—. He would be delighted to undertake their commission and knew just how to set about it. Any young woman? Of course one with some pretensions to good looks. In short, he filled the minds of the young men with such glowing hopes that each felt the paragon he would secure would possess all the virtues and attractions he personally admired, particularly and went home full of consolation and visions to his lonely shack, to dream of sparkling eyes and curling hair of lemon pie and bread with perforations.

As soon as it was generally known that "Daddy" Flynn was pursuing his inquiries preparations were speedily made for the building of the house and much love and sentiment was dovetailed into those rough logs and morticed into those cupboards and pantries. Five pairs of muscular arms working with such an incentive can perform wonders and soon the abode was fairly habitable, only needing, as the Kid put it, "a woman's dainty fingers for the finishing touches." Almost simultaneous with the completion came the word from Daddy Flynn that he had secured a model of housekeepers, a farmer's daughter, who had been advised to move to that locality for their health. She was to arrive the following week.

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Foods are rated by calories — the energy measure of nutriment. With too few calories one is underfed. And calories in some foods cost ten times as much as in others.

Cost per 1000 Calories

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Average Fish	50c
Hen's Eggs	60c
Milk	20c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Variety is necessary. But Quaker Oats supplies the supreme food at breakfast, and at minimum cost. Let the costly foods come later in the day.

Note how foods differ in cost when you figure their food value. Here is the cost of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing.

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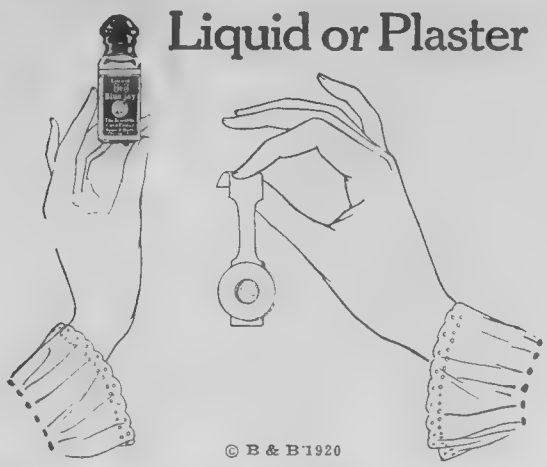

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Blue-jay was invented by a chemist who studied corns.

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You can stop a corn ache the moment it appears. You can end a corn completely before it can develop.

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Then arose another difficulty. Everyone refused point blank to be the one to meet the lady and bring her out, that is all except the Kid who was overruled by the others as being too youthful and irresponsible to fitly represent the clan. Even when Sandy McLeod, feeling the responsibility of seniority offered to go if accompanied, there were no volunteers willing to share the ordeal with him. And so Daddy Flynn received another commission, and contracted to deliver the lady to her new quarters on a certain day during the week.

Three days later Sandy and Bob, on the trail with a wagon, met Daddy Flynn in his buggy. But it was a transformed Daddy, a shaved Daddy in a hitherto unknown boiled shirt, a Daddy at least ten years younger in appearance, as youthful as the youngest of the bachelor coterie. They gazed spellbound for some seconds and were only brought to their senses by a loud guffaw frfom the gentleman himself.

"Never seen me in my glad-rags before?"

"Nope. On your way to town?"

"Yep. Get in there tonight and leave in the morning. You'll see your warden before to-morrow night," and he moved on.

"Say, he's some spruced up," said Bob. "I guess he ain't so old after all. I wouldn't have known him without that beard 'cept for the pinto mare he drives."

Sandy was thoughtful. "Yep, he looks like one of these catalogue guys. Wears them like he knowed how."

The full force of Stony Corners bachelorhood was waiting on the steps of the new house on the following evening. They formed a curious looking throng in their various stages of joy-raggedness, for many a homesteader who looks noble in overalls becomes but a glorified tramp when decked out in store clothes. As Daddy Flynn drove up eventually, their sheepishness was overwhelming and only disappeared when, to their surprise, they satisfied themselves that he was the only occupant of the buggy. He exhibited a disinclination to make any stop at all.

"Where, where's the girl?" blurted out Bob.

"Oh shucks, she said she'd stay in town till—till the house was properly fixed up for her."

"But the house is all ready," roared five voices.

"Oh shoot. A couple of you fellows go into town to-morrow and fix matters up. She's at the Pioneer Hotel. I can't—" and the rest was lost as he whipped up the pinto mare and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

It was a vrey discomforted group of bachelors who gazed at each other disconsolately when he had gone.

"I'll bet he's botched it all, or else she's backed out," said Sandy. "Will one of you fellows come with me this time?" and volunteers were not wanting in the exigency.

The next afternoon found Sandy and Bob in town where they proceeded, by easy stages, to the Pioneer Hotel. Finding the lobby empty they plucked up enough courage to enter and stood gazing at each other for some little while. They gave their names to the clerk, who with a grin, said that the lady they desired to see was in the parlor; and they could not do otherwise than walk upstairs. This was done very slowly, however, with all the importance of a last lap. Sandy stopped to tie his shoe string, and Bob waited to see that it was tied properly. Much time was saved by Bob plunging by mistake into the very room he was endeavoring to avoid. Not until he was clean inside did he see the word "parlor" inscribed on the door.

Yes, she was there, standing with her back to the window. Evidently she had just turned as she heard them enter. The two young men stood silent, enraptured, and embarrassed. Two long-harbored visions took human shape—and yet they thought that the flesh and blood reality was fairer than their dreams. Each acknowledged to himself that her equal had never been seen outside a mail-order catalogue.

She moved forward prettily, and Sandy recovered himself sufficiently to give their names and state whence they came. She blushed as she shook hands with them which made her even more adorable.

"Oh, you poor boys. "I'm so sorry to disappoint you."

Two ruddy faces dropped perceptibly.

"Ain't—ain't you comin' out?" stammered Bob.

Her color was very high now.

"Why, didn't Mr. Flynn tell you? I guess he must have been afraid. I don't wonder," and she laughed. "We were married yesterday. He's coming back for me as soon as he gets the house fixed. It's cruel of me to disappoint you boys in this way, but say, I've got a sister back home that everybody says is very like me, and she's just dying to come out to this country."

A HEALTHY JINGLE

The efficacy of rimes in juvenile education has long been understood. They may be used quite as effectively, according to the Erie, Pennsylvania, Dispatch, in emphasizing health hints to children. For example:

Mary had a little cold
That started in her head,
And everywhere that Mary went
That cold was sure to spread.

It followed her to school one day,
There wasn't any rule;
It made the children cough and sneeze
To have that cough at school.

The teacher tried to drive it out,
She tried hard, but, kerchoo!
It didn't do a bit of good,
For teacher caught it, too.

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Narcissus, Paper White	.08	.75	5.00
Scilla Siberica, Blue	.05	.50	3.75
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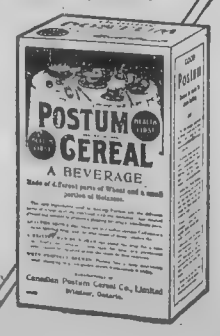

Living Up to Lady Mary

Continued from Page 5

"have not felt justified in dealing "with this matter behind her "back either. So I have shown "her the letter, little as I like "introducing such matters to "her notice. She wishes to be "present at the interview.

"I think she is right. The "happiness of two people is too "important to risk any mis-"understanding through over-"squeamishness.

"I trust with all my heart that "you can clear yourself. I have "always liked you."

Yours very truly,
Royton.

"I think," I said, when I had read the letter, "you have missed marrying into a very fine family."

"They're better without me," he answered somberly. "I— telephone and fix it up early, and let's get over it, for heaven's sake, if I must go. It would save everybody unpleasantness if I wrote and owned up, don't you think?"

"They don't ask to be saved the unpleasantness," I said, "and I don't; and it won't be more unpleasant for you than you deserve."

"I wasn't thinking of myself," he said; "but you're right. If I didn't go it would look as if I was glad to get out of the engagement; and that's just how it mustn't look. I'll go to receive sentence, though I know it before I go."

"Are you afraid of Lady Mary's mercy?" I asked sharply. "Is that why you don't want to go?"

He looked at me.

"You don't understand," he said quietly. "If she were the sort of girl who'd forgive things and give me a fresh start, I wouldn't be afraid of her saintliness; and—and—I'd go to her and—and let her make a saint of me!....Me a saint! It's rather absurd, isn't it! ....Well, she isn't that sort. I daresay she's right enough. I wouldn't be a very white saint.... Piebald!" He tried to laugh. "She'll just take it that I'm not a fit person to marry her. I'm not, of course. If you want to know, that's at the bottom of it."

"My boy!" I said. "I know!"

Who should know him if I didn't? I nursed him when he was a baby; helped teach him to walk and spin tops....His father held my hand over Charlie's when—when I lost the best friend a man ever had....Charlie was always a warm-hearted chap, like his father. He only wanted a woman to understand him, and love him, and he'd be all right.

We went to Lord Royton's at four o'clock and were shown into the library. They came immediately; a gray-haired, ascetic-looking man, and a pale, slim girl with the dreamy face of a saint.

There was no affection in their behaviour. Lord Royton did not fuss or bluster, and Lady Mary did not put on any air of grievance. They shook hands with us. Then Lady Mary sat down and her father handed us chairs, and took one beside her.

"You will not blame me for these inquiries, I am sure," he said. "I begin with no prejudice against you, Tarne; quite the contrary....Will you give me the letter that I sent....Thank you....The first point is about a Miss de Neste. What do you say about it, Tarne?"

"It is true," Charlie owned.

There was a silence except for the rattle of a paper-knife on the table. Lady Mary was turning it round and round.

"Without qualification?" Lord Royton asked gravely.

"Without qualification," Charlie said.

"He was only eighteen," I remarked.

"We grow," said Lord Royton, "according to our youth. But I will go on..There are certain episodes at college, but—"

"A boy's wildness," I interrupted.

"I was going to say that, with my daughter's permission, I would leave them out," He looked at Lady Mary.

"Yes," she said.

"Then there is an unpleasant business about a Mrs. Fenton—"

"An utterly bad and designing woman," I protested, "who deliberately snared him. She was thirty, and he wasn't twenty. He had no chance against her."

"You admit it?"

"Yes," I said, as Charlie did not answer.

There was another silence, except for the paper-knife that went round and round.

"It is alleged that Mr. Tarne—" I noted that it had become "Mr." —was addicted to betting and gambling, until quite recently; until he knew my daughter, in fact."

"Exactly," I said. "Uuder Lady Mary's influence the gambling stopped; and would stop. In fact, he has promised me that it shall not recur, in any event. He would not break his word to me....His father was my dearest friend. I have tried to be a second father.. A good many young fellows bet and gamble for a time, and then give it up. It's an episode; a sort of moral measles."

"I appreciate your desire to excuse him, Mr. Newland. But this seems to have been rather more than ordinary gambling. There were serious difficulties connected with these transactions, I gather."

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To the People of Canada

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This is the first advertisement of a series which will be devoted to that purpose.

¶ *Canada produces footwear of every desirable type, and of standard quality in all grades. When you buy Made in Canada Footwear you are assured, at fair prices always, of the utmost that modern skill can produce in Comfort, Service and Style.*

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The baking set contains lovely toy utensils—a bakeboard rolling pin, mixing bowl, baking pans, scoop tea spoon, recipe books and the cutest outfit of groceries ever seen. There's a bag of flour, a yeast cake, can of baking powder, box of baking soda, box of salt—in fact, everything complete, so you can bake just like Mother, and serve five o'clock tea to your friends. And as for Dolly, she will amaze you and your friends because she is so big and beautiful and can walk so well.

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REMEMBER—You take no risk. We pay all delivery charges on your rewards and will take back any unsold perfume and give you fine prizes or cash commission for whatever you do sell. Write to-day, girls—a postcard will do, and in a few days you will be the proud owner of these beautiful rewards. 27D

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REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D.

Calendar sent on application — Headmaster

"Yes. He fell among sharks; and—it's all down in the letter. There was no dishonorable conduct on his part."

"It depends upon one's standard of honor," said Lord Royton frigidly. "For my part, I should consider that he—"

"Father!" Lady Mary touched his arm appealingly.

"If you mean the honor which obtains among gamblers," his lordship said, coldly, "I did not for a moment suppose that Mr. Tarne was guilty of any breach of that ....The last case is that of—but I need say no more. It had not ended when Mr. Tarne met my daughter."

"It ended then," The words seemed jerked from Charlie. "I—I've only one thing to say. There's never been anything since. I"—he drew a deep breath—"I've tried to live up to Lady Mary.... Of course, I couldn't....

Lady Mary spun the paper-knife off the desk; then her fingers plucked at nothing.

"No." said Lord Royton. "You couldn't live up to Mary. We will leave it at that.....I don't want to say hard things, only—if you didn't live up to her, you would pull her down....We cannot contemplate that, and—you understand?"

"I understand," said Charlie.

"Then"—his lordship put his thin white hand on the girl's hand that still moved restlessly on the desk—"there is no more to be said, I think, my dear."

"Only," said Lady Mary, with her eyes fixed on the ground, "only that I believe that—that Mr. Tarne would never willingly have pulled me down....I believe that."

A sound almost like a sob broke from the boy.

"If you could have loved me like I wanted you to," he said, "you might have pulled me up!"

Lady Mary rose from her chair, swaying a little.

"I'll try!" she cried. "I'll try!"

Charlie sprang toward her, and caught her to him. Her father took a fierce step toward them; and then stopped. I put my arm through his and led him away.

"The boy's all right!" I said. "And—God bless her!—and the girl! He'll never pull her down. The boy's all right!"

LIKE FOR LIKE

Everyone wants to be liked. The wish to be popular is a normal wish.

It is pleasant to be admitted and appreciated, and no one need hesitate to admit it. Neither need anyone be ashamed to admit that he or she would like to be better provided with friends. It is foolish to take such a stoical attitude—not to speak of the insincerity of it.

Everyone wants plenty of friends. One way to get them is to follow the suggestion of a man who had always had friends in abundance. It is this:

"We awaken in others the same attitude of mind that we hold toward them."

In those fourteen words is a true philosophy of human intercourse. Few young people realize the power of an atmosphere, an attitude toward others. It speaks without speaking. It cannot be counterfeited. What we think of others, our sincere and unselfish kindness to them or our selfish calculation about them, all expresses itself, sooner or later, to their natures, and conditions their response.

The flatterer cannot awaken truth in others. While others listen, they secretly despise. The selfish individual may endeavour to seem considerate and obliging where some personal end is to be gained. But no true liking is ever won and held in such false ways. Genuine goodwill is the way to wide likings and lasting friendships. Like answers to like.

All this is merely on the human side. But there are higher considerations, too, of goodwill. The Bible is the book of friendship, of unselfish brotherhood, of warm devotion to God and man. The Bible attitude of Christian love is one to which men of every nation, class and condition have responded. It strikes an absolutely sure chord, answering to its own full notes. "Goodwill to men"—there is the path to joyful days and countless friends, high and low.

Many Christians are dull, and stupid, and useless, because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. The brightest scarf that heaven makes is thrown over the shoulders of the storm. You cannot make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow; you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colours of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades, and sadness, and vicissitudes of life to make the white lustre of a pure Christian life.

I take it that a state of preparedness to meet our Lord, or in other words, a state of Christian watchfulness, consists in the faithful and conscientious daily performance of our several duties toward God and man, in the fear and love of God.

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The Promotion of Corky

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Bertha C. Foster (Golder).

CORKY'S blue eyes sparkled. He tilted his Scotch cap at a still farther angle as he swaggered down the wooden sidewalk of the wide main thoroughfare of a typical little Northwestern town.

"Corky! Corky! old top! So you're really off, eh?"

"You bet I'm off! No turning down of Private—" but his words were drowned in a series of cheers.

"Your health! Private Corky Ballantyne, God bless him!" roared a half intoxicated Englishman. "Say, 'ol man, if only I were ten years younger I'd go, too."

"Hard luck, Ben. Never mind, we need a few left at home to keep the home fires burning," and with a dexterous move of his shoulder he shunted the noisy one off the sidewalk and went on his way, followed by a troup of admiring friends.

He turned round.

"Meet me at the depot to-night, boys The train pulls out at seven. I'll be there at six-thirty. I've some business to settle which must be done this afternoon, so long," and turning, he strode away from the main street towards the residential district of the little town.

Most of his friends dispersed, and the rows of farm wagons, rigs and miscellaneous collection of vehicles, with the horses tied to posts, was left to the usual stagnation of a warm September afternoon.

There was little to do at the best of times. With Corky gone there would be still less. Ever since he had drifted into Prairie Bush he had been the most popular man in it. He appeared a young, raw student, with plenty of brains and little money, and by dint of hard work and "cheek" had got through his law exams with credit, and recently been called to the bar. He was in practice with the leading law firm, whose head, Judge Brownlow, a judge of the district court, had befriended the boy from the very beginning.

When war broke out Corky was captain of the football team, a shining light in the small dramatic club, a lieutenant in the militia, and a very popular member of the somewhat limited society. There was only one person who refused to accept him, and that was Judge Brownlow's pretty niece, who had come west from Toronto, some six months earlier, with ideas of her own as to the manners and merits of young men, and as Corky fell short of these ideas she only tolerated him because he was her uncle's junior partner.

On this historical September afternoon of 1914 she sat on the verandah of her uncle's comfortable house, talking to one of the officers of the Northwest Mounted Police. The topic of the hour, Corky's enlistment, was of course under discussion.

"It's rather fine for a man to throw up a commission and join as a private," the man drawled.

Etta's lip curled. "Only a lieutenant in the militia?" she said.

"That no doubt meant a good deal to him," laughed Inspector Clarke.

"Perhaps," she yawned. "That type of Englishman does not interest me, anyway. He is having his head sufficiently turned by all this admiration without my adding my iota. I think he is only doing what every man should do at a time like this."

She spoke with all the arrogance of youth and the man at her side shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

At that moment the judge appeared, Corky at his side. Etta gave the faintest possible shrug of her shoulders.

The police officer smiled. "Etta," the judge said briskly, "we'd like a cup of tea. Corky here leaves at 7 o'clock tonight, he has come to say good-bye.

The girl rose to superintend the tea making. Corky's buoyant spirits seemed to have deserted him. Inspector Clarke smiled covertly at his embarrassment. Conversation flagged until Etta returned with the tea. She was instinctively a lady, and Corky was her uncle's guest. She talked to him almost exclusively while the tea was dispatched. Then Corky rose to go. "Good-bye, Judge. You'll not trouble to come to the station," he said, his honest eyes looking affectionately into the elder man's face.

"I sure will, Corky," and the judge laid his hand on the strong young shoulder. "D'ye think I'd let a member of the firm go without being there to wish him God-speed?"

Corky turned, awkwardly, to Etta.

"Good-bye, Miss Duncan," he said, simply.

The girl ignored the outstretched hand.

"Oh, I shall be at the station," she said, indifferently.

They watched him in silence as he disappeared down the wooden side-walk, then Inspector Clarke rose to go. The judge had gone into the house.

"It really is a pity the chap's such a beastly bounder, for he's a good-hearted fellow," he said, patronizingly.

Etta smiled, though the words seemed to her in questionable taste.

"Oh, very," she said.

Inspector Clarke looked at her, sharply.

"Of course, you know he was a Barnado boy," he hazarded.

Etta raised her hazel eyes and looked him full in the face.

"I admire a man who can rise above his circumstances," she said, quietly. "Yes, I know Mr. Ballantyne was once in Dr. Barnado's home in England. I think that fact proves his worth."

Inspector Clarke felt himself dismissed.

"Oh, certainly," he said, confusedly, as he shook hands, "but, of course, you can't expect much from those sort of people, you know."

"I suppose not," replied Etta.

Two hours later the eastbound train pulled into the station. A car was reserved for the men from the town who were on their way to Valcartier, the "Berlin or Bust" contingent. Crowds surged around them, eagerly shaking their hands, shouting, cheering, carried away by the excitement of the moment. Above all others the name of Corky was wafted from mouth to mouth.

Etta, with her uncle, stood in the centre of a little crowd of khaki-clad men. The girl's eyes shone. She was thrilled with the wave of patriotic fever that rolled over the country those first weeks of the war. In the lapel of her coat was a tiny Union Jack flag, she fingered it as she talked.

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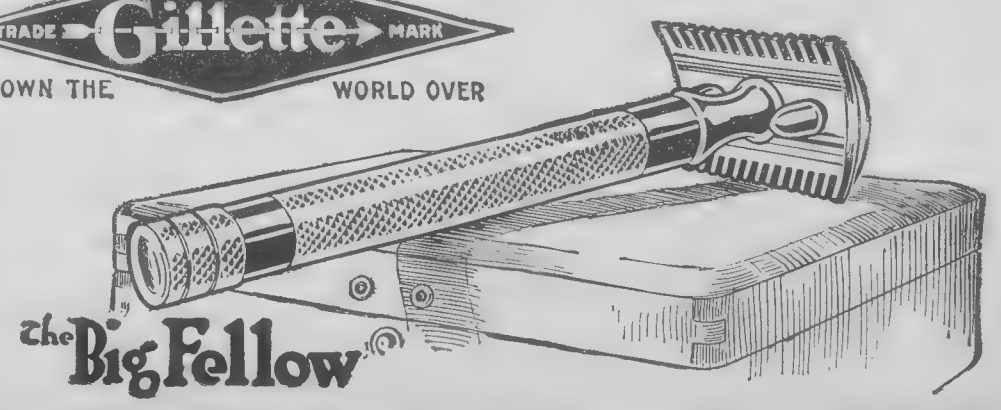

The Big Fellow

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DAVIDSON

Corky was besieged on all sides, it was a relief when he could board the train. Etta found herself beneath the window of the soldiers' coach with Corky's blue eyes looking down at her. There was something attractive in those eyes of his. With a momentary feeling of compunction she remembered how often and how unmercifully she had snubbed him. Suppose he got killed? He might? With characteristic impulsiveness she snatched off the little flag and held it up to him.

"Au revoir," she said.

The man bent down to take it, and for a moment the blue and hazel eyes met. The blood rushed to his face.

"It shall never be disgraced by me," he said, in tones which only she could hear. "Till we meet again," and he deliberately stooped and brushed the tips of her fingers with his lips.

The bell clanged and noisily the train jolted out of the station. Etta, a little disconcerted, stood back, waving her handkerchief until it was out of sight, then, with something uncommonly like a lump in her throat she followed her uncle to the auto which waited outside.

After the men of the first contingent had gone the life of the little prairie town was duller than ever. The war news was not particularly cheering. Letters from the boys told very little of what was going on. Etta and most of the girls took up First Aid and Red Cross work, and tried to keep up their enthusiasm.

The first year passed. The spirit of optimism was not quite as marked as it had been at first. People had grown tired of setting a limit to the end of the war. The full seriousness of it all had at last, by slow degrees, dawned upon the people of Canada.

Etta Duncan put in the next year training for V.A.D. work. She was two years older and two years of war waiting adds greatly to one's stock of wisdom. With two or three other girls from the West she had managed to get across to England, to be quickly swallowed up in the crowd of others who were doing their bit in the way of making themselves useful in the humbler roles connected with military hospitals. And so the time rolled slowly on.

It was the spring of 1917. The whole world had been thrilled by the battles of Ypres. Casualties were arriving in England by every boat that made its difficult and dangerous way across the channel. Hospitals were crowded. The civilians had grown used to the sight of crippled soldiers.

In a beautiful private home, given over by its owner as a hospital for Canadians, Etta Duncan worked cheerfully at washing dishes, dusting wards, mending, any kind of work that may be safely trusted to a V.A.D., with an occasional hand at holding a basin or assisting with bandages if a nurse happened to be very good natured. She met many a man of the first contingent, most of them shadows of their former selves, but still full of that undaunted courage which had made them so famous.

One afternoon a new patient was exciting the attention of the ward in which Etta was working. She caught snatches of conversation between the doctors and nurses.

"He's up for a D.S.O., anyway," she heard.

"What good is that when the poor chap is going to die?" was the reply.

"We must pull him through." This with grim determination from a nurse.

"He enlisted as a private. Threw up a commission in the militia, I understand, because at that time no more officers were needed, and went out with the original firsts. Seems he was a born soldier. He got promoted almost at once and the men were crazy about him.

"I heard he had been in England on special training and had only just got back to the front line when he got his blighty," put in one of the surgeons. "Rotten luck? Poor beggar!"

"What is his name?" The pretty V.A.D. had forgotten all hospital etiquette and had her hand on the surgeon's sleeve.

"Ballantyne," he answered, in a somewhat surprised voice. "Lieutenant Bruce Ballantyne."

"I thought so! I know him, he is my uncle's junior partner," Etta exclaimed, incoherently. "Can't I see him?"

"My dear child, it would be perfectly useless, he is unconscious and likely to remain so. He was sent home to be operated upon, the one slim chance of saving his life. One arm has gone, but the trouble is internal."

Etta's face had grown white. The doctor felt sorry for her. "His fine constitution will be in his favor, of course," he added gruffly.

Late that night the O. C. sought Etta in her room.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "but I believe you know Lieutenant Ballantyne? His condition is critical, has he any relatives over here?"

Etta shook her head.

"As far as I know he has none anywhere," he seemed all alone in the world." Then, because she knew what the question had meant she added quickly. "My uncle was fond of him. Please let me stay with him?"

For a moment the O. C. hesitated, then he nodded.

"Very well," he said gently, "he—may be glad of you."

A moment later and the girl, a dainty picture in her spotless uniform, stood looking down at the man she had scorned. Corky—gaunt, haggard, wasted with pain and fever, his blue eyes wild and unrecognizing—lay before her, in all the pitifulness of his splendid broken youth.

She gave a sob, then the womanliness in her overcame her remorse. She knelt down and laid her cool hand on his burning forehead, trying to soothe his ravings. For a moment the touch seemed to soothe the suffering man. He looked up into her eyes.

"I didn't matter," he said thickly. "There was no one to care very much if I didn't come back?" Then his face lost its gleam of intelligence. He seemed to be going over the ghastly fight, leading on his men, now encouraging them with words of subtle praise, now yelling out vituperation against the Boche warfare.

Etta's ears had become used to the picturesque language of returned soldiers, it neither shocked nor amazed her. There were no obscene stories from the lips of those splendid young men.

"Oh, hell! At the devils," he cried. "Shoot them, boys, see, over there! Ah, they've got me at last! Go on—my flag—where is my flag?"

Etta's lips quivered. Was it his country's flag he referred to, or a little silk pennant off the lapel of a girl's coat?

She spoke to him soothingly, doing what little there was to be done for his comfort. The O. C. watched her approvingly, then with a few directions to the nurse who hovered near he left her with Corky.

How that night passed Etta never afterwards clearly remembered. In that little private ward two women fought for a man's life, fought and won.

When the spring sunshine stole in at the window the doctor pronounced the crisis passed. Corky was fast asleep and in his left hand was firmly clutched a small silk Union Jack.

Etta, dazed and weary, sought her own bed, but it was hours before she slept. Words he had spoken in his delirium recurred to her again and again.

"The children—they are so young! Who will look after them? Mary is too young to be left alone."

How many times he had repeated those sentences. What could it mean? Corky was an orphan, he had no brothers or sisters. The children could not be his own? Was the youthful Mary his wife? Perhaps he had married in France, like many other soldiers? But why had he said that his life did not matter? The idea of Corky married was repugnant to the pretty V.A.D.

Four weeks later and Corky was almost convalescent. Etta had been his constant visitor and had done much to relieve the weary monotony of the days so full of pain, which he bore with wonderful patience and cheerfulness. When first he recognized her Corky's pleasure knew no bounds. He had always admired the girl, though from a great distance, but now he was going to love her. He knew, and with characteristic simplicity acknowledged that this was inevitable. The idea that she would waste a thought upon him never occurred to his humble mind. Corky Ballantyne and Etta Duncan, proud, charming Etta, why the idea was absurd. So he just went on enjoying her presence, resolutely refraining from dwelling upon what the future might hold. Never a word was spoken of the mysterious "Mary," or the children, and Etta began

Continued on Page 23

Dollars and Cents

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BANKING ∴ INSURANCE ∴ FINANCE

MUNICIPAL FIRE INSURANCE

Some weeks ago a rural consolidated school in a western village was destroyed by fire. The building and contents were valued at $20,000. The total amount of fire insurance carried by the trustees was $3,500. The village had neither fire brigade nor fire protection, and it was only extremely good fortune which prevented the whole village from being burnt up. When these facts are laid bare in cold print they create the impression that there must have been gross negligence on the part of a number of individuals. Taking the occurrence right from the start we find that the fire is supposed to have been caused by the explosion of chemicals stored in the building. This may have been preventable, and this thought brings home the first lesson of this regrettable incident. Every precaution should be taken in municipal buildings, particularly those used for school purposes, to prevent fire. Fortunately the school was empty when the fire happened, but it might have been filled with children. Fortune once again favored the school, for if children had been there a very much more sad story might have had to be told.

After the explosion the fire spread rapidly—there was no organized fire brigade to fight it and no fire fighting appliances worth mentioning. There had been a volunteer fire brigade two or three years previous which used a chemical engine. No fires occurred for a long time, the fire brigade was disbanded and the engine sold. This brings home the second lesson of this unfortunate fire. Every community should have fire protection, a fire brigade and proper equipment to work with. Think how much could be done with $20,000 in building up a fire brigade—and yet that was what was lost because there were no firemen to fight the fire.

It is readily admitted that some fires cannot be prevented, and it is agreed that in some instances the most efficient fire brigade may be powerless to prevent loss from fire. It is therefore necessary to be prepared for such a loss, and the best way to prepare for it is to carry fire insurance. In this particular instance the fire insurance amounted to $3,500. Just ponder over that for a moment. $20,000 of property insured for $3,500. A moment of meditation is sufficient to bring home the third lesson to be gained from this school fire. Every municipal building which can be insured should be insured against fire to the fullest extent possible. It seems evident that those who were responsible for placing fire insurance on this school failed to recognize the real object of insurance. When a man buys fire insurance he should be buying a guarantee. In exchange for the premium which he pays the insurance company guarantees that it will pay to him the amount of any loss he suffers through destruction by fire of the property covered by the policy to the extent of the amount of the policy. The man's object in buying insurance is to enable him to get sufficient money to replace any property destroyed by fire.

In these days of high prices it should be borne in mind that the original cost of property is no indication of its present value. A building which was constructed for $2,000 several years ago could not now be constructed for double that sum. When a man insures he must keep in view the fact that if the property is destroyed by fire it is the present cost of replacing that property which he will have to face, and he should place his insurance accordingly. The school which was destroyed may have cost, say, $10,000 to build, but to-day it would cost $20,000 to build another like it, therefore $20,000 insurance should have been carried if it was possible to get it.

Within the next month or so the municipal elections will be held. Candidates will come forward, and ask for your vote. They will solemnly declare their intention of being economical. Each candidate will have a different idea upon the matter. Some consider it economical to spend money now rather than to wait and spend more later on; others favor no expenditure which can be done without. When you are about to cast your vote you should remember three things; first, it pays to prevent fires; second, it is good economy to have a well-equipped fire brigade; third, it is good business, sound, practical and economical, to have all municipal property fully insured. The candidate who believes in these things should get your vote.

Trusting a Trust Company

Trust company service is such that it touches the life of mankind from the cradle to the grave. These institutions have been called upon to do many things, ranging from the caring for an orphan baby to the burying of the dead. It is a business which oftentimes invades the romantic side of the business world. A day's work in a modern trust company office is filled with interesting experiences. A typical caller is of the Mrs. Brown type, a widow with a young daughter. Mrs. Brown is naturally very anxious about the future of her daughter. She desires to have the little money which was left by her deceased husband used for the benefit of her daughter. She wishes advice from the trust company because she knew of the distressing experiences of another widow—a Mrs. Jones—who also had a daughter. When Mr. Jones died a friend of the family was appointed executor of the dead man's affairs. A considerable sum of money was left to the daughter, but the will stated that it was to be invested until she became 21 years of age. When she arrived at this age it was found that the money had been invested in very unwise investments, and a great deal had been lost. The executor was quite honest, but he was incompetent, with the result that he did not know a good investment from a bad one. Mrs. Brown wished to avoid such a fate, so far as her money was concerned. She was advised to make a will, and appoint a trust company as executor. She asked what difference that would make, for it seemed to her that the trust company might make bad investments just like the old friend of Mr. Jones's did. It was explained and demonstrated to her that trust companies employ investment experts and are bound by law to properly account for every cent they received for investment. She followed the advice given—it cost her nothing, being just one of the many services which trust companies render without charge.

Hudson's Bay Company Report

The annual report of the Hudson's Bay Company for year ended March 31, 1920, makes interesting reading. During the year the company sold 276,629 acres of farm land for $4,854,390—an average of about $17.50 per acre. This is quite a drop when compared with the sales made during the year ended March 31, 1918. During that year 386,373 acres were sold for $7,099,820—an average of $18.40 per acre. Town lot sales last year amounted to $40,750, as compared with $8,365 in 1919. Profits in the fur department were very satisfactory and greatly in excess of the earnings for the previous year, the figures being as follows: 1919, $217,375; 1920, $1,019,285; stores and other trading produced a profit of $993,345. The company paid a 40 per cent dividend last year. Some months ago the company secured an amendment to its charter, which provides that the company's rights and powers shall not be limited by the

I Will Insure Next Year

VERY few men deliberately refuse to carry Life Insurance. In nine cases out of ten the man whose life is unprotected believes in Insurance, intends to insure, but procrastinates. "I will insure next year" he says, forgetting that if only one could count upon "next year" there would be no need for Life Insurance.

The Great-West Life Policies are issued on terms so attractive that there can be no sound reason for anyone to delay taking out a Policy. Plans are available to meet every need and circumstance, and premiums may be paid annually, half yearly, quarterly, or monthly, to suit the convenience of the insured.

Ask for personal rates—giving date of birth.

THE GREAT WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE CO.
Dept. "Q"
HEAD OFFICE - - - - - WINNIPEG

For maximum of service consign your grain to
The Old Reliable Grain Commission Merchants

James Richardson & Sons, Limited
Established 1857

Liberal Advances Prompt Settlements

WESTERN OFFICES:
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man. Grain Exchange, Calgary, Alta.
Canada Building, Saskatoon, Sask.

ONE SURE WAY
TO GET HIGH-GRADE SERVICE
IN MARKETING YOUR GRAIN

— Is to "TAKE NO CHANCES." In other words, deal only with a Proven, Reliable House, whose years of experience have served to teach them the True Value of Careful Individual Attention. Liberal and Prompt Advances. Absolute safety. Courteous and Business-like Methods.

CONSIGN YOUR CARS TO
The Canadian Elevator Co., Ltd.
Grain Commission Merchants WINNIPEG Grain Exchange Building
Reference—Any Bank or Commercial Agency

ADVERTISING RATES
in *The Western Home Monthly* are $4.90 per inch, and there is no better value among Western advertising mediums.

Banking Service
For Farmers
Throughout
CANADA

NO MATTER where you live in Canada, you are not far away from a branch of the Bank of Montreal.

A FARMER'S business is as much benefitted by an important banking connection as is the business of a merchant or manufacturer.

Consult our Local Manager about financing your farming.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established over 100 years

Savings Departments at all Branches
Total Assets in excess of $500,000,000
HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

The Royal Bank of Canada

Give your Boy a Chance! You will not miss the small monthly amounts.

On the first day of every month draw a cheque for $10 for the credit of your son's Savings Account. Do this regularly for (say) ten years.

Your boy will then have $1,387.42. He can own a farm when other boys are still working for wages.

CAPITAL AND RESERVES $35,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES • $535,000,000
625 BRANCHES

IF YOU NEED
MONEY

why not make your Mortgage an asset rather than a liability. We have $1,000,000 to loan. Foreclosure in event of death is impossible.

YOUR MORTAGE WILL BE AN ASSET RATHER THAN A LIABILITY.

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG, MAN
W. D. S. McCABE M.A.D.Sc. K.C. MABER Sec.

95

15 cents VOLPEEK
MENDS POTS & PANS

Mends Graniteware, Tin, Iron, Aluminum, etc. in two minutes. Without tools. 30 mends for 15c. From your dealer or us, postpaid
Vol-Peek Co., P.O. Box 2024, Montreal

original charter or any subsequent amendment thereto. It would seem from this that the company intends to branch out in some new endeavor.

The Growth of Life Insurance

Over $600,000,000 of new life insurance was written in Canada during 1919, and the net amount of life insurance in force on 31st December, 1919, was $2,544,955,837. This is an average of about $318 for every man, woman and child in the country, and needless to say it is not enough. About $340,000,000 of this insurance is with fraternal societies, and the balance is with life insurance companies. It is interesting to recall that the first life insurance policy was written in London, England, on June 18, 1583. The policy was for $1,583 for twelve months, and the premium was $153.20. Sixteen underwriters shared the risk and strange to relate this first venture proved costly for the assured died on May 29, 1584. These pioneer life insurance men established a bad precedent, which was fortunately and promptly thrown in the discard by their successors by refusing to pay the claim. They had an excuse, a very novel one, for they claimed that when they insured the man for twelve months they meant twelve periods of 28 days each. Figured out on this basis the policy expired before the assured died—but the judge did not see it that way, and he ordered the claim to be paid.

Fur Trade Frauds

By Mark Meredith

EVERY now and then an exponent of the three-card trick appears in the police courts, or a bogus company promoter is sent to penal servitude, and clever people wonder where on earth the company promoter or the card sharper can find his victims. Forewarned, surely, is forearmed. Then some enterprising individual discovers the vulnerable spot in our armour. As a rule, however, we do not give others the benefit of our experience. For the victim of imposture suffers severely in his self-conceit, and shrinks, more particularly if he is a business man, from any public disclosure of his credulity.

It is the city man who is the favorite victim of the dealer in faked furs. The bogus dealer enters a city office and gets into conversation with a clerk, quite possibly with the head of a department, or even with the owner of the business. He says that he is the possessor of a valuable fur rug, or cape, or stole, from which he finds himself compelled to part at almost any sacrifice. He is, let us say, a refugee from Russia, or a native of North-West Canada, who has been two years in hospital over here suffering from gas, or, less ambitiously, a sailor who has missed his ship and must return instantly whence he came in another. Whatever the tale, the furs are there, and are to be offered at an absurd figure.

The Business man may think it over and decide to see the furs. Perhaps he conjectures, they will turn out to be a genuine bargain. It would be pleasant to surprise his wife with this valuable gift. To his inexpert eye, the furs when produced appear very nearly all they are claimed to be; but the price asked for is far from absurd. He beats the seller down £10 or £20 and goes home in a glow of satisfaction. Then his wife casts an appraising eye upon the purchase, and the temperature is immediately lowered. Women know more about furs than men. Doubts, grave doubts, are expressed. At last, in desperation the opinion of the expert is asked and the worst fears of the unfortunate speculator are realized. He has been stung. That victim of the Bolshviks, forced to sacrifice his wife's magnificent cloak of finest Russian sables to the families' need for bed and board, has vanished, leaving the purchaser of this "bargain" with a cape of Japanese or Chinese sable for which he has had to pay through the nose.

The Canadian trapper from the Western wilds is remote as they when his grizzly bearskin rug (of a poor quality, not dressed, and the head humming) is valued at £12, instead of the £40 for which its present owner bought it "dirt cheap." The "sailors" having caught their dupes, have presumably also caught their ships, leaving their poor and highly priced peltry behind them. Obviously the victims have only themselves to blame. People who are not experts do not generally buy antique furniture, or old masters, or horses without an expert opinion. And there is always available the opinion of the expert furrier.

But men, though the easiest, are not the only victims of the bogus fur dealer. Women may also be caught in a variety of ways, but chiefly by newspaper advertisements. This is what actually occurs in England. At one time a lady who had seen an attractive advertisement offering a skunk cape for sale privately went to the address named. The owner said that she had recently bought the cape for forty guineas, but as she was about to go abroad she would sell it for twenty-five. Eventually the cape was purchased for £24. A genuine skunk cape of the kind would certainly have cost far more, and not surprisingly the skins proved upon examination by an expert furrier to be opossum dyed skunk. The point is that the same expert was asked some weeks later, to give an opinion in exactly the same circumstances. The second cape had been bought at the same address, the same reasons for selling had been given, though the price accepted this time was a little lower. The whole advertisement was evidently a fake. Many other incidents might be related, but they would only go to prove the indisputable fact that the private purchase of furs is attended by great risk to the inexperienced.

Nor are the genuine bargains often to be got by going to a cheap market. The inferior furrier supplies inferior goods. He is legally obliged to call his skins by their true names, but transgression of the law is—it must be believed—fairly frequent. White rabbit is sold as ermine, nutria as beaver, dyed coney as musquash. A high-sounding name like Rocksable (sable from the Rockies) is given to dyed hare. Even genuine skins correctly described are often only second hand goods cleaned and remade. Nor need deception necessarily imply an intention on the part of the tradesman to deceive. Faked furs are often sold in all good faith. Therefore the purchaser should take care to see that the nature of the fur is fully described in his receipted bill. Should any question as to its genuineness afterwards arise, the cost of the fur, if it is proved to be a fake, would certainly have to be returned by the seller on production of such a bill. No furrier would be able to evade this obligation. But perhaps in the long run it is cheaper, as it is certainly wiser, to make one's purchases only from fur importers and manufacturers of the highest repute.

TO-MORROW

How will it be to-morrow?
  Can we peer 'neath the sunset skies,
See promise and hope awaiting
  Where the mist in the distance lies?
To-morrow! To-morrow!
  Will the dawn come in with a smile,
Or will it bring woe and sadness
  And no songs for the afterwhile?

How will it be to-morrow?
  We plan of the things we will do,
But to-day is the time for action;
  To-morrow is hidden from view!
To-morrow! To-morrow!
  It were best that we cannot see
Its unknown scenes—the surprises
  Which are coming to you and me!

How will it be to-morrow?
  Why, much as we make our to-day.
We hold in our power our future
  As it comes from the far-away.
To-morrow! To-morrow!
  Come tempest, come shadow, come light,
To the soul that in God is trusting,
  The path of the future is bright.

Joseph Henry Ayers.

The Promotion of Corky

[redacted]

ago the wife died, leaving three young children, and only about two months before Corky went to the front the father also died, leaving the children almost penniless. Without consulting any of his friends, and with no thought of how it might hamper his career, Corky at once cabled to England and had all three children sent out to him. They arrived a day or two before he started. They seemed to have no relatives, and he declared he was doing no more than his obvious duty. As you know he had some house property. One house happened to be empty and he settled the children there with a respectable elderly woman as housekeeper. He told me the story, in case of his death, and asked me to draw up the deeds, which will provide them with money sufficient for their needs in that event. The girl, Mary, is now almost fifteen years old, and the boys are nine and seven respectively. Corky has made provision for the girl till she is twenty-one, stipulating that she is to be educated in such a manner as will enable her to earn her own living at that age. For the two boys he left sufficient money to give them a sound education and start in life. Now, what's the matter with Corky?"

Etta laid the letter down. Her face was pale, then a little smile grew in her eyes, and she walked slowly into the ward where Corky too was reading Canadian mail. He looked up and smiled.

"Say, these letters make me homesick!" he exclaimed. "I wonder when I'll see Canada again?"

"Why as soon as the doctors let you travel, no doubt," said Etta, thoughtlessly.

A shade passed over his face. He looked down ruefully at his helpless arm.

"You mean, I shall never be fit to go back—there, to finish the job?" he faltered.

With dismay Etta realized that he did not know that he would never be fit lor the line again.

"There will certainly be a staff appointment," she suggested.

"What do I want with that? If I can't have the real thing I want to go back home," he said fiercely.

It was June, 1918. Etta Duncan was on leave, visiting friends in London. Corky had been convalescing at the seaside.

One bright afternoon Etta, with some gay young friends, whose spirits not even short rations and air raids could dampen, was walking in Hyde Park with a party of Canadian officers, also on leave. One of these was Etta's old admirer, Inspector Clarke, of the R.N.W.M.P., now an officer in one of the infantry regiments. She had greeted him warmly and presently they sat down on chairs under the trees, talking of old times, and watching a few elderly riders in "the row."

"I get awfully home sick for Prairie Bush," the girl confessed. "But I meet lots of old friends over here. Whom do you think I have just helped to nurse?"

"[redacted] devil, whoever he may be," [redacted]rke, looking at her with [redacted]s.

[redacted]said Etta.

[redacted] face darkened.

[redacted]itigated bounder!" he ex- [redacted]ou have my sincere sym- [redacted]

[redacted]ned.

[redacted] wrong. We both misjudged [redacted] a bounder," she said quickly, [redacted] great."

[redacted]ghed, a nasty laugh.

[redacted]ne of those ladies who go in [redacted]rship?" he enquired. "Lots [redacted] the D.S.O. who yet remain [redacted]f course, the Western papers [redacted]over Corky, but his latest [redacted]s been too big a pill even for [redacted] swallow, I fancy."

[redacted] you mean?" The girl's voice [redacted]usly calm.

[redacted]our uncle told you? Why [redacted] Prairie Bush is talking about [redacted]uddenly resurrected a family [redacted]nows where. Got 'em in a [redacted] an old woman looking after [redacted]he mother is supposed to be [redacted] a fishy story, and Corky's [redacted] talk of the town."

[redacted]s glinted dangerously. Then [redacted]ry straight and her expression [redacted]oming towards them, limping [redacted]d with his right sleeve hanging [redacted]orky himself. The girl stood [redacted] smile was adorable.

[redacted] she said, and the sound of his nick-name, pronounced like a caress, sent the blood to his head, "Corky, may I tell Mr. Clarke about Mary?"

Corky started.

"I, I don't know what you mean," he stammered.

"I've just been telling Miss Duncan how—er—interested we all are, out West, in your family," said Clarke, sweetly.

Corky drew himself up.

"That is awfully kind of you," he said very quietly.

Etta laid her hand on his and forgot to take it away.

"Corky?" she said. "May I visit your adopted sister and brothers when I go home?"

He felt as if he could stoop down right there and kiss the ground she walked on. Clarke looked uncomfortable and Etta drew a letter from her bag.

"As you are so much interested I am sure my uncle would like you to read the facts of the case," she said demurely, handing it to the discomforted man. "You can mail it to me at the hospital. Mr. Ballantyne is taking me out to tea."

As the two turned away, Corky bent over her in mute gratitude. He guessed pretty easily what had taken place.

"I've known for a long time, about the children," Etta confessed, "but I wanted you to tell me yourself."

Corky smiled happily.

"I did not think you would care to hear,' he said, simply.

"Because I—," she began. Then, because he was so dense her eyes suddenly grew dim.

"Won't you forgive me for being so horrid to you in those old days," she pleaded.

"Forgive you, why—" he broke off, his voice trembling. She knew it was now or never.

"When you were delirious you said—that—that there was no one who cared very much—if you never came back," she said, looking up bravely into his eyes, though tears were suspiciously near her own. "It was not true—because, though I had been horrid I—cared."

They had wandered away from the path and were for the moment alone.

"Dear," he looked down at his useless arm. "How dare I, cut up as I am, tell you what you must know I have so often longed to tell."

"Why not?" she answered softly.

His hand closed convulsively over hers.

"You have always been miles too good for me, but I have always loved you," he said very quietly.

Then from out his pocket he drew a tiny flag.

"Do you remember that?" he asked. "It has been my most cherished possession and I kept my promise, it was not disgraced."

Then, as Etta raised her glowing face to his, time and place and all memory of war vanished, for love was there and love alone.

Fires Break Out

and thieves break in. Don't risk the first, or invite the second, by keeping money in the house.

Put it in The Merchants Bank, where it will be safe from loss—always available—and earn interest at highest current rates.

3

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864.

391 Branches in Canada extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Wheat Acreage and Production

According to the Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, the estimated area sown to wheat in the three prairie provinces this year was 15,771,000 acres. This is a decrease of 10 per cent. against last year's record when there were 17,750,167 acres.

If you need financial assistance to put more acres under cultivation, talk it over with our local branch manager.

As the pioneer Bank of Western Canada we are bankers for the United Grain Growers, the United Farmers of Alberta, and the Saskatchewan Co-Operative Elevator Company. 451

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Head Office - WINNIPEG

Stockholm

Sweden's Masterpiece

Separator

Duty Free

The Government, realizing the great importance of every farmer owning a good cream separator, is admitting the Stockholm Cream Separator into Canada free from all duty. The saving is yours.

Seventeen years have been devoted by the master mechanics of the world's largest cream separator factory in perfecting this masterpiece. The purchaser of a Stockholm separator gets the best machine that money can buy and he can buy it on easy payment terms.

$7.50 After Free Trial

No Money Down—30 Days' Free Trial—then, if satisfied, only $7.50 and the balance in small monthly payments—and—the wonderful Stockholm Cream Separator is yours. The trial won't cost you a cent.

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

We guarantee that at any time within the next 10 years we will replace any parts that may prove defective on account of either poor workmanship or poor material. No Stockholm is sold without this 10 year guarantee.

SEND NO MONEY

No, not a penny. Just send the coupon for our free catalog. Read our 10 year guarantee and learn about our wonderful 30 day trial and easy payment plan.

Mail the Coupon Now

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Please send me your catalog. Tell me how I can get the Stockholm Cream Separator on your easy payment plan. Also send me the absolute 10-Year Direct Guarantee that you make on the Stockholm.

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The Philosopher

TALKING WITH THE DEAD

In an issue of the London Daily Mail recently to hand there is an account of a curious and interesting scene at the Holborn Restaurant in London when four hundred believers in spiritualism gave a farewell dinner to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on the eve of his departure for Australia. "When all present who had been in communication with departed dead persons were asked to stand up, men and women sprang to their feet in silent testimony and remained standing," says the account. "Not all present arose, but only about five percent failed to do so." But that does not leave the question of spirit manifestations any clearer than it was before. Nobody can doubt that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, or Sir Oliver Lodge, who lately visited Winnipeg, or any other of scores of persons of high standing, really thinks he has bridged the chasm between humankind and the unseen world. But the evidence which has convinced every such person, being of necessity made up of material in his, or her, own consciousness, may easily be the product of unconscious self-deception. Realizing this, the outsider sees the possibility of error and remains uncertain, despite the uncertainty professed by the believers. A long, long road remains to be travelled before people in general will give credence to the advanced claims of spiritism; if, indeed, they ever do. But this does not mean, of course, that there is any well-founded reason for denying that there are forces of nature, latent in mind and matter, which are as yet unknown, but may yet be mastered for human benefit.

FICTION AND ACTUAL LIFE

A correspondent draws attention to the notable fact that not a few of the stories in the current magazines are designed on lines that run counter to the good counsel of careful thrift and steadygoing industriousness which is set forth in the editorial pages of the same publications. A typical story of this kind is that of a young man holding a modest position, with a very moderate salary, his days being taken up by dull, routine work calling for no initiative. His sweetheart determines to "reform" him by leading him into extravagances, and so compelling him to plan to "get out of his rut" and seek a more remunerative career. In another story it is the wife of a man similarly situated who by deliberately embarking on a career of extravagance compels him to realize that he must find out an occupation for himself which will bring him in a very much larger income; he, too, is successful (in the story) in doing so, and he and his wife live in extravagant luxury and happiness ever after. "How often does it turn out in this way in real life?" asks this correspondent of The Philosopher. Is there not a little too much of this glorification of the gambler spirit which will face any risk and assume any expenditure in the hope of ultimate profit? Great fortunes have been made, of course, by men who boldly entered the gateway of business risk. But how many failures have there been for every one that has made a success? The road of steadygoing thrift is the safer one for most of us to follow; as a good many of us have learned by trying the other road.

RANCHING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

The farthest north meat-producing district in Canada is the Fort Vermilion settlement in the Peace River valley. It is north of latitude 58. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Manitoba-born Arctic explorer whose name is now known round the world, is going into the ranching business nine degrees farther north than the Fort Vermilion settlement, or about a thousand miles nearer the North Pole. He has been granted by the Dominion Government a thirty years lease of the southern half of Baffin Land, as a range for reindeer herds. To those of us who know nothing of the Arctic regions, the undertaking may appear, at first glance, almost as extreme as a project of establishing a ranch of Polar bears. But Stefansson knows the Arctic regions well, and knows what he is doing. He maintains that herds of reindeer and muskoxen are more at home on the northern coasts of Canada fringing on the Arctic seas, than herds of cattle are on some of the arid, or semi-arid plains of the central part of the continent. Great herds of caribou get all the food they want in natural conditions in the territory north of Hudson Bay. But for the heavy toll taken by the wolves, they would be vastly more numerous. Stefansson plans to bring small reindeer herds from Norway or Lapland, to form the nucleus of larger herds, including caribou, in Baffin Land. He figures on shipping meat supplies to Great Britain; and incidentally there will be a new source of leather supply. Canadian developments are being carried farther north than has heretofore been dreamed possible by ordinary, average everyday Canadians living and working anywhere across the continent between Sidney and Victoria.

THE OUTSTANDING CANADIAN PROBLEM

It has been stated by so eminent an authority as Sir George Paish, for many years editor of the London Statist, who, during the war, was financial adviser of the British Government, that before the war the world stock of food was never at any time more than six weeks ahead of the supply. At the present time the actual surplus of food in the world at any moment is much less than would enable the world to carry over for six weeks without further production anywhere in the world. Greater and ever greater attention to agricultural development is the outstanding need of the world at large; it is pre-eminently the outstanding need of Canada. If agricultural industry is prospering and expanding as it should prosper and expand, the prosperity and expansion of all the other industries of the country are assured. Speaking to a Canadian Club audience at Niagara Falls a couple of weeks ago, Hon. Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture in the Ontario Government, said truly that the only hope for the fullest possible measure of prosperity is the fullest development of agriculture side by side with manufacturing industry. He pointed out that today there are 50,000 fewer persons engaged in farming in Canada than there were in 1872. "In 1872 there were 30 per cent of the whole population of Canada living in the towns and cities, and 70 per cent in the rural sections. Today the position is reversed. The 70 per cent now live in the towns and cities." That there is plenty of room in Canada for agricultural development is one of the best known facts in the world. It is a fact which confronts Canadian statesmanship with its master problem.

IMPRACTICABLE IDEALISM

Too often it is true that exponents of idealism here in Canada, as in every other land under the sun, fail to recognize that there is an immense difference between the most earnest and most passionately eloquent declarations of ideals and the bringing of such ideals into actual, practical, everyday operation. No man is a true leader in idealism who is cocksure that a goal toward which humanity has been striving painfully for ages could be attained now immediately, if only his ideas could be made to prevail. He is no true leader in idealism who holds out in glowing words prospects of things beyond the limits of possibility, or things which are, indeed, possible, but whose attainment requires co-operation which he does nothing to bring about. Here in Canada, as elsewhere, it is too often true that such leaders, well-intentioned beyond possibility of doubt or question, use in all sincerity language so immoderate and ill-judged as to form a barrier against the general goodwill and co-operation without which there can be no real progress.

THE POISONOUS DOGMAS OF KARL MARX.

To destroy is easier than to build up. Children are by nature destructive. So are men and women with undeveloped minds. Such people are found among the wasters of inherited wealth as well as among people who have no wealth at all. Among the wealthy, and especially, of course, among those who have amassed fortunes for themselves, there is a type of mind and character which is conservative; they are keen to safeguard wealth, and many of them are lacking in sympathetic understanding of the lives of people less fortunate than themselves, and so they do not contribute constructive thinking and constructive action toward the solution of the problems of the time. This is not true of them all; but it is true of a number large enough to form an important factor. On the other hand, there are radicals who see the defects in the prevailing conditions, social and economic, and—here again, it must be said that the reference is to a certain number, and not all—they encourage anger and resentment that tend to pull down the existing order; but they are very defective in their designs for building up.

Too many of them have saturated their minds with the doctrines of Karl Marx, and hold religiously to the basic dogma of Marxian Socialism (which is the creed of Bolshevism) that capital and labor can never be anything but enemies to each other, and that there can be no progress until "the labor class" develops "class consciousness" and a grim determination to wage "the class struggle" and destroy "the capitalist system" and establish in its place, a system of "production for use, not profit"—that is to say, a system of State Socialism, with communistic ownership of land and of everything else, and with everybody's work and meals and all the other details of his, or her, daily life regulated by State Committees. Even in connection with our existing system of government it is formidably difficult to secure the men of the highest integrity and public spirit and of the ability to manage public affairs; of impracticable idealists it is only necessary to say that they are no less dangerous than the unprincipled, ambitious men who seek power for their own purposes. How could a system of such State Committees, to whose control everything, including the personal liberty of the men and women and children of the country would have to be given up, be practicable? How could it ever get established in this country? And if it did get established, how long would it last?

INCONSISTENT WITH NATIONHOOD

There is throughout Canada from coast to coast a steadily increasing keenness of interest in the discussion of the national problem presented by the fact that while the power of any other Parliament than our own to make laws for the people of Canada has been outgrown, the power of a court sitting in London, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to interpret our laws has not yet likewise become a matter of ancient history. One main reason for this survival is that the law and the lawyers, who are, as they have always been, so preponderant in Parliament, are by their nature slow to change. They are wedded to precedent. None of the arguments advanced in support of this system of carrying Canadian cases across the Atlantic for their final decision will stand examination. It is argued that a case thus taken to London is removed from local prejudices in the place of its origin; this plea, if it is a valid one, should surely work both ways. Why should not a lawsuit between, say, two firms in London, Liverpool or Manchester, be carried to Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, or Melbourne, for its final decision? As Lord Haldane, a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London, said in dealing with one of the latest Canadian cases to be carried before that body, the Canadian judges know better than any others can, not only certain parts of Canadian jurisprudence, but the background of Canadian life and practice—and it is life and practice which give body and meaning to law. As for the claim that the system of carrying appeal cases to London is "a link of Empire", the reply is that, as the war has proved, the real links of Empire are of a vastly different kind. The only kind of Empire that can hold together is one based on the principle of partnership of free nations, each of the overseas Dominions being self-governing as Great Britain is, and having equality of status and free alliance with Great Britain.

CITY AND COUNTRY

We read and hear a great deal about "rural depopulation" in both Canada and the United States. There is no more frequent topic of discussion in the newspapers and periodicals of both countries. The statistics of both countries continue to pile up proof of the swollen growth of the cities and the lessening population of the rural districts. Nothing is said more often and with greater truth, than that it is exceedingly difficult to keep young men and young women on the farm. The attractions of the city, the great advances made in the last couple of decades in the way of provisions for personal comfort, sanitation and entertainment, which are in such large measure confined to the urban centres, mainly in many cases because of their very nature, breed discontent with the city life. But it is undeniably true, at the same time, that there is no lack of dicontent in the cities. City life is largely artificial. For every young man on the farm who is anxious to get into the city, there are many men, young and old, in the city, who would give anything to be on a farm. This statement may be objected to as an exaggeration; and it may be said that the city people who thus long for life in the country do so in ignorance, or forgetfulness, of the hard work that has to be done every day on the farm. Nevertheless, The Philosopher believes it to be the fact that there are far more people in the cities longing to live in the country than there are people in the country longing to live in the city. And the larger the city, the greater the proportion of young men and old men and young women and old women who have that longing. For the larger the city, the keener the struggle for existence.

A Man of Moment

By Robert Cove Lloyd

NORTHCLIFFE—journalist, newspaper owner, politician, statesman, peer of the realm—and MAN. What a record? Almost one might write Superman—for no matter the project, in the hands of Alfred Harmsworth—or as he is more familiarly known to the world, Lord Northcliffe—it is safe to assume a triumphant issue.

In the days that are past—before the war, yes, long before that bloody period when a monster attempted to sway Europe, nay, the world—Northcliffe always had the courage of his convictions. At no time has he hesitated to air his opinion; and the weight of his word has invariably exercised a great controlling influence on the people.

And what responsibility is attached to such an influence! But after all, it is responsibility of this magnitude which indubitably proves the man!

One point in the character of the noble viscount, is one which gives us pause—for it is a characteristic which has had much bearing on his true greatness. Northcliffe has never been afraid to alter his views—when convinced that the interest of his Country—the Empire, was at stake. At such times he would give to the public, through the press, every possible enlightenment on his new point of view; and, too, he would bring all his vast artillery to bear on the subject, to prove that the new view was right! Not from a grandiose vantage would Northcliffe take this step—but because he ever entertained a deep and undying love for his country.

Possibly many of us, even to-day, fail to realize to what an enormous extent Northcliffe's policy during the war, brought about—nay compelled the final issue. Without doubt it was only his insistent publicity of urgent war needs, that brought, first, the Ministry of Munitions, and then the re-formed Government into being—with that other masterman, Lloyd George, at the helm.

It has been very aptly said that Northcliffe is both a maker and breaker of Cabinets. A proviso, however, should be added: never has this great power been wielded for petty party ends—only in the country's need.

It is indeed given to few men to rise as did Alfred Harmsworth, from obscurity, to world-wide fame such as is now possessed by Viscount Northcliffe, and—ah! there's the rub—and retain their poise.

Napoleon, to whom many people have in a measure compared Northcliffe (as a fact, there is quite a striking resemblance in the two faces), was great. He, too, rose to eminence from obscurity, but was not possessed of the greatness of soul—which always distinguishes the truly great—in sufficient proportion to maintain it for the good of the people. Napoleon foolishly imagined—or deluded himself into believing—that he was a god. Like yet another of far more recent times—to wit: William Hohenzollern, now refugee—Napoleon fell—so must all men fall, who in their greatness, fail to realize that the PUBLIC GOOD must be paramount—and not their own selfish aggrandizement.

And that is where Northcliffe proves himself to be the MAN. No matter what honors he has achieved in the course of his wonderful career—the welfare of the people, the good of his Country, the need of the Empire—these have been his stepping-stones.

To-day, he is probably one of the most powerful figures in current history. One might almost state with exactitude—that the eyes of the Universe are centred on him. May he continue to choose his stepping-stones with the same wisdom as in the past! May he play his part in these coming years of reconstruction—using his wonderful powers of intuition as befits the truly great, giving to the Empire of his best—than which none can exceed.

The author of the following verse is a 17 year old Winnipeg boy attending Manitoba University:

TO A SEA-SHELL

I had a sea-shell—such a fragile thing
It was—It seemed of bubbled foam that froze
While glints of sunshine streaked it gold and rose;
And slow blue waves were softly murmuring;
And mermaids on the sea-wash'd rocks were singing
And swells of tuneful merriment arose
From Grecian city's flashing marble flashing near;
And lovers down the golden sands were laughing.
O little shell! I held thee 'gainst my ear—
Thy voice spoke sweetly like an ancient poem:—
I did mingled strains of music hear,
That thou hast borne from out thy deathless home.
O little shell! Could I but live like thee,
Two thousand years ere comes nativity!

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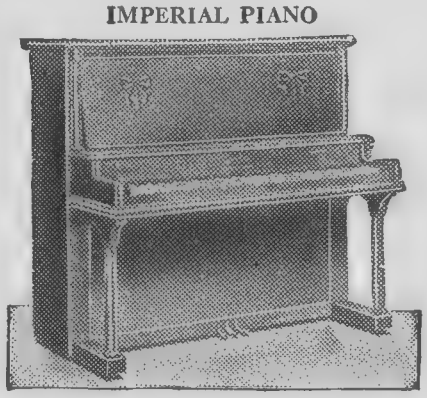

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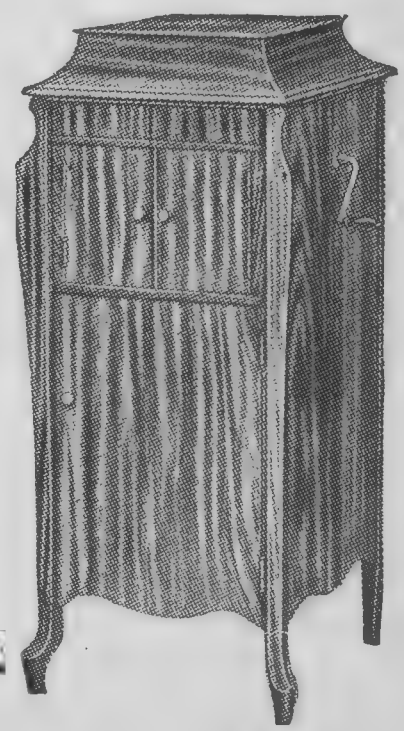

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What the World is Saying

Women and Men.

Women, like men, can obtain whatever they fit themselves for.—London Times.

Can You?

We are the posterity our forefathers worried about. Can you blame them?—Vancouver Province.

A Matter of Dough.

If a baker bakes a smaller loaf, it enables him to make a larger roll.—Halifax Herald.

The Seething Pot.

As was to be expected, the cooking of Turkey is naturally bringing Greece to the top.—Saskatoon Star.

Help.

The city takes what the farmer raises. This includes the farm help he raises.—Topeka Capitol.

Something Job Missed.

Job had his little troubles, but it might have been worse. They didn't frisk him for an income tax.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

It has Often Happened So.

We cry loudly for a man of vision, and when we get one we call him a visionary.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Spiritualism.

The well-known circulating medium is the medium that most of the spiritualists are really looking for.—Quebec Chronicle.

What it Indicates

When a man uses up a column of space in the newspaper to say that he is not a candidate it's a sign he is.—Toronto World.

Whiskey

If the wets were right about whiskey, they would be dead by this time for the want of it.—Toledo Blade.

Flor di Cabbagio

How can you expect a cigar for five cents, with vegetables as high as they are?—Minneapolis Journal.

If He Wrote the Truth

Former German Crown Prince's book telling of his part in the war could not have taken long to write.—Victoria Times.

Canned Oratory

One good thing about political speeches talked into a phonograph is that it is easy to change the record.—Boston Globe.

The World Need

Never before has the world been in so bewildering a welter. Never has there been greater need of political wisdom.—Montreal Gazette.

The Uses of Alfalfa

Newspaper is to be made out of alfalfa. That sounds like the preface to a raise in the price of "tobacco."—New York Globe.

No Doubt at All

There is no doubt about who will be the central figure in the history which W. Hohenzollern is writing in his Dutch retreat at Doorn.—Regina Leader

A Regular News Item

The World moves along. "Flying prospects" for the day are now published as a regular feature in many of the British morning newspapers.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Wonderful, Indeed

Cotton is a wonderful plant. It provides cotton cloth, olive oil, silk stockings and all-wool clothing.—London Daily Mail.

New Settlers

Boatloads of new settlers for Canada are arriving at Canada's eastern ports. Immigration is the sincerest form of flattery.—Toronto Telegram.

No Lack of Advice

It is peculiar that Presidents do not do better. Heaven knows they receive plenty of advice from the newspapers.—Atcheson Globe.

From Italy's Leading Newspaper

Canada, with its vastness of extent and its immensity and variety of natural resources, is veritably an Empire in itself.—Milan Corriere della Sera.

Looking Backward

The chances are that if the foresight of the European nations had been as good in 1914 as their hindsight is now, they never would have allowed the war to get started.—Edmonton Bulletin.

A Place in the Sun

Many a man at work in the harvest fields wonders why in thunder Wilhelm wanted so badly to have "a place in the sun."—Fargo Forum.

How It is Working Out

In Russia the brotherhood of man seems to be working out in about the same way it does in every family where there are four boys who all want the flivver Sunday night.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Form of Uplift

It is interesting to note that the Retail Grocers' Association at its recent meeting "took up the high cost of living." Well, how much higher they took it up we'll soon learn.—Syracuse Herald.

A Mob's Mistake

One negro was hanged by mistake by the Duluth mob which terrorized that city one night last June. But a mistake like that is nothing in the life of a mob gathering.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Land of "Supermen."

Germany says it has obeyed the Peace Treaty "as far as it is humanly possible." Now, then, is the time to show some of that superman stuff.—Duluth Herald.

Germany's Army

Germany was required by the Peace Treaty to reduce her standing army to 100,000 men. She has reduced her standing army to 200,000 men; and if the Allies give her time she will no doubt succeed in reducing it to 300,000.—London Express.

Bolshevism

Lenine desires no national wars, but he believes in the use of force, in arming the proletariat and the war of classes, which in cruelty and savagery may easily surpass wars between nations.—Springfield Republican

A Troublous World

Those people who used to wonder what the world would have to talk about after the Great War was over, were giving themselves unnecessary worry. There is more talk in the world than ever.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

The Retail Price

Canada's 1919 apple crop was worth $25,000,000, it is officially announced from Ottawa. Figuring the apples at five cents each, any bright mind can work out the problem of how many apples were produced in the Dominion last year.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Kansas Reflection

When a politician says that a country is going to rack and ruin, he means that it is going to ruin him if he doesn't get to the feed-rack.—Wichita Beacon.

Lloyd George's Brother

A brother of Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, who is clerk of the council at Barmouth, Eng., applied for a raise in pay and was turned down. What are the times coming to when the brother of the Prime Minister of Britain cannot get a raise in pay when he wants it? And probably needs it.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Germany's Protestings

Germany protests her good intentions. She has a chance to show them. Recuperation without Allied aid is impossible for her. She has a chance to be straightforward, and by her performances, not her promises, the world will judge her.—Dundee Courier.

The Politician's Viewpoint

It is noted that all the religious conventions held in the United States this year have pronounced in favor of the League of Nations and the ratification of the peace treaty. They may represent the best elements of the population. But do they represent the majority? That is the more important question to the politicians.—Glasgow Herald.

High Society in the Movies

A despatch from Rome says that the Italian capitol is full of war profiteers and that these folk religiously attend the moving picture shows to ascertain how people in good society act, dress and move. Our pet peeve is the hero who wears the black satin dress vest with the white pearl buttons. What is yours?—Ottawa Citizen.

Cause and Effect

Apologists of Bolshevism have an unhappy knack of ignoring the responsibility of Bolshevism itself for the appalling condition of Russia. Had there been no Bolshevism, had Lenine and Trotzky not declared war upon civilization, had they not deliberately ruined Russia, there would have been none of the deplorable phenomena to which the British Labor delegation bear witness.—London Economist.

Studying Conditions in Russia

Bertrand Russell, the British Radical who went to Russia with the British Labor delegation to study Russian conditions, says one of the things they hoped to look into was the question whether the Soviet system was really superior to the parliamentary system. "We were not able to make any such study," he writes, "because the Soviet system is moribund. No conceivable system of free election would give majorities to the Communists in either town or country."—Toronto Globe.

Ranching in Arctic Regions

Canada is destined to become the greatest cattle raising country in the world—the musk-ox and reindeer filling the semi-Arctic lands of the far north. These animals need no barns nor feed—being able to provide their own feed and shelter. The musk-ox is a gigantic sheep, the meat of which tastes like beef, while its wool coat is two and a half times as thick as that of a sheep. The musk-ox feeds on grass and the reindeer on lichen.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A French Tribute to Lloyd George

The surge of world politics has carried away Wilson in the United States, Clemenceau in France and Orlando in Italy, but Lloyd George still rides it out. No other British Premier was ever worked so hard. Few have been more bitterly criticized, or more enthusiastically eulogized. None ever held office in more perilous emergencies. For six years the world has been torn by tempests. But Lloyd George has steered the British ship of state through them all. He has gained strength from them.—Paris Matin.

A Land of Opportunity

Never in her history has Canada been a more attractive land to the immigrant with political ideals. Her growing sense of nationhood, no less than her fresh outlook on her internal problems, offers to the man of independent mind and democratic outlook a real hope of shaping things as he would wish in a new country. And, above all, her need in importance is that of immigrants of the right stamp, men with the character and the fortitude to settle her great empty spaces that yield so rich a return to those who will dare and tame them, men who appreciate a country where needless social distinctions go by the board, and where the dignity of labor is more than a phrase.—Manchester Guardian.

Sea Food and Sea Leather

A film which was recently thrown in light and shadow on the screen in a movie theatre showed the whale fisheries off one of the coasts of Canada, including the stripping of the blubber from the animals—for whales are not fish, but animals that live in the sea, a sort of sea-cattle, so to speak. But the film did not show what became of the whale meat. Obviously it was thrown away. And yet it equals beef in food value. The amount of edible meat on an average whale is six tons. Six tons of beef would command a very imposing sum of money these days. Then there is the shark. Not only is the shark meat good to eat, but shark skin can be made into shoe leather of excellent grade. Hitherto shark skins were a by-product of the fish oil refineries, but now there is a shark skin industry. The hide of a shark produces from twelve to forty square feet of leather. The hide of an octopus, or devil fish, gives from fifty to one hundred feet of leather. And these fish leathers are difficult to tell from ordinary leather, and in wearing qualities are equal, if not superior, to the ordinary kind. The war, of course, made substitutes necessary and familiar; it also inspired a healthy regard for investigation, which is developing new sources of supply. And incidentally it has resulted in enforcing the lesson of conserving natural resources. There are enough whales caught off the Pacific coast of Canada to make a very appreciable reduction in the cost of meat, if the utilization of whale meat is gone about rightly. And with the supplies available from the sea of material that can be tanned into excellent leather, one element in the cost of footwear ought to be lessened.

The Ghost Coast of Europe

Written for The Western Home Monthly by N. Tourneur

THE Levant has its ghost coast, and so has the Baltic, and the North Sea. In fact, almost every really maritime nation has its own particular stretch of haunted littoral. Yet the ghost coast of Europe is where many of the ships and seamen of all marines have found their end—commencing with the Phoenicians and the Romans, down to our own days.

Cornwall is one of the most original and one of the most un-English of English counties. It is an isolated Celtic fringe, abutting on the old Saxon frontier, and retaining more old legends and traditions of the past than even the Irish, the Welsh, or the Scottish Celtic lands. Many of the fishermen and seamen hailing from Cornwall have their legends and superstitious beliefs still as strongly as ever before the first steamer sighted Land's End, or the first motor fishing-craft entered St. Ives Bay.

All along the Cornish shores the Phantom Ship is thoroughly believed in, as also are the Phantom Lights. Some years ago, a schooner-rigged vessel made signals of distress to the west of St. Ives Bay. A coble that put out reached her, and one of the seamen made a grasp at her bulwarks in order to jump on board; but his hand met nothing solid, and as he tumbled back into the boat the schooner and her sailing lights disappeared in the darkness. Next morning a schooner out of the Port of London was wrecked within the same vicinity, and all on board her perished. The Phantom Lights are seen generally before a gale, the Cornish seaman calls them "Jack Harry's Lights"; and the ship seen resembles the one that is subsequently wrecked.

The Death Ship is a superstition peculiar to Cornwall. She, with black hull and stumpy bowsprit, comes in with all her canvas set, against the wind and tide, and as she turns to reach to seaward again the doomed person dies. Most famous of the traditional stories grouping round the Death Ship is that of a wrecker, who lived at Tregaseal, beguiling vessels with false lights and doing to death those who escaped the waves. When he lay dying, a black ship full-rigged with all sail set was noticed coming in upon the land against the wind and tide; and as the man died she bore out to sea again in a half-gale. Porthcurno Cove, near the Logan Stone, has also a Ship of Doom. Sometimes there is seen when the mists are rising off the marshes, a black square-rigged craft, which stands over to Bodelan and Chygwiden, and suddenly vanishes. Upon whoever sees her, ill-luck and death are sure to fall.

Near St. Ives, too, is a churchyard haunted by an apparition, sight of which entails disaster to seamen. In the 'Sixties of last century a vessel was wrecked on the coast here. The men who went off to the rescue found on board a lady with a child in her arms. She refused to part with her charge, and in drawing her by a rope from the wreck to the boat the child was lost in the raging seas. The lady died through shock and exposure, and was buried in the local churchyard. To-day her wraith is said to haunt the shore, whether the day or the night is tempestuous or dark or clear or fine. And on whoever sees her, be he a seafaring man, disaster falls.

The coasts of Cornwall are second to none in the wildness, the variety, and originality of their sea superstitions. Long will it be before the blown sand-hills, the great cliffs of granite and fateful headlands, and the little coves where the sand is so soft and white and the savage reefs look so emeraldine under the water, cease to be haunted in the true sense of the word, if indeed spirits of the dead frequent the place of their last earthly throes. For nowhere else in Europe has the sea taken such a toll of dead, and still takes. Only Cape Ushant, and, perhaps, the Goodwin Sands off the coast of Kent, may rank behind Cornwall in the Sea's colossal ledger of death and disaster.

There are other omens and warnings to the hardy seamen of this Ghost Coast. Parts of the coast where wrecks have occurred, are often haunted. At night, before the gale breaks down, the voices of dead sailors are heard calling their own names. Porth Towan has a strange belief. At night, when all is silent save for the murmur of the tide and the seabird's mournful call, a voice from the sea cries out three times: "The hour is come, but not the man." Local history has it, that a fisherman walking one night on the sands, some years ago, heard the fateful call; and shortly afterward the figure of a man appeared on the top of the cliff, then rushed down the steep path, and over the sands, and was lost in the sea.

Along this stretch of coast—haunted by the memories of at least twenty centuries of those that have followed the sea and died thereby against the cliffs and reefs of this great promontory or rock and moor—are instances where Nature herself is said to have become endued with warning. At Sennen Cove, there is occasionally seen a band of thick mist that reaches across the bay. The fisherman and seamen take it to be a warning not to venture to sea. On one occasion, an old blue-water seaman turned fisherman, seeing the weather held fine, went out and impiously beat the fog with the blade of an oar, to drive it away. The boat and him passed through the bank of a mist, and went to sea. But neither his craft nor his body was seen again. So—the superstitious were confirmed in their superstition. Incidentally, this body of wrack as often as not portends dirty weather springing up at hand.

But—that is no explanation of the phenomenon of warning, to those born along this Ghost Coast of Europe. Innumerable have been their instances of wraiths, portends, omens and other warnings intended for those that go down in ships into the deep. Yet, to-day, Wesleyanism, education, the newspaper, and the railway and tourists are effacing even the ghosts from this far-flung English rampart of the sea.

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UNREASONED STATEMENTS

Some weeks ago, on Broadway, Winnipeg, I heard a man remark on the magnificence of the new parliament buildings, contrasting them at the same time with the rather shabby appearance of the main university building just opposite.

"Look at those splendid buildings," he said, "where our lawyers and politicians have their headquarters, while education is housed in that miserable structure."

Now this is just the sort of loose argument that prevails with the unthinking man and unfortunately at a time when we are in need of constructive thought and action. Such an attitude, too, shuts a man off from access to his full rights of citizenship. The parliament buildings are not the home of any special limited class but they are both the gift and the birthright of all the citizens of the province.

As a matter of fact the principal administrative body of the province, educationally, is provided with adequate quarters in the new parliament buildings—the Department of Education. Then, too, it is quite illogical to compare just one educational institution with the parliament buildings. The latter embody practically all the administrative units of the province, but the educational work of Manitoba is carried on in magnificent buildings located in many places, and if all of the institutions of learning could be assembled in one massive pile, they would dwarf by comparison even the parliament buildings.

PERSONALITY

"Personality is in truth a vast secret reserve which every man may possess in precisely the degree to which he resolves to cultivate and preserve it. It figures in no balance-sheet, therein resembling the goodwill and the site-value of the Bank of England, neither of which stands for a brass farthing in the statutory display of the Old Lady's assets, though they must be worth a noble array of millions. But the asset is not the less worth developing and fostering because no auditor has ever passed judgment upon its value. And we shall be best equipped for the task, not by theorizing about it, but by studying some of those who have successfully performed it, placing themselves among the foremost men in all ranks."—Dr. Ellis Powell.

MILITARY TITLES

A certain amount of editorial space has been allotted in the newspapers to the question of the use of military titles in business and community life. Some have contended that their use denotes a certain affectation, while others maintain that they have been honorably and strenuously won and that their holders should derive the full benefits that might arise from their use.

As a matter of fact, the use of military titles was common in British circles long before the war, and militia titles, too, were used freely.

A story runs that an advertising man called at an office and enquired if Mr. Smith was in.

"Mr. Smith? You mean Captain Smith, I suppose?"

"Yes, Captain Smith," replied the canvasser, "Is he in?"

"No," was the answer.

"Is Mr. Jones in?"

"Mr. Jones?" was again the scornful retort. "You must mean Captain Jones?"

"Well, Captain Jones," said the canvasser. "Is he in?"

"No, he is not."

The canvasser tried for the third partner.

"Is Mr. Brown in?"

"Mr. Brown?" was again the reply, with an unmistakably sarcastic accent on the "Mr." "I suppose you mean Major Brown?"

"Well, Major Brown," was the imperturbable reply. "May I see him?"

"No, he is not in," was the answer.

The canvasser turned to go, and the clerk called after him.

"When they come in shall I give them any name?"

"Yes," replied the canvasser, "Tell them that Field-Marshall Robinson called."

WORDS WORTH PONDERING

One, John McClure, writes that much of the world's most useful knowledge is scattered broadcast among men, in the form of proverbs and that some of the most useful of these are:

1. Despise not the discourse of the wise, but acquaint thyself with their proverbs.
2. Thou art wise if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer their stinging to fret thee.
3. Knowledge is proud that he had learned so much, but wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
4. When either side grows warm in argument, the wiser man gives over first.
5. Go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise.
6. The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.
7. Grief divided is made lighter.
8. Good management is better than good income.
9. A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile.
10. The best physic is fresh air, and the best pill is plain fare.

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

CONCENTRATION

Great effects come, says Bacon, only of industry and perseverance. Perseverance, asserts Sartorius, is irresistible. All the great captains, writes Napoleon, have performed their vast achievements by conforming with the rules of art—by adjusting efforts to obstacles. Great works are performed, declares Steele, not by strength but perseverance. Did you ever hear of a man, writes Thoreau, who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object and in no measure obtained it?

THOROUGHNESS

Constant dripping paves the marble, is a parable of the classics. The ants will pick a carcass cleaner and quicker than a magnificent lion. A lawyer who was once obscure (is it not remarkable that all great men were once obscure?) was asked what course he had pursued to reach his position in the legal world. He had only acted upon the advice tacked on to the end of a lecture in a law school. It was, to see nothing in anything but law. Thenceforward, if a man stumbled in the street, he dwelt upon the points of law involved. If he saw an altercation, its legal aspect only interested him. His daily observation, his reading, his pastime, all subserved the same theme, the law.

A great river at its source may barely wet the finger tip. But as it moves it gathers to itself trickle and trull, brook and rivulet, creek and river, until at last it bears the burdens of a sea.

THE ART OF STUDYING

It is quite natural to look to the masters of studying for advice that will help in studying.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable, says Sidney Smith, is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.

The mind of the scholar, if he would have it large and liberal, should, writes Longfellow, come in contact with other minds.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high, then, says Bailey, is the time for study.

The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for one hour in every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied until it is mastered, will be startled, writes Bulwer Lytton, to see the way he has made at the end of a twelve-month.

GREAT WRITERS ON SUCCESS

Nothing is impossible to the man that can will. Is that necessary? That shall be. This is the only law of success—Mirabeau.

Whenever you see a man who is successful in society, try to discover what makes him pleasing, amd if possible adopt his system.—Beaconsfield.

A successful career has been full of blunders.—Buxton

Success is the child of audacity.—Beaconsfield.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.—Dumas.

ATTENTION

Attention ability enables one without effort to note the activities, objects and efforts in one's environment and to take notice of events and acts; it enables one to perceive to a large degree the disposition, desires and intentions of others; it enables one to select essential objects, movements, sounds and details from the mass of things that are continually thrust upon the senses of sight and hearing; and it enables one surrounded by people and their activities, to isolate oneself from any active recognition of them and to concentrate upon a given act or idea.—Merton.

ADVICE

Advice, says Sir Arthur Helps, is sure of a hearing when it coincides with our previous conclusions, and therefore comes in the shape of praise or of encouragement. It is not unwelcome when we derive it for ourselves, by applying the moral of some other person's life to our own, though the points of resemblance which bring it home may be far from flattering and the advice itself far from palatable.

We can even endure its being addressed to us by another, when it is interwoven with regret at some error, not of ours but of his; and when we see that he throws in a little advice to us, by way of introducing with more grace, a full recital of his own misfortunes.

But, in general, it is with advice as with taxation; we can endure very little of either if they come to us in the direct way.

CHARACTER

The age demands steady headed men, men whose feet stand on the ground, men who can see things as they really are, and act accordingly.

At the base all enterprise is character. If the good man were not in business, and a good many of him too, trade and traffic on any extensive scale would be impossible. Character makes credit, and credit is the stimulating atmosphere in which the vast systems of modern manufacturing flourish. At the base of all development is character. Because so many men may be relied upon to keep their word and fulfill their obligations, the world of commerce ordinarily moves on in a broad sweep without great friction or disturbance.

In the practical conduct of business, proof is again and again afforded of the fact that the man in business is more than just the man of business. The personal equation counts here as it does in all other relations of life.

CLIMBING

You will never be a partner, wrote Andrew Carnegie, unless you know the business of your department far better than the owners possibly can. Instead of the question, "What must I do for my employer?" substitute "What can I do?"

Faithful and conscientious discharge of the duties assigned to you is all very well, but it will not do for the coming partner. There must be something beyond this. The rising man must do something exceptional and beyond the range of his special department. He must attract attention.

There is no service so low and simple, neither any so high, in which the man of ability and willing disposition cannot readily and almost daily prove himself capable of greater trust and usefulness.

LOYALTY

The man who will not do his best under all circumstances and who will not render the highest service of which he is capable, is not only disloyal to his employer, but is disloyal to the dictates of his own highest self. Remember that it is an infinitely greater thing to build a life, than to make a living.

Remember that whatever you do for the interests of your employer reacts upon your own life and character. Remember that every new idea or new method you originate, and every bit of exceptional service you render, is worth infinitely more in the way of building your own character and developing your own ability for a larger future service than it can possibly be worth in the way of immediate financial reward.

The man who is disloyal, defrauds two people—his employer and himself.—Knox.

AN INVITATION

Several interesting discussions have developed in these pages as the result of suggestions made by our readers. If you are interested in a topic the discussion of which might prove helpful to others, you are invited to write to the W. H. M. ,or direct to the editor of this page. Your letters will be appreciated and will receive prompt attention.

A GREAT THING FOR BOYS.

In connection with the recent celebration of the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the Boy Scouts movement in the United States there was circulated very widely a comprehensive setting forth of the aims and purposes of that organization and of the work it is doing. In that statement was quoted the following declaration by Luther Burbank:

> Every child should have mud pies, grasshoppers, water bugs, tadpoles, frogs, mud turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water lilies, woodchucks, bats, bees, butterflies, various animals to pet, hayfields, pine cones, rocks to roll, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education.

The foregoing statement is, of course, not to be taken with too rigidly literal regard to Mr. Burbank's list. What he means is that outdoor life and contact with nature are of primary value in education. The outdoor life and the conditions under which boys come into contact with nature are different in the West from what they are in the East; but the essentials are the same. The country boy has an immense advantage over the city boy in this respect. The Boy Scout movement is a fine thing for boys; it brings city boys into contact with the outdoor life, and it helps to make both city boys and country boys more manly, plucky and genuine. Nothing is finer about the Boy Scouts than the manner in which it blazes out new trails for boyish enthusiasms. Mr. Herbert Hoover has said that if the Boy Scouts movement could be made general enough in the United States, it could solve the Americanization problem in one generation. That the Boy Scout movement can help in solving the Canadianization problem is no less undeniable; and for that reason it deserves the hearty support of all good Canadians.

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

A short pause in the Trans-Continental run to take on gasoline.

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32.64 Miles Per Gallon—3442 Miles—25 Drivers

FORWARD, day and night, over mountains and plains, roads well-nigh impassable, an Overland stock car sped on its record run from New York to San Francisco.

The only stops were made to exchange drivers.

Twenty-five men who had never seen the car before piloted it over the course; some recklessly, some carefully, according to their dispositions.

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Although speed was not the object, the car averaged 19 miles per hour, maintaining as high as 35 and 40 miles per hour for long stretches.

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It proves positively that economy is inherent in Overland construction.

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At the conclusion of its long journey the Overland was sound in every part, performing the record run without any mechanical trouble.

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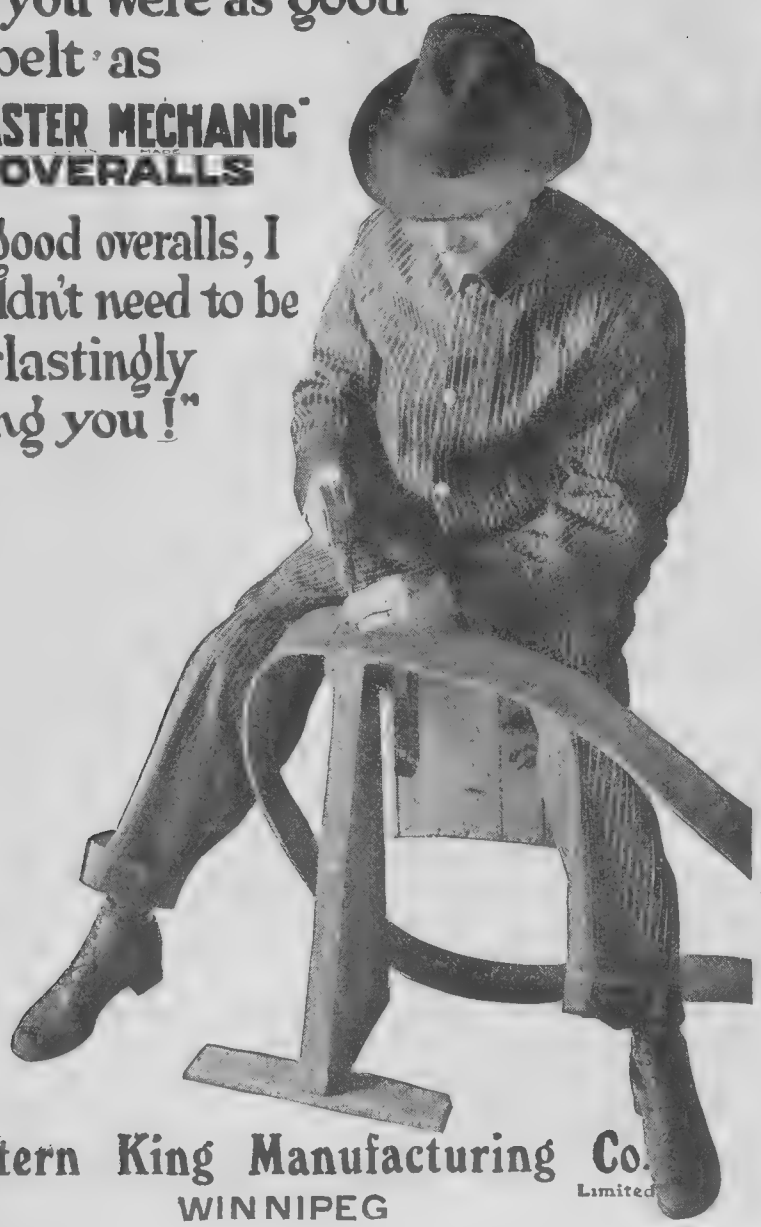

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Lost Gold Mines

Written for The Western Home Monthly by N. Tourneur

MANY a gold mine has become lost. Time after time this has happened in the gold-producing regions of the American Continent. Some mines worth many millions have been worked for a few months only, and then something has occurred, and all knowledge of the whereabouts of the auriferous lodes has passed away. White desperadoes, too much knife and revolver play, and, years ago, the Indians have been the cause of the death of many a miner and prospector working alone. The fiends, heat or cold, thirst, starvation, and their comrades, have been and are responsible for the disappearance of others. Alaska has a black record. Yet blacker still is that attached to Uncle Sam's strange sinister south-west country, where you may today yet chance on gold cropping out on the ground more plentifully than the stones.

Every gold-producing region in the world has its lost golconda. Miners, though bluntly declaring all such tales to be lies, usually believe so firmly in their own story as often to stake their lives in trying to re-discover the lost lodes.

Thirty odd years ago a miner, Lee by name, prospected a claim which was in the U.S.A. San Bernardino mountains, where water is more precious than gold, and he duly registered it in the archives of the county. He got a hired man, built a cabin and windlass, sank the shaft, and contrived a stamper to break his quartz which was very rich in gold. At regular intervals he came into San Bernardino to bank the proceeds and purchase stores. Again and again, capitalists proved anxious to invest in his mine; but he refused to sell.

One afternoon Lee came to San Bernardino as usual, and while buying his stores mentioned that he had to hurry back as his mate had practically no provisions. On Lee being found dead next morning, just outside the town, with a bullet through his head, a party from San Bernardino at once set out for the mine to succour the helper. But they searched for days and days, and found no location, no shaft, no cabin. And to this day Lee's mate, and Lee's mine have gone amissing.

Another real instance is that of Lugard's Lake, situated in Plumas County, between the source of the Feather and the Yuba Rivers, North Calitornia.

F Lugard, prospector, running short of food while searching for gold-bearing quartz in the Sierras, made tracks across country for the mining camps along the Feather. It was the hot season, and everywhere was a great scarcity of water.

One afternoon, when Lugard had not tasted water for four-and-twenty hours, he to his exceeding joy came on a small stream falling into a little stretch of water. Climbing down to the water's edge he drank heartily, and as he drank, saw to his amazement that the near shore of the small lake was thickly strewn with large gold nuggets.

Next morning he gathered as many of them as he thought he could carry, and set out for the nearest camp. Soon he found he was overtaxing his strength, so he stopped, and buried more than half of his burden of nuggets at the foot of a maple, which, he took particular note of it, stood in line with the lake and a high face of rock beyond. Then resuming his journey he duly reached camp, where he made purchases in J. C. Carrington's store, tendering in payment one of the nuggets, and showing some of the others to Carrington.

Before Lugard left the camp the rains had set in; and on his return to the Sierra he failed to locate the lake, high face of rock, and maple tree. For a year he searched in vain, then on one of his returns for stores he told Carrington, and some of the miners, forming a syndicate, made a most systematic search. But no trace of Lugard's Lake has ever been obtained.

It is surmised that Lugard, chancing on it, during a season of excessive drought, the extreme shallowness of it had revealed its wealth of gold, which the rains soon hid at great depth again, altering, too, the contour of the lake, and the landmarks Lugard had relied upon for locating the spot.

Another missing mine is that of the Black Burro, which exists, and exists not, in East Arizona. This mine gets its name from the capture, early one morning, of a fresh well-fed mule, bearing a pack-saddle to which were tied two rawhide bags, with no signs of ownership on them, and crammed full with newly-mined gold quartz of an incredible richness. The mystery deepens when it is taken into consideration, that no auriferous lode has as yet been found nearer than 258 miles from where the black burro was found browsing.

But there is one lost mine which inflames the imagination of the most prosaic; and to re-discover it is the ambition of all the prospectors in the far south-west. The romance and tragedy of it surpasses all the others.

It is the Pegleg Mine, in South California, not far, some say just two days' riding, out of San Bernardino. Its longitude and latitude are roughly known. It is within sight of the smoke of the S.P. Railway trains. Four people have been over it, and brought away some of its sun-baked gold.

Yet the Pegleg Mine is now unknown.

The first to find it was Pegleg Smith, who had lost his way in coming from Yuma to Los Angeles. Reaching three hills standing together, he climbed to the peak of one in order to get his bearings. The innumerable dark lumps of heavy stone he was knocking his feet against as he toiled uphill aroused his curiosity, and he slipped two small ones into his pouch. Four years later, in the 'fifties, when told they were solid gold, Pegleg went crazy, with thinking of the tons of gold he had literally spurned with his foot. Often in his saner moods he tried to indicate to his mates the whereabouts of the peak. Many prospectors in seeking to reach it, according to his directions, perished of heat and thirst, as also did the numerous parties following stealthily in their tracks.

The second Peglegger was a retired soldier, who appeared in San Bernardino early one morning, with a small load of the peculiar dark nuggets. On his return to the peak he went amissing, together with six comrades to whom he had imparted the secret. Their skeletons were ultimately found among the Cuyamaca sand wastes.

The third Peglegger was an Indian squaw. She had lost her way when crossing from the Rio San Luis Reservation to the Cocpah, and had made for the three hills, like Smith, to find out her whereabouts. She could give no directions save that, from where she had picked up her dark-brown nuggets, she had seen the far-away smoke of a railway train.

The fourth and most recent Peglegger was a Mexican cowboy, who drove San Bernardino mad at sight of his load of the peculiar heavy dark nuggets. He went on wild sprees, and spent his money like three reckless millionaires outvying one another. On his return for more gold, hundreds of men tracked him but the Mexican managed in the end to evade them, and the bones of many of them continue to be found to this day among the arid foothills. Finaly, the Mexican was hacked to death in a duel with a rival, and left no word as to how to reach the famous peak of outcropping gold.

The Pegleg Mine, with its countless millions, with more raw gold strewn on its top than all the vaults of all the banks in the capital of the Empire could contain, it still awaits re-discovery. Perhaps, science and the aviator may effect that some day. Certain it is that, up to the present, the Pegleg has been touched by four men only through pure chance. Every expedition to locate it has failed, and sometimes failed with terrible sufferings.

"Nan o' The Mountains"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Marguerite Dudley

THE man again turned and let his eyes dwell on the familiar scene as though he wished to imprint on his memory an imperishable picture.

The vigorous beauty of the mountain girl as she stood waving a last farewell, the western heavens radiantly resplendent, bathed in the glow of the departing sun, the dark forms of the mountains like giant kings rearing their heads to guard the horizon, all combined to form a picture at once magnificent and charming.

Long after James Cameron's retreating form was followed up in the distance, Nancy stood gazing with unseeing eyes, her heart strangely heavy. Jim had gone to the city to seek his fortune and although hope whispered that some day he would return to her, laden with honors and riches, yet she was afraid.

Then a gray, misty curtain descended over the glories of the sky, the brilliant colors of the sunset which had been so voluptuous slowly faded and twilight reigned over the earth.

Wearily, her brown eyes filled with unshed tears. Nan Roberts entered the house.

She was a typical girl of the mountains, tall and straight as one of the young pines that dotted the landscape, yet her figure was rounded and beautifully moulded. Her hair was bronze, that glorious shade that is neither brown nor red, and her fair skin, although slightly tanned, was flawless and rosy with the glow of health.

All efforts of her numerous suitors had hitherto been fruitless, but with the coming of Jim Cameron, she had urrendered her love unreservedly to him, in all its entirety.

"How she would miss him!" she thought, "miss the music of his ringing laughter, the sound of his gay chatter, the tender light in his eyes."

Since the death of her father a few years previous, her mother and she had dwelt in their humble little home, almost in poverty. She now gazed sadly at her plain, homespun dress so poorly made and so worn that it was almost threadbare, without even a suggestion of the prevailing fashion.

There were so many pretty girls in the city—and their clothes! How well she remembered the visit her aunt from New York had paid them some years previous. She had been clad in silks, laces and furs. Each dress she unpacked from that magic trunk was more wonderful than the preceding one.

Then she cast these thoughts of discontent from out her mind and hastened about making preparations for the coming night.

On arriving at the city, Cameron met with a succession of bitter disappointments. For many weary days he tramped the streets, discouraged and crestfallen, always to be told at each new place to which he applied the old story that his services were not needed.

Then one day when his little store of money was exhausted and he was almost desperate, fortune smiled upon him and he was given a minor position in the office of a large manufacturing concern.

Overjoyed that at last he had found employment, he threw himself zestfully into the work, sparing neither his time nor his labor. With his clearness of brain and rugged strength of body, he soon commanded the attention of the president of the company and one promotion rapidly followed another.

His frequent letters to Nancy described his work in glowing terms and she rejoiced with him. Her letters in return were filled with praise of his success, encouragement for him in his efforts and sympathy for him in his trials. All unconsciously she was an unseen force which gradually was aiding him upward in his climb of the ladder of success.

For the first year he lived in a world of work and earnest endeavor and then slowly the social world began to open up alluringly before him.

One morning he had arrived at the office a little earlier than usual and had found all the young men who held important positions on the staff grouped together in one corner of the room, animatedly discussing a dance which was to be held that evening. They called to him to join them and finally prevailed upon him to accompany them.

That was his first plunge into the whirlpool of society, but it was by no means his last.

With trembling fingers, he had put on the borrowed dress-suit and then had turned to gaze at his reflection in the mirror. When he saw that the suit fitted him to perfection and was exceedingly becoming, he breathed a sigh of relief. It accentuated his tall slimness and imparted a decided air of distinction which he had not before possessed.

The ball itself was a bewildering affair in which gay flowers, soft lights and enchanting music were intermingled. Many fashionable and beautiful women he met there, chief among whom was the president's only daughter. Valerie Hargreaves.

Nature and art had combined to make Valerie beautiful and she had as well all the advantages that wealth and social position could bestow upon her.

Although she was frivolous and shallow, her dainty, pretty little ways charmed this man of the mountains to whom her type was a distinct novelty.

The succeeding days were crowded with social engagements in which they seemed to be always thrown together.

Almost every afternoon she would drive up to the office in her limousine to call for her father and occasionally Jim was invited to accompany them. It gave him a thrill of pride to be seen with her as her clothes were such a marvellous blending of style and artistic taste that everywhere she commanded attention.

The thought that she should single him out from among her wealthy friends—he, a comparatively poor man—was more of an appeal to his vanity than to his heart if he had only realized it.

Thus as he was caught in that whirl of pleasure and swept madly onward, all his time was absorbed and Nan soon began to realize that he had need of her no longer. His letters became briefer and farther apart. He did not give her details of his work as he had hitherto done, nor did he ask for advice in his difficulties.

Nan's mother had now become a helpless invalid and the girl devoted every moment of the day to waiting upon her and performing every little service that might add to her comfort.

Then the shock came and she was left alone in the world. For days she was inconsolable and nothing that the kindhearted neighbors could do or say seemed to bring to her any comfort.

As soon as her aunt, Mrs. Jarvis, received word of her sister's death, she immediately hastened to her niece. When she saw the beautiful young girl in her simple black frock, the radiance of her hair and the whiteness of her skin intensified by the sombre garments, she was deeply touched and clasping her in her arms said tenderly, "You must come home with me, dear, and you shall be a daughter to me."

As she talked on, telling her of the wonders of the city, of the people she would meet, and of the luxury that would surround her, Nan aroused herself and became suddenly interested and at length gratefully consented to accompany her aunt to New York.

Mrs. Jarvis fully realized her niece's wonderful possibilities if she were properly educated and becomingly

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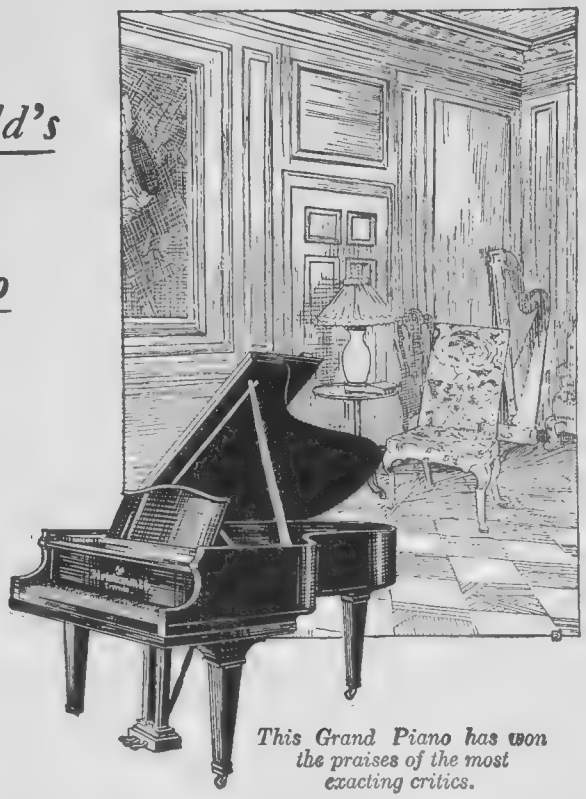

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gowned, and decided to make her a social favorite. Nan, therefore, was provided with a suitable wardrobe and was sent to an exclusive boarding school.

In the meantime, Jim Cameron was beginning to weary of this continuous round of social events. The strain of working and playing too hard was beginning to tell upon him and for the first time in his life he became conscious of "nerves." His promotions, which had at first been so rapid, gradually ceased and when at length a position for which he had been striving was given to his assistant, he felt desperately discouraged.

Valerie's shallowness and lack of character was becoming more and more apparent to him and he realized that she was capable of no depth of feeling, but was attracted by each new face.

He thought of the mountain girl who had assisted him so greatly with her quick perception and sweet sympathy, and a sudden idea came to him. His eyes brightened and some of the old vigor returned to him. "I shall go out and surprise her," he decided. "If she will only forgive me I could now support her and her mother as they should be provided for and we shall all be happy together."

Hastily he packed his club bag and the following morning was on his way to his old home.

When the first mountains rose before him in all their grandeur, his heart quickened. The fresh breeze caressed his cheek and the fragrance of the first spring flowers was wafted to his nostrils. He heard the rush of the dancing cataracts and saw the gleam of the crystal waters in the morning sunshine. There was but one detail lacking to complete the beauty of that scene—the mountain girl, lovely, youthful, graceful in her homespun dress, who had always seemed an inseparable part of that picture. The sunshine had bestowed upon her some of its radiance, the mountains some of their dignity and calm, and the flowers had given of their fragrant beauty. Thus each object in nature forcibly reminded Jim of Nan Roberts, the vivid personification of the inanimate glories which surrounded him.

He almost ran up to the cottage which had been her former home. He knocked. There was no answer. He tried the door, but it resisted all his efforts. Fear grasped his heart with its icy clutch. He peered through the dusty windows. The house was dark and empty.

Disappointed, remorseful, grief-stricken, his dream shattered, he flung himself on the ground and had his dark hour unseen."

When he arose he made his way to the home of the nearest neighbor, Matthew Forbes, who told him the story of the mother's death and the subsequent departure of the daughter for New York.

Some months passed and his search for his former love was as yet fruitless.

It was the evening of the greatest annual event of the season. Without the slightest enthusiasm, he donned his dress-suit, hailed a passing taxi and was soon amid the gay assemblage of men and women.

All was laughter and gaiety. How merry the music was! How magnificent the costumes! How bright the jewels! He felt as though he alone amid that throng was lonely and unhappy.

There was a slight stir outside. Everyone glanced toward the door expectantly and caught their breath in surprise.

Who was this exquisite stranger? All the freedom and grace of the great out-of-doors was mingled with perfect poise and charming surety.

Her gown was of black chiffon, all soft draperies. The bodice was of sparkling cut jets and about her shoulders was carelessly thrown a scarf of filmy maline which covered but did not conceal their whiteness. Diamonds sparkled in her shining hair, diamonds glittered at her slim white throat. The mauve and pale violet of her corsage bouquet of orchids lent the sole touch of color to her striking costume.

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Jim alone stood motionless. He was very pale and his hands were clenched in an effort to restrain from calling aloud her name, for it was Nan who stood before him a radiant, glorious vision.

How cold she was! She merely acknowledged the introduction by a slight bow and then immediately turned to her escort and was soon gliding across the floor to the strains of a dreamy waltz.

"If you would only let me explain," he pleaded some minutes later. "Oh, Nan, if I could even have five minutes alone with you to ask your forgiveness." She, however, haughtily refused and the last spark of hope that had kindled in his breast died out.

As she watched him lingering at the outskirts of the little group of admirers that constantly paid her court and caught the look of longing in his eyes, something of the old feeling filled her heart. From her own experience she realized his suffering and was sorry for him. But then she thought of the lonely days and the heartaches she had endured and steeled herself against a revival of that emotion which she had fought so long to conquer.

The next afternoon, a card was sent up to Nancy's room with the message that there was a gentleman waiting to see her. Only one glance was necessary and then she curtly stated that she would not see him. The card bore the name of James Cameron.

It was another spring and although Mrs. Jarvis had made elaborate plans for a vacation to be spent at one of the most fashionable resorts, Nan decided to return to the mountains and open up her old home for the summer.

She had sent word to Matthew Forbes that she was coming and as she

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alighted from the train at the tiny station, his familiar figure hobbled forward to meet her and her small gloved hand was grasped in a mighty grip. He assisted her up to the seat beside him in the wagon and soon the old white horse was jogging down the rough and winding road.

In his youth he had been a very powerful man and although age had now crept upon him and his shoulders were slightly bent, yet vigor and strength were still stamped upon his rugged frame. His hair and beard were snowy white and beneath his busy eyebrows, his keen blue eyes regarded the girl with hearty approval.

"Have you ever run across Jim Cameron in the city?" he questioned after he had related all the gossip of the small village.

The warm blood surged into the girl's face and she replied coldly that she had seen him once or twice.

The old man surmised that something was wrong which troubled him greatly as Cameron had always been an especial favorite of his. Hastily he went on to tell of the boy's return the previous spring and his great sorrow when he found the little home closed and Nan gone. In his rough, ungrammatical way, but with all the power and force that sincerity gives, the old man sketched Jim's sadness and loneliness.

The tears welled up into the girl's eyes and the old love which had lain dormant once more burst into flame.

When the small brown house rose into view, she said good-bye and descended from the wagon.

The old mountaineer drove on smiling slightly to himself at his success. He had noticed the softened expression and the tearfilled eyes and he knew it foretold happiness for Jim.

How pretty everything looked in the gathering dusk and how happy she was! "Jim needed me," she thought, "and he came for me." In this pleasant reverie, she wandered toward the little rustic summerhouse where she and her lover had spent so many happy hours in those days gone by.

Suddenly she stopped motionless, her heart beating violently, her breath came in quickened gasps. There, with his face buried in his hands, every line of his drooping figure bespeaking abject misery, was James Cameron.

Nan softly moved forward and lightly laid her hand on the brown curly hair. Swiftly he raised [illegible] haggard face to hers. His eyes widened. He put forth his hand to touch her to see if she were real or but a dream.

"Nan," he murmured, "why did you come?"

"Because, oh Man of the Mountains," she replied softly—"because I love you."

AN OPEN MARKET FOR WHEAT

The Dominion Government has decided to abolish the wheat control board, and, in consequence, the 1920 crop will be sold on the open market. By taking this step the government has permitted the marketing of this year's crop by the usual and normal methods of pre-war times. Naturally there is considerable difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the government's decision. Last year all Europe was buying wheat through agencies controlled by the respective governments, with the result that competition was practically eliminated. Financial conditions in Europe during 1919 were in such a state that it became necessary for the Dominion Government to assist in financing the sale of the crop, and another factor was the control by the United States of the purchase and sale of wheat and the fixation of prices therefor, together with the placing of an embargo on imports of both wheat and flour.

The conditions which prompted the Canadian Government to control the sale of the wheat crop in 1919 are to-day non-existent or materially altered. Open trading on Winnipeg Grain Exchange commenced on August 18 for the first time since May 14, 1917. October wheat opened at $2.65. The price has fluctuated considerably since the opening of the market, but remains fairly regularly around the $2.63 mark.

A Bit of Nature

Boss—"When you told that new clerk that he'd have to hump himself if he expected to hold his job, how did he take it?"

Department Manager—"He got his back up right away."

Possibly the hold-up man takes to the highways in order to raise sufficient coin to enable his wife to take to the buyways.

An English Slip

A little story which has just found its way across the Atlantic from an English country house tells of the recent slip made by a new and nervous butler in serving his master, a duke, at the luncheon table. Quiet, respectful and assiduous, he proffered a dish with the insinuating query: "Cold grace, your grouse?" The slip is so obviously natural that doubtless the tale is true.

Dust

A sign hung in a conspicuous place in a store in Lawrence:

"Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Are you a man?"

He Knew

"Doctor," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day now."

"Tut, tut!" replied the M.D. silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet."

A Few Tragedies

A man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank on his auto was empty. It wasn't.

A man patted a strange bulldog on the head to see if the critter was affectionate. It wasn't.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to a crossing. He couldn't.

A man touched a trolley wire to see if it was charged. It was.

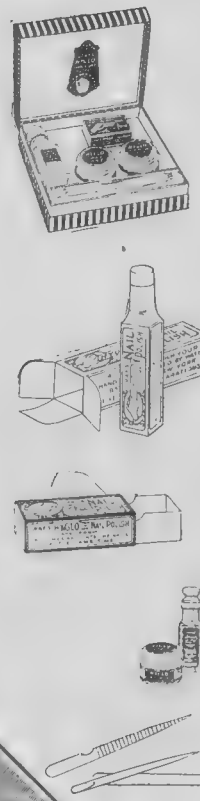
Kind to Animals

He is the most tender-hearted man I ever saw." "Kind to animals?" "I should say so. Why, when he fo[illegible]d the family cat insisted on sleeping in t[illegible] coal-bin, he immediately ordered a to[illegible] soft coal."

Beauty is a thing of a thousand subtleties

THE PINK-TIPPED HAND OF YOUTH

is one of the "points" of that subtle difference between the woman who is truly charming in every small and infinitely important detail and the woman who never quite achieves distinction. A bit too much of the wrong sort of polish—thickened roughened skin at the base of the nails—an over-manicured look caused by indiscreetly chosen nail rouge or nail white—the result is deplorable—vulgar.



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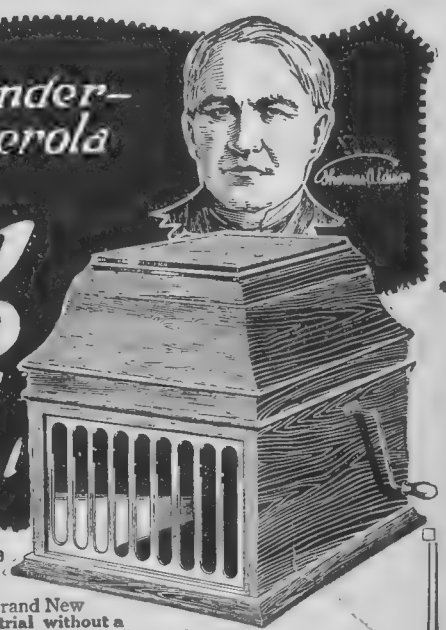

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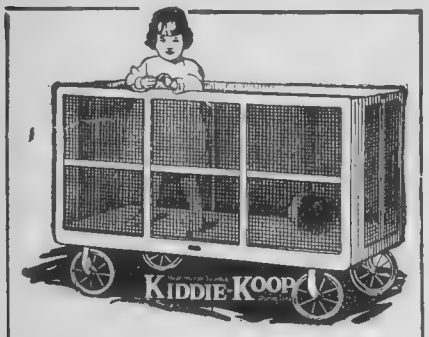

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Nurse or Wife: A Tale of The Recent War

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Nora C. Usher

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

THERE were Michaelmas daisies in bloom outside the window. Lesbia Leighton remembered the hopes that were springing up in her life when they flowered last year, and the recollection intensified her misery.

The news had first reached her through the newspapers: Captain Thynne-Pringle dangerously wounded."

With that scanty information she had stilled her clamouring heart for nearly two weeks. Then a letter came to his mother, a letter from the doctor at a military hospital in France. Captain Thynne-Pringle was still living, but, during a gallant charge, a bursting shell had so shattered him that he was reduced to a wreck, both mentally and physically.

The Thynne-Pringles were a helpless family; the mother an invalid; the two daughters, good-looking but without any strength of mind or purpose. The tidings of the calamity simply overwhelmed them, they could do nothing but moan and lament. With their limited income and small household, what were they to do with an incurable invalid? And George, so clever, so handsome, the hope of the family, how terrible it was for them all! Oh, this awful war!

Then their thoughts turned to Lesbia; what course would she pursue? Even if it were possible for George to think of marriage, was it to be expected that a good-looking girl, with five thousand a year, would consider herself bound to a man who had lost an arm, who could not walk without a crutch, and who was suffering mentally from shock? But Lesbia gave no indication whatever of her intentions, and under these circumstances, when the invalid was expected home, his fiancee was naturally invited to be present on the occasion of his arrival.

* * * *

The interview was over. The family were holding a conference with Lesbia; at least, they talked and Lesbia listened. "He didn't even know you!" exclaimed Jessie.

"The doctor says there is no possibility of his being in a condition to marry for years—if ever," sighed his mother.

"Of course Lesbia can't be expected to wait on the chance!" said Adeline, the eldest girl.

"I don't know how we are going to look after him!" sighed the mother again.

"What did he say to you, Lesbia?" asked Jessie.

"He said nothing," answered Lesbia. "He did not know me."

"That is just it!" whimpered Mrs. Thynne-Pringle. "He says nothing to anybody, he gives no sign of recognition; he is just a great big child, and he will probably be the same always. It is a heavy affliction for everyone of us!"

Something in her tone roused Lesbia.

"It's an affliction he has not brought on himself," she said shortly. "It's an affliction that should be the glory of those who love him."

Adeline turned upon her sharply. There are some girls who set their pleasures before family ties and duties, and she was one of them.

"It's very easy for you to talk!" she cried. "You've had a merciful deliverance. If you had been married before he went away, as was suggested, what would have been your position now?"

"I should have been his loving wife, with the right to protect and care for him," was the unfaltering reply.

Adeline's nose tilted itself.

"Ah!" It's easy to talk!" she repeated.

Then Lesbia spoke ,and to the point.

"I am ready to do more than talk," she said, "I am willing to take the whole burden of caring for him—if burden it be—on myself. I gave myself irrevocably to him, and I am his as long as he needs me."

Mrs. Thynne-Pringle shook her head.

"My poor, darling boy!" she said. "His life is over! There is no probability that he will ever be able to take a wife. You could not sacrifice yourself, my dear."

"I will be his nurse. He loved me and I am bound to him. I should not think of giving him up," protested Lesbia.

"It is very kind of you, Lesbia, but you must see that it is impossible. He has no means but a wretched pension, and we are not able to supplement it."

"I have more money than I know what to do with. I desire nothing better than to spend it on him."

Adeline laughed sarcastically. Her disposition was not the sweetest, and excitement had set her nerves on edge.

"You'll soon think better of it!" she exclaimed, "and even if not, it would be impossible for you to come here, and you can't take him to your own house. Besides, though we are poor, we are not absolutely paupers; we can't let a Thynne-Pringle live on charity!"

But there was a look in Lesbia's eyes which showed she meant what she said, though the subject dropped for the time being.

* * * *

The weeks passed swiftly by. Aided by a splendid constitution, George Thynne-Pringle slowly fought his way back to health. Contrary to the expectation of the medical men, he dispensed with his crutch, and with wonderful adaptability became accustomed to the loss of his arm. But the injury to the brain was not so easily repaired; constant and unremitting care and frequent change of air had proved powerless to restore the balance of his mind. He was still, as Mrs. Thynne-Pringle had said, nothing but a grown-up child.

Lesbia Leighton carried her point. Under the direction of a trained nurse, she gave the invalid the most untiring devotion. He had the best medical advice, he visited the best health resorts; all that money and love could do were done, but in vain. Neither word nor look of intelligence from her lover rewarded her.

Then, one clear, soft morning, such as we often have in the early winter, on the front at sunny Worthing, George Thynne-Pringle's mind awoke once more.

They had returned from driving, and were sitting near the sea, listening to the band, looking over the sparkling water. Nurse Ellen had gone indoors to write a letter; Lesbia and the man she loved were alone. Many a morning had they

FIRST STATUE TO PILGRIM MOTHERS TO BE ERECTED IN PLYMOUTH, MASS.

The model of "The Maid of 1620," a statue in memory of the Pilgrim mothers which will be erected in Plymouth, Mass., in November, in connection with the opening of the Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims in Plymouth. The statue is the first in honor of the women of the Mayflower. The figure will be of bronze and will stand six feet, eight inches high. It is the work of Henry H. Kitson, a well known sculptor of Boston.

sat thus in silence—silence that set Lesbia's heart-strings trembling. Captain Thynne-Pringle seldom spoke; his brain was too weak for conversation. But this particular morning the sunlight, the music, the majesty of the sea touched some lingering chord in his mind and he broke into speech—hurried, nervous, speech.

"Nurse Mabel," he said, for she had dropped her own name, and was to him but a second nurse, "Nurse, can you help me?—I want to remember—"

Her heart seemed to stop beating with the effort to control her voice as she replied.

"What is it you would like to remember?"

He passed his hand across his forehead.

"I remember—that I once—it seems long ago—loved somebody."

She laid her hand on his arm. Her soft, sweet voice told nothing of the tumult in her breast.

"Yes—try to tell me what she was like."

He sat in silence for some minutes, then he looked at her hesitatingly.

"She may have been a little like you, nurse," he said slowly, his eyes fixed on her face. "Perhaps that made me think of her—Now I remember her name—it was—"

"Yes—" whispered Lesbia again "yes—her name was?"

"It was—" he spoke the word lingeringly, caressingly—"I think it was Elizabeth."

That night, when the lights were out, and shadows brooded over the sea, Lesbia sat down to write to Adeline Thynne-Pringle.

"Do you know of anyone in George's life called Elizabeth? If so, can you give me full particulars about her? He has remembered that he once loved someone of that name."

By return of post the answer came:

"Elizabeth Wright was a girl with whom George was infatuated when at Sandhurst. You must not encourage him in remembering her, she is altogether undesirable."

* * * *

Again the sunlight on the waters, again the soothing haunting melody and again the thought of Elizabeth.

"I have remembered many things to-day—I remember my home, my mother, my sisters, but most of all I remember Elizabeth."

"What do you remember of her?" asked Lesbia.

He considered a long while before replying.

"Her eyes were like stars—her hair was soft and brown—she was sweet and good—"

Lesbia made no answer. How could she contradict him?

Then he turned to her suddenly and grasped her arm with feverish haste.

"Nurse—" he cried, entreatingly, bring Elizabeth to me! I should be quite well if only I could see Elizabeth."

With a strong effort, Lesbia crushed down the agony that was stifling her. With calm, persuasive voice she spoke as to a pleading child.

"I will try if I can find her."

* * *

Lesbia Leighton stood at her window, looking with unseeing eyes at the fair panorama spread before her. She was depressed and mournful, hope was dying in her heart. For ten days but one name had been upon George Thynne-Pringle's lips; but one aching, throbbing desire stirred him. The doctor had spoken very seriously that afternoon, it was impossible to say what course the malady might take if that desire remained ungratified. In despair Lesbia had telegraphed for Mrs. Thynne-Pringle and Adeline.

Meanwhile she had resolved upon her course of action. If to produce Elizabeth would restore the balance of George's brain, at any cost the girl should be produced. She would spare no pains to gratify his wish, even though it involved the trampling of her own hopes into the dust. She smiled bitterly as she reflected that money can do much—her money should bring about the return of Elizabeth.

As she stood thinking, the nurse knocked at the door.

"Captain Thynne-Pringle has got the idea that he would like to write a letter. He has asked if you will come and help him, nurse Mabel."

"I will come directly," said Lesbia. "Perhaps you would like to go for a little walk while I am with him."

Nurse Ellen went out, and Lesbia entered the bright, cosy room where he was sitting. He was at the writing table, his Russian leather writing-case beside him. He had not opened it since he went to the front. On the blotting-pad lay a photograph, he was looking at it with passionate, adoring eyes, looking back through the mist of the weakness and suffering of the intervening weeks. He had forgotten the horrors of the war, the ruin, the bloodshed, the death, these were mercifully blotted from his mind, but the picture of his beloved called him back to himself.

Raising his head as Lesbia entered, he handed the photograph to her.

"This is Elizabeth," he said, briefly.

Lesbia took it from him. As her eyes fell on the sweet, smiling face, the blood left her heart, her knees trembled, her breath came short and fast—it was her own portrait!

So, as in a flash, she saw it all. The different name she had assumed, the nurse's dress she wore, the sorrow which had aged and altered her, had prevented the feeble brain from recognizing the woman once so dearly loved. It was not to be wondered at that he did not know this laughing, sunny-faced girl, in the brilliant evening dress with the diamonds in her hair, to be the same as the sad-eyed, sorrowful woman in the nurse's gown! As for the name Elizabeth, that was but a trick of the failing memory. A wave of joy swept over her, for the blue was showing through the clouds that had darkened her life and that of her lover.

Laying the photograph on the table and telling him she would be back in a few minutes, she hurried to her room, and, quivering with eagerness, drew from her drawer the identical dress she had worn in the portrait. With hope throbbing in her breast, she took from her dressing-case the diamond stars and placed them in her hair as she had worn them then. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed; no longer was she nurse Mabel, but the ball-room beauty of the photograph.

Returning quickly, she stood beside him. With his head on his hand, he was still gazing at the dearly-loved face. As she touched his shoulder, he stirred slightly and looked up. There was one moment of agonized hesitation, one moment of painful bewilderment, then the mists that had clouded his brain rolled away, and with loving intelligence he spoke her name: "Lesbia!"

A month later they were married quietly. Just a simple ceremony with only Mrs. Thynne-Pringle and Adeline as wedding guests. In the evening, by the shining waters, they two were together once more. It was a wonderfully mild evening, and though it was getting late, the married lovers still lingered.

"I have lost my devoted nurse for ever!" he said tenderly.

"But you have found your wife," she whispered.

A world of love shone in his eyes as he drew her closer to him.

"Crippled in mind and body—a mere helpless, hopeless wreck—still you were true to me! Did ever woman love like you, Lesbia, my sweetheart, my wife?"

"I never knew how much I loved you," she answered, "till I knew how much you loved your country. When you had given all for it, could I hold back anything from you?"

THE BODY AND THE SOUL

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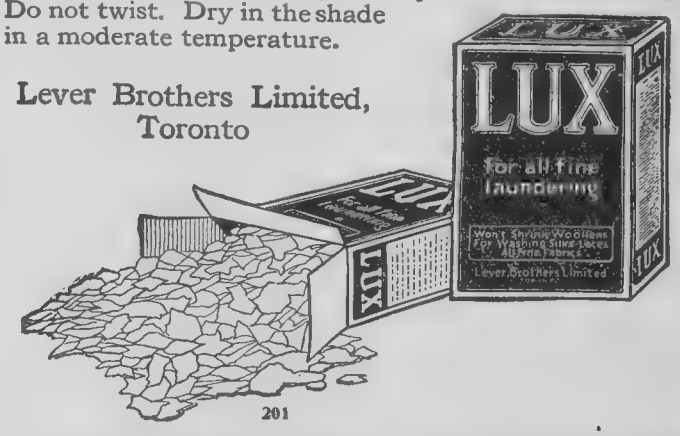
The best way to wash blankets.—Use two tablespoonsful of LUX to a gallon of water. Whisk into a thick lather in very hot water. Add cold water until suds are lukewarm. Work your blankets up and down in the suds and squeeze the suds repeatedly through the soiled spots. Do not rub.

Rinse the blankets in three lukewarm waters. Pass through a loose wringer or squeeze the water out. Do not twist. Dry in the shade in a moderate temperature.

Lever Brothers Limited,
Toronto



201

I HAVE SOLD *all of my Buff Orpingtons through the ADVERTISEMENT IN YOUR MAGAZINE—please cancel further insertions. This man got in touch with a ready market, including all the buyers in over 42,000 homes and for a few cents advertising expenditure he got immediate results. Don't experiment—appeal direct to actual buyers through the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS of* THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

The cost is small—5c. per word.
75c. minimum charge per insertion.

IT SURELY PAYS!

A selfish person can have no joys greater than his own interests are valuable. A patriot may have joys as great as the welfare of his country is important. A philanthropist's joys may rise as high as the well-spring of the joys is precious. A benevolent person, and every true Christian is one, may have joys infinitely great! for he can rejoice in the happiness of God, the infinite, and of all the happiness of earth and heaven. Everyone's joys will actually be greater in proportion as he gets away from selfishness, and becomes like God in his benevolence—that is in his "love."

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EASY TO LEARN. WRITE ME TO-DAY

W. M. Thompson

7 Kenilworth Block, Winnipeg, Man.

Work for Busy Fingers

Comfy Knitted and Crocheted Garments for Baby

Cool September evenings suggest the coming of late fall and winter days, and instantly every mother thinks of baby's cooler weather clothing, for of course, baby's comfort must be considered first. To enable the mother who is handy with needles to economically furnish the little tot with attractive, comfortable and warm garments, we publish the following patterns which can be easily and pleasingly completed in time for the cooler days to come.

BABIES' CROCHET SACQUE

Monarch Floss—1 Ball White, 2 Balls Pink, Medium Bone Hook (9 or 10 inches long).

Yoke of Jacket—With white wool, chain 56 sts. Work 18 rows Afghan st. Now pick up 18 sts. for shoulder. Work 8 rows on these 18 sts., then increase 1 st. towards neck end every row, 10 times, (28 sts. on work.) Then do four rows, no shaping. Break off. Repeat same for other side. To increase in Afghan st. raise 1st. in between the 2 last sts. thus making 1 more st. as directed. With pink wool, work 1 row Star st. across one front, skip across sleeve, continue across back. Skip across other sleeve, continue across front. Turn with 1 chain, work 2 s.c. in every other st. across. Repeat these 2 rows alternately till 14 rows of each are made. Break off.

Sleeves—Work around armhole 12 rows Star st. with the s.c. between each row. Repeat same for other sleeve.

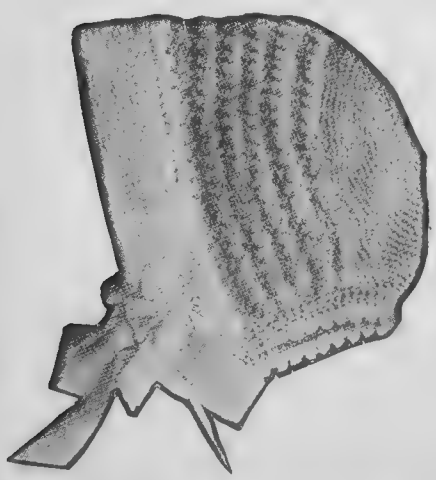
Edging—With white wool 1 s.c. in 1st st., 1 s.c. in next st., chain 31 s.c. in 1 st. of chain to form picot, 1 s.c. in each of 2 next sts. Repeat all around. Trim with ribbon as illustration.

Babies' Crochet Sacque

BABIES' CROCHET BONNET

Monarch Floss—1 Ball Pink, 1 Ball White, XX Fine Bone Crochet Hook.

With pink wool, chain 4. Join in ring, 8 s.c. into ring. 2nd row—2 s.c. in each st. 3rd row—2 s.c. in 1 st., 1 s.c. in next st., repeat around. 4th row—2 s.c. in 1st. st. 1 s.c. in each of 2 next sts. Repeat around. From now on just increase enough to keep work perfectly flat till crown measures 5 inches across. Now work 1 row Star st. around crown, leaving 20 sts. at back of bonnet. Turn with 1 chain, 2 s.c. in Eye st. of Star of previous row. Repeat these 2 rows till 8 rows each are made. Then work **band** across back of bonnet, 1 s.c. in each st. across side of bonnet, skip every other st. across crown sts. left before starting Star st., 1 s.c. in each st. across to end of row. Work 5 more rows, 1 s.c. in each st. This makes the bonnet fit nicely to back of neck. With white wool, chain 13. Work in Afghan st. a strip long enough to go around face of bonnet. Finish with picot edge, as follows; 1 s.c. in st., chain 3, catch back in 1st st. of chain to form picot, 1 s.c. in next st. and repeat around entire bonnet.



Babies' Crochet Bonnet

BABIES' OVERALLS

Monarch Down—2 Balls White, No. 9 Bone Needles

Cast on 72 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, for 6 rows. 7th row—slip 1, * make 1, knit 2 together, repeat from * across row. 8th row—Plain. Knit 2, purl 2 for 6 rows. Knit plain garterstitch for 36 ridges, then knit 2 together at beginning of every row, till 48 sts. remain. Knit 2. purl 2 for 14 rows. Cast off. Do another piece same. Sew together as illustration.

BABIES' CROCHET MITTS

Monarch Floss—1 Ball each Pink and White, XX Fine Bone Crochet Hook (9 inches long).

With pink wool, chain 40. Work in Afghan st. for 5 rows, then increase 1st. after 8th st. from beginning of row and increase 1st. before 8th st. from end of needle. Repeat 2 more rows same, thus making 3 extra sts. each end. This forms thumb gusset. Now leave 7 sts. from each end of needle, and work 12 rows on all the other sts. to form hand. Decrease by working 2 sts. together across row. Now work for thumb on 14 sts. that was left for 6 rows. Decrease by working 2 sts. together across row. Now with wool and darning needle, draw top of hand together, fasten securely. Sew up side seam neatly. Draw thumb together and sew up seam neatly.

Wrist—With pink wool, work 1 row d.c. in each st. With white wool, work 2 rows Star st. Finish with picot edge, as for jacket.

Draw ribbon through wrists.

Babies' Crochet Mitts

BABIES' CROCHET BOOTEES

Monarch Floss—1 Ball White, 1 Ball Pink, XX Fine Bone Crochet Hook.

With white wool, chain 12. Work 39 rows Afghan st. Now decrease 1 st. at each end of every row, till 4 sts. remain, fasten off. **To decrease.** Skip 1st stitch while raising up stitches on row and insert hook through 2 last sts. of row, drawing them through as one st.

With pink wool, fasten wool in 12th row from straight end of work. Work 1 row Star st. to top of bootee, turn with 1 chain Do 2 s.c. in each Eye of Star st. of previous row, that is, skip the long st. and work the 2 s.c. sts. in the chain st. of Star row. Repeat these 2 rows, 4 times, always decreasing 1 Star st. each row at top end to shape knee. Break off. Repeat same for other side of bootee, but start at top end and work down so as to keep work on right side, join 2 sides together to form back seam of leg.

Foot—With white wool, start at back seam. Work 12 rows s.c. around entire foot. Crochet together on wrong side.

To shape knee—With white wool, start at back seam, work 2 rows s.c. around top of bootee, then make row beading, as follows: 1 d.c. in 1st st., chain 2, skip 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., repeat around row. With pink wool, work shell edge, as follows: 1 s.c. in 1st space, 6 d.c. in next space, 1 s.c. in next space, repeat all around. Finish scallop with white wool, 1 s.c. in each st. all round.

Trim with ribbon. Make other bootee to correspond.

Babies' Overalls

Babies' Crochet Bootees

A CORRECTION

The publishers of The Western Home Monthly wish to express their regrets to Miss Enid M. MacDougall, Burtonsville, Alta., the author of the very interesting story, "A Change and Rest," that appeared in our July issue, and which by an unfortunate error was credited to another author.

Miss MacDougall is one of the promising writers of the West, and belongs to a class that this magazine has every desire to encourage.

Treatment for pimples and blackheads: At night smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing a few moments.

Treatment for dandruff and itching: On retiring rub Cuticura Ointment into partings all over scalp. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Repeat in two weeks if needed.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: **Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.**

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Once Worn Always Worn

No other woollen Underwear will ever satisfy the man or woman who has once worn Jaeger goods. Jaeger wool is fine and silky, soft, warm, durable, beautiful and wonderfully comfortable. It gives perfect bodily protection at all seasons to men, women and children.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

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Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

British "founded 1883" 13

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN

(By Oliver Wendell Holmes)

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping.
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes.
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Muster the Apron-String Guards on the Common.
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster.
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

Oh, but the Apron-String Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began—
"Handle your walking-sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is the style for the sweet little man!

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan—
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan;
Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty Quakers,
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens!
Sauve quit peut! Bridget, and right about! Ann:—
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders.
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders.
Signed by his lady love, sweet little man!

Now then, nine-cheers for the Stay-at-Home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man!"

A large proportion of automobile accidents is said to be due to defective brakes. After all, safety depends largely on the driver's ability to stop his car. It may pay any man a bigger dividend than he will ever realize to keep his brakes in good condition.

Columbia Grafonolas

"Play this one, Mother!"

Fortunate are the children in homes made musical by the Columbia Grafonola. An honest liking for good music comes to them naturally, without conscious effort or teaching. You need not worry over the children spoiling your valuable records. The *Non Set Automatic Stop*, an exclusive Columbia feature, is a big advantage in this respect. Just start the Grafonola and it playsand stops itself

No Tax Added

New Dominion Taxation has not increased the price of any Columbia product.

Ask your dealer to play these records over for you:

Venetian Moon, Duet, James and Harrison, *and* My Isle of Golden Dreams, Tenor Solo, Harrison. *A2954, $1.00*

County Fair at Punkin Center, *and* Jim Lawson's Hogs, Cal Stewart (Uncle Josh.) *A2947, $1.00*

Ding Toes, *and* Typhoon, Piano Duets. *A2953, $1.00*

The Bells of St. Mary's, George Meader, Tenor, with Orchestra and Chimes, *and* Vale of Avon March, Wingate's Band. *R4020, $1.00*

Highland Fling and Sword Dance, Bagpipe Solo, *and* Shean Trews, Irish Jig and Sailors Hornpipe, Bagpipe Solo. *R4022, $1.00*

New Columbia Records out the 10th and 20th of the month

Columbia Grafonolas, Standard Models, up to $360. F160

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Columbia Grafonola, Dealers' Directory

Cassidy's Limited, Winnipeg Wholesale Agents for Western Canada

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Heises Music Store .....Brandon
Swedish Canadian Sales, 208 Logan Ave., (Full Stock of Scandinavin Records) Winnipeg
W. R. McCormack .....Dauphin
W. Collins .....Morden
A. J. Roberts.....Logan Ave., Winnipeg
The McAskill Adamson Co.....Gladstone

SASKATCHEWAN

D. W. Vaughan Music Store, N. Battleford
R. H. Williams & Sons Ltd.....Regina
Child & Gower Piano Co.....Regina
Walter Cowan .....Saskatoon
Southey Hardware Co. .....Southey
B. S. Menzies.....Kincaid, Sask.

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Farmers' Departmental Ltd.....Daysland
Assiniboia Music Co. Ltd., Lethbridge, Alta.

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GREATEST PIANO SELECTION UNDER ONE ROOF

Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Doherty, Lesage, Canada, Brambach, Autopiano and Imperial

Use

Old Dutch Cleanser

for quick, thorough and hygienic cleaning in the Dairy and for all general housework in the farm home

The Home Maker

Helpful Hints

Hairbrushes and combs should be cleaned by washing in water to which ammonia has been added. Merely dip the bristles of the brush up and down in the solution. Rinse in clear, cold water.

Vaseline rubbed into the scalp will prevent the hair from falling out and will give a new growth of hair. White vaseline should be used for light hair, and the reddish-tinted vaseline for dark hair.

A safe drink for thirsty invalids is made with a teaspoonful of pearl barley, an ounce of sugar, and a quart of boiling water. Add part of the peeling of a lemon and let stand for twelve hours.

A child will oftentimes be induced to drink water or take liquid from a glass tube, or even a stick of macaroni, when he is obstinate about taking it from a cup. The playfulness of the method will appeal to him.

Don't try to coax baby to stand or walk. When the baby is ready to stand he will find his own feet. A healthy baby will stand and walk in due season, his natural energy urging him onward.

Streaked Butter

During the cold months there is more or less trouble experienced by buttermakers in having butter mottled or streaked. This is caused by the uneven distribution of the salt and not working out the water or milk. Insufficient working or churning, washing and working the butter at a very low temperature or washing and working it at a temperature several degrees higher or lower than the churning temperature may cause this.

Mending a Leak

In many remote districts a leak in a tin or enamelled pan is a tragic affair, as distance from town renders it difficut, if not impossible, to get the vessel repaired. A shepherd's wife, up in Perthshire, in such a case makes the hole a trifle larger, and draws a piece of clean rag through it, leaving one end inside the pan. The water causes the cotton rag to swell, and it entirely fills up the hole.

A Sick-room Suggestion

When an invalid is too ill to get out of bed for the purpose of having it remade, take a clean sheet and roll it as you would a roller blind; put it at the foot of the bed; have someone to help, and roll it gently under the patient, who will scarcely feel the disturbance.

To Prevent Fruit from Molding

When putting away your fruit, turn the jars upside down, and no mold will form. This is an old idea which I have always found successful.

For Mending Buttonholes

For mending button-holes in the neckbands of bosom shirts, stitch pieces of tape flat along each edge of the buttonhole, bringing them together at its end. The tape on each side should be just wide enough to extend to the edge of the neckband, where it should also be stitched. This new buttonhole will outwear the rest of the shirt.

To Prevent Bluing Streaks

Anyone using hard water for washing knows how hard it is to blue the clothes without the bluing streaking them. A cupful of milk added to the tub of bluing water will do away with this trouble.

To Extract Pieces of Egg-shell

When breaking an egg, pieces of the shell often get into the bowl, and most people find it difficult to remove them. By just touching the pieces with the half egg-shell, they cling to it and are easily taken out.

$1,000,000 TO LOAN

on improved Farm Lands.

Under the terms of our loan there can be no foreclosure in event of death. The slate is cleaned and the property goes to your heirs free of encumbrance.

"If you must borrow make your Mortgage an asset rather than a liability."

WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG, MAN

90

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT TO BE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL OF UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Prince Arthur of Connaught will leave England in the fall to take up his duties as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner of the Union of South Africa, succeeding Viscount Buxton. His Royal Highness is wearing the uniform of the Scots Greys, which he joined in 1907. His father, the Duke of Connaught, as Governor-General of Canada, a few years ago, endeared the Com[illegible] all Canadians.

Lovely Jewelled Bar Pin, Sparkling Ring and Handsome Bracelet Watch

Just think, without spending a cent of your money you can secure this exquisite Imported Jewelled Bar Pin and Ring and a handsome gold filled Bracelet Watch that is quite the equal of any you could buy in a jewelry store for $8.00 or $10.00.

This handsome bar pin is over 2 1/2 inches long, has the lovely new Platinum finish and is set with seven beautiful brilliants that sparkle like the finest diamonds. The Ring, which we send in your exact size, is solid gold-filled and set with exquisite manufactured rubies, sapphires and diamonds in the handsomest design you could imagine. The costly bracelet watch is in the new Octagon shape, small and dainty as can be, and a reliable timekeeper. It has the new style expanding bracelet that fits snugly to any wrist.

All these magnificent presents are being given FREE to quickly advertise and introduce a wonderful new perfume that we have just brought out. Send your name and address to-day and we will send you just 20 packages of this lovely new perfume called "Dew-Kist Bouquet" which we ask you to introduce among your friends at only 15c per package. It is easy. Everybody wants two or three packages at once because one 15c package will perfume more articles than a dollar bottle of perfume. It's no trouble at all to sell them in your spare time. Then return our money, only $3.00 and we will promptly send you, postage paid, the beautiful Bar Pin and Ring, and the lovely Bracelet Watch you can also secure without selling any more goods by simply showing your grand rewards among your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine prizes as you did. Don't delay. Write to-day to

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COMBINGS

Special to Ladies

Any amount of combings made up for $2.00. New hair added, if desired, from $2.00 worth up.

15c. postage.

All toilet articles carried.

ELITE HAIR PARLORS
283 Smith St., Winnipeg, Man

We carry a full line of
WIGS
TRANSFORMATIONS
TOUPEES, SWITCHES
POMPADOURS
CURLS, Etc.
and fill all orders by return mail.

Send Us Your Combings

Agents for the best quality cosmetics and skin foods.
Write us for prices.

New York Hair Store
301 Kensington Bldg.
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ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Poll Evil, Quittor, Fistula and infected sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. $2.50 per bottle, delivered.
Book 7 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Wens, Strains, Bruises; stops pain and inflammation. Price $1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Liberal Trial Bottle for 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 138 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

Short Systems in Business Training

By C. C. Wares, Manager Dominion Business College, Winnipeg.

IS there any **Royal Road** to Learning? Certainly there is. But invariably we never recognize the Royal Trail until we have sidetracked it for some other that only leads us on and on to the State of Uncertainty.

Where is this Royal Road? What is it? Why do we sidetrack it? Should we follow it, and why?

It has been the universal custom from time immemorial, when man reaches maturity of thought and ponders over "what might have been" and "what should have been done"—to hurl at himself the regretful and well worn expression: "If I had only known!" Your neighbor says it every day. You do not have to listen carefully to hear it; it thunders in the ears of the masses. And in its thundering it reveals the secret of the Royal Road and the weakness of man in choosing the pathway of Least Resistance.

That short systems in business training have benefitted thousands of busy men and women, no one will doubt in the slightest, but in the vast majority of cases business college students are of the type that **toil to earn**, and short systems and short terms at college are almost worse than useless.

The great stumbling blocks in the commercial world to-day are the thousands of so-called stenographers and bookkeepers—those who were content with sixty or ninety days in a business college, and then expected to take the world by storm and secure its greatest treasures. They deluded themselves—they followed the pathway of Least Resistance, and now they wonder why Progress, Prosperity and Content do not fill their lives. They haven't got the secret, they forget the true function of a business college, and they continue to jog along aimlessly rubbing shoulders with the crowd of unemployed, and "cuss the bosses." They forget that the business world to-day **demands** men and women of sterling worth; men and women who have assiduously applied themselves to the study and solution of commercial problems; men and women who have **not** been content to acquire only a mere smattering of what they intend as their life's work, but who have been thoroughly trained and who continue their training with the passing years. This is the Royal Road, and it lies before you. Traverse it, if you would be successful—if you would that your ambitions be realized. You will sidetrack it, if you "don't care" or "can't do it." But remember that the business college is an institution on this same Royal Road, that continues to do its part in the inculcation of splendid ideals, the upbuilding of character, and the teaching of true business principles. The reputable business college looks with disfavor upon short systems and short terms. It is not reasonable for anyone to expect to master any highly paid profession in a matter of months. And, in these days, business is truly a great profession, and pays handsomely to those qualified in its science.

GREAT IDEAS

By the Rev. Dr. W. B. Selbie.

God works, not through the great things of the world, but through the small, through the weak. Blessing is given to the meek and the poor in spirit, and to the peacemakers. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. God works through ideas, through things that seem feeble, but are really the great forces of the universe. If we have faith in God we shall believe that the great things in the world are what people generally count as small things—ideas, ideals, faiths, ethics, love; these are the things which always and ultimately count.

And I venture to think the duty, the great duty of the Christian Church at the present moment is to keep that view of God well to the front. We are face to face with a perfect orgie of brute force, and men are learning, and learning only too willingly, the lesson that the battle is to the strong—and it is a terrible mistake. Why, even our very newspapers are showing us the contrary. They are telling us at this very moment that the real strength of an army is in its morale. Well, when you come to analyse morale, it is the weak things of God, first and last. We see all round about us in this country to-day a wonderful exhibition of the belief of men and women in ideas. There was one infinitely pathetic little story in the papers the other day. A British soldier was carried away terribly wounded, obviously dying, and somebody heard him, as he was carried off, trying to cry out, "Good old England!"

Now at the bottom of that what is there but an idea—an ideal if you like—something utterly impalpable, something that cannot be measured in any way, something quite immaterial, yet enough to rouse a whole nation and lead men to utter sacrifice of life. I would urge upon you that the Christian religion is just an ideal, belief in things unseen and eternal, willingness to commit life utterly to them, belief that for these things God stands, and by these things we shall stand for ever.

DAWN

By Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil

The paling daystar gleameth,
Above the dewy glade;
The tender young fawn dreameth,
Her wearied head low-laid.
The stately pine tree swayeth,
Her slumbering branches rouse,
The while the west wind playeth
An anthem in her boughs.

The yucca-bloom uplifteth,
Her face to greet the day;
A rosy sunbeam drifteth,
Across the prairie grey.
A lonely dove repineth,
Upon the upland lawn;
The twinkling daystar shineth
A moment, and is gone.

Whatever you lose, do not lose heaven. Whatever you give up, give not up your God. And then he will never leave you nor forsake you; and you shall stand in Zion and before him.—Beecher.

Classified Page for People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c word. Minimum 50c. Cash with order.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$100, $200 monthly selling Easy-wash, washes clothes while you rest; no rubbing or boiling required. Send 15c for 10 family washings. M. Manufacturing Co., Sault Ste Marie, Ont. 10-20

EDUCATIONAL

J. D. A. EVANS—Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. t.f.

FOR SALE

CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES. Instructions. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ont., Canada. 12-20

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

CALIFORNIA — Improved farms near Sacramento for sale; terms. Write for list. E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 10-20

IF YOU WANT to sell or exchange your property write me. John J Black, 14th St., Chippewa Falls, Wis. 10-20

MISCELLANEOUS

VICTORY BONDS Bought and Sold. J. B. Martin (Member Winnipeg Stock Exchange), 232, Curry Building, Winnipeg. t.f.

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN! Secure your copy of "What a Young Boy (or Girl) Ought to Know" from Eaton's before it is too late. Children's Protective Society. 4-21

THE ROYAL PATH OF LIFE aims and aids to success and happiness. Over 600 pages, size, 6½x9 inches; weight, 3 pounds. 32 beautiful full page engravings. Bound in English silk cloth, only $2.75 postpaid. Address Edw. C. C. Coles, Salmon Arm, B.C. 11.20

240 SILK PIECES $1.00—Assorted color for fancy works, 100 piece, 50c. Velvet for cushion, 25 pieces, 50c, 60 for $1.00. Cotton-prints, 1 lb. 60c, 4 lbs. $2.00, all postpaid. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Que. 10-20

WONDERFUL WATER FLOWERS—Mysterious little objects which when placed in water develop into birds, animals and brightly colored flowers; 10c. package, 3 for 25c. S. M. Nickerson, Dawson St., A. Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. 9-20

NURSING

WANTED — Several young women as nurses; good training school; three-year course; one year in large general hospital; good wages. For particulars apply to Superintendent, Dixmont Hospital, Dixmont, Pa. 12-20

PRIVATE NURSES EARN $15 to $30 A WEEK—Learn without leaving home. Descriptive booklet sent free. Royal College of Science, Dept. 9, Toronto, Canada. T.F.

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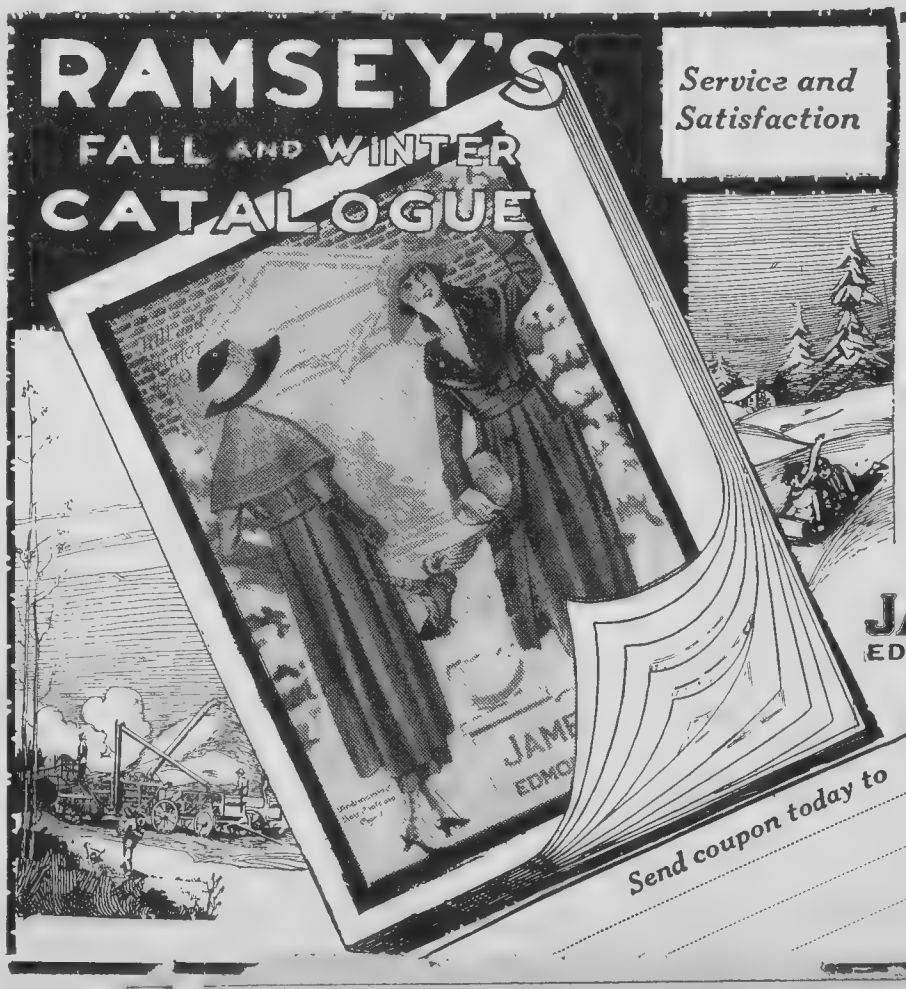

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Massage Will Make You Bright and Active

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg A.B., M.A.M.D. (Johns Hopkins University).

There are about five hundred muscles in the human mechanism, and these are arranged in varied sizes and forms according to their situation upon the bones, and the duties they must perform. They are arranged in sets, each set consisting of two antagonistic parts: the part which contracts, and that which relaxes. Each opposing combination of muscle tissue must overcome the corresponding force of the other when in the act of contraction or relaxation. It is for this reason among others that the muscles produce a kind of fatigue toxin due to the force of energy exerted when thus at work.

It is partly due to the presence of fatigue toxin—the poison manufactured by the muscles in the act of producing motile energy—that after a certain amount of work the mechanism loses first its gracefulness, and then its general power of endurance. After the muscles have experienced a severe tax upon their powers to contract and relax, and thus produce the required amount of energy to work and to do, the presence of fatigue in its various degrees throws the bodily mechanism off its usual balance, and the firm, erect manner which normally belongs to it becomes transformed into a posture characterized by drooping, laxness, and a tired, lifeless attitude.

If the muscles, not only when in this condition but in ordinary times, are regularly massaged both by you, and once in a while by a professional masseuse, or in a Turkish bath, the continued production of muscle fatigue—toxin is very largely prevented, and the ordinary play of one set of muscles against the other can go on without the interference of weariness to pull down their erect posture, and their graceful manner.

Massage not only helps to overcome the conditions of fatigue due to muscular activity, but it does much to improve the nutri of a muscle area by bringing to it more food in the more rapidly rotating scarlet stream, and thus also builds up its tone or working power, and improves its size. When a muscle is improved in size it does not increase in width but in length, and thus the individual is able to become as tall as the muscles are able to stretch and to stand erect. The ligaments, too, are stretched by the action of massage at the joints, and the general round-about flow of the vermillion stream is accelerated and brings stimulation to the digestive apparatus and rest to the overworked blood tubes—a further aid to the increase of height and gracefulness.

Massage does more than to increase height and bring rest. It helps much to reduce a surplus fat which is such a bane to many a self-conscious woman who would be beautiful. If a set of muscles in some regions of the bodily mechanism is not used as frequently as other sets, it is apt to develop an amount of fatty tissue which not only is useless and in the way, but also detracts much from gracefulness of personality. Such a condition often arises in connection with the hips.

If a daily massage is to be performed in the bed-room before retiring, vigorous rubbing is necessary. The thumb or tips of the fingers may be used for massaging small areas, but if the hips and the thighs are to be massaged, it is necessary to use the palms of both hands in order to accomplish good results. The same rule may apply to the massage of the back below the waist-line if it is desired that surplus fat be removed from there.

A daily massage coupled with stretching exercises and walks will do much to "reduce" and prevent surplus tissue about the regions of the hips, arms, abdomen, thighs and back. A professional massage, however, will do more to help the reduction process, and to help the general firmness of bodily posture and the gracefulness of gait or carriage.

The professional masseuse by his process of mas age, by the use of simple strokes wh n empt out the lumph-channel [illegible] ry a kind of whitish food substance as food for the muscles, then begins to knead, and so directs his work to reach the tissues below the surface of the mechanism. He thus "tones up" the muscles and soothes the emotional elements and makes you feel not only much lighter on your feet, airy, and springy, but helps you also to become more erect, upright, "thinner", and more graceful.

When the masseuse gets through with kneading the feet, ankle, leg, thighs, hips, abdomen, and the muscles of the entire bodily structure, and if his work was properly done, that is, neither too slowly nor with a heavy hand, he has done his share to aid you to get rid of slight aches and pains, to put your muscles in a more active condition, and to help you rid yourself of much surplus fat as well as to aid you in your effort to secure gracefulness of posture.

What is a Cough?

A cough was intended by nature as a means of removing offending matter; as such it is of the greatest protection. If the irritation of the mucous membrane of the larynx and bronchial tubes, caused by the presence of some strange body or of the usual mucous secretion in too great quantity, did not excite the explosive act which we call coughing, we should be in constant danger of suffocation every time we had a slight attack of bronchitis or a cold in the chest.

If a cough were occasioned only in this way it would be a most useful measure, and there would be no more need for cough mixtures than for remedies to arrest breathing. But the human machine sometimes gets out of order, like any other mechanism. The wires get crossed, and a message sent from some distant organ, like the liver, for example, may get switched over to the nerve-centre which regulates the complex series of movements producing the cough; this centre receiving a stimulus from somewhere, responds just as if the message came from the larynx, and a cough is established. This "liver cough" does no good, and the sooner it is stopped the better.

The Cup That Cheers
Does Tea-Drinking Make for Good

Much has been said and written concerning the merits and demerits of tea and coffee.

Both tea and coffee are primarily stimulants, owing to the caffein they contain. Their actual food value depends entirely on the milk or cream and sugar that are added to them. They do, however, diminish muscular fatigue, relieve the sense of hunger to some extent, and lessen tissue waste, so that smaller amounts of food are necessary. For this reason military men and leaders of exploring expeditions regard tea or coffee as an indispensable part of the rations for their men, and there appears to be no doubt that more work can be done with them than without.

Nervous Excitability

On the other hand, the over-stimulation of the nervous system attendant on immoderate indulgence in tea or coffee is always injurious, and some persons suffer from the use of even small amounts. Nervous excitability, irritability of temper, insomnia and tremulousness of the hands are some of the more prominent nervous symptoms, but the digestion is also likely to suffer.

This is not the only age, however, in which such a warning has been sounded. In 1695, a Dutchman published a quarto on the "Great Abuse of Tea and Coffee." A German neighbour described tea dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives. Jonas Hanway, the first man to carry an umbrella in London, attacked tea-drinking in a thorough-going fashion. His denunciaton called forth vigorous defences from two distinguished men of letters, Johnson and Goldsmith, who took up their gifted pens in vindication of their favourite beverage. The Globe recently enumerated some of the famous people w have been addicted to tea dr[illegible]

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The Moth and the Candle

Continued from Page 6

woman. He would give all and take thankfully what came to him. She met Reaux' eyes in an instant of command and pleading, and tried to give him a glance full of comprehension. As he drew the last note she wished impatiently that Ellis had not come into her thoughts of Reaux; she saw Ellis's hand relax, heard him take a deep breath and join generously in the applause. With a sense of relief she knew that she had dreaded even the unspoken verdict of Ellis Field. At least he did not withold his appreciation of the man's playing.

In the lull before the next number, there was a low murmur of talk and some shifting of places. Mrs. Hartley moved about looking to the comfort of her guests, and finally came to stand in deferential converse with Reaux, not seeing his wish to go to Janet. Ellis had moved to the chair beside her and in low tones was explaining his sudden return. He did not say that a letter from her mother had hastened it. His heart contracted as he noted the changes in the girl—her queer, dreamy absentness—her nervous pose, a symptom which he had never before seen in her. She seemed half unaware of what was going on about her and almost indifferent to his return. Then she spoke something like her old self.

"What brings you here? You used to hate such affairs." Ellis himself could not have been more direct.

"I came to see your musician. I saw in the papers that you were said to be engaged to him, and I made inquiries and found out all there is to find out about him in this country—nothing to his particular discredit, I admit. Your mother said you were to give him a final answer this afternoon and I proposed to see what he was like."

"What right have you to—to ——"but her hesentment died away at the thought of what he had been to her since childhood, and especially since her father's death. Her refusal of his love gave him a more unhampered right to look after her. And Ellis was always fair. He went on:

"I must say that I don't like him, but that is not my affair, if you are sure that you do. I do not want you to wake up and find that you have married a mere musician. It is easy to see how he might fascinate you, as he has all those other women. Such things are catching.

"You seem to think that a musician cannot be a man!" She spoke resentfully. His reply was instant.

"You mistake; I am only too sure that a musician is always a man! I mean to have you realize what particular sort of a man this is, that's all, Janet. I don't mean to interfere with you; I simply want you to be careful, to use your judgment and not to go by half-hypnotized emotions."

"I don't understand you." Her voice was cold.

"That's the point. Once you would have easily understood Don't you see the change in yourself? Don't you see that he takes you at a disadvantage?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that for three months this man shows himself to you in overheated rooms, sick with the odor of hothouse flowers and dim with drawn shades and candles, and puts you under the spell of his emotional music. It is unhealthy, and I should think you would stifle. What has become of the out-of-doors Janet that I once knew? Why does he not take you into the wind and the sunshine and ask you to marry him? Why does he not play in the daylight? Music, the kind you and I love, is a clean, pure, daylight thing. You will sooner or later realize that life holds many better things than sweet sounds in a dim room, Janet! Wake from your dreaming and consider this man as a man, an every-day companion. Will he do to walk and talk with? Would you like to eat breakfast with him every morning?" She fingered her rose with cold fingers and was silent as he continued hastily while the musicians again tuned their instruments.

"Janet, don't answer this man until after you have walked four or five miles alone in this bracing winter air. Then you will be more fit to decide what you really want! Will you, Janet—for the sake of what you might have been to me?" She looked up to meet the old boy-smile.

"He has changed since I came into his life," she made reply. "He can do nothing without me; he cannot play without me. And he loves me! You do not understand."

Did he not? Ellis's face grew grim. Did he not love her? Had he not the prospect of a life without her? And this stranger—he could have cheerfully have slain him for playing upon her tender generosity! Still he told himself he would not have minded if the man had himself been worthy of her.

"But do you love him?" he flashed back. Janet hesitated. She could not say she was sure!

Further talk was impossible, for just then the tuning ceased, and a bright allegro thrilled like light through the dim parlors. Janet stirred restlessly, and Ellis reached past her to steady the little candle stand.

Then Reaux played as even Janet had not heard him play before. She knew it was his personal cry to her, the expression of his need of her, and that a hitherto absent note of doubt and supplication had crept into his insistent hold upon her sympathy. She realized that the entrance of Ellis Field had disturbed the musician, that he sounded a note of fear that her answer might not meet his desire. She began to realize that her feeling shrank from his clinging hold upon her spirit, which gave no answer to his call.

She sat looking straight at him as she had never looked before, with the clear-eyed, merciless

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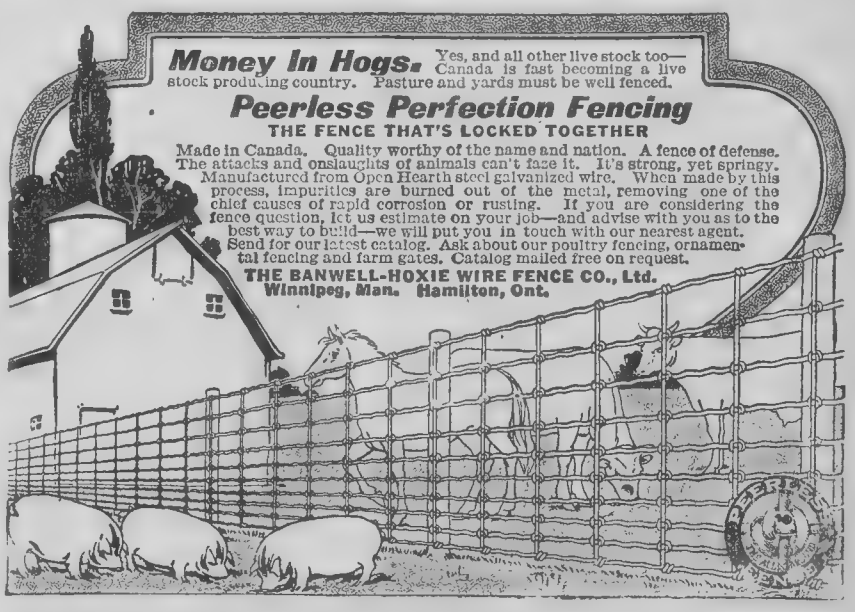

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gaze of the woman without prejudice, indifferently willing to see any man at his true value. She felt herself capable of criticism. Was Ellis right after all? He was jealous—could he at the same time be just? Her knowledge of Ellis told her that he could.

Then she tried to put the thought of Ellis aside, to listen as she had listened before, to let herself be swept into the pulse and stir of sweet sound; to lose herself softly in the dreams of the present moment where she need not think.

It was a vain effort. She could not escape the knowledge that the friend of her childhood, the first lover of her girlhood, was beside her; she felt her soul straighten and rise to its own firm, healthy height and shake itself free from dim and vague emotions; life seemed big and sane and sweet. Looking at Reaux she felt herself eternally remote from him and from his kind. She tore herself from the soft relentlessness of the musician's dependence upon her tenderness and strength. She discerned pitilessly, and discerning, saw what she could have wished not to see.

She deliberately recalled every look and word and gesture of the man; remembered the evening functions where they had met, and later the long evenings at her home—his rich voice in her ears, his white fingers on the strings of the instrument he so loved, his dark eyes fired upon her face. She recalled his worshipful statements of what she could be, was to him, and for him, and with him. Always that—always his ambition. Was it a love based, like much worship, on selfish desires? Was it a love with any greatness of soul in it? Or was Ellis right?

Though it hurt a little to do so, she relentlessly stripped Reaux of his art. Would he be a man without it? What would he be without his supple, white hands? She saw vanity in every gesture, and in his face that air of public modesty which is the bravado of self-confessed indulgence, and a sensual curve in the red lips beneath the overtrained little moustache. Did she want this man? From him she turned to the boy musician, the sweet purity of whose face was in itself a victory; he could lose his power to play with sounds and still some day be a man in all the word could mean. The recognised contrast brought trouble and decision into her eyes. As the finale rang out Ellis turned and looked down at her. He smiled.

"Janet—don't be afraid of anything—not even of yourself. I want to ask you something—only you need not answer save to yourself. Has that—man ever touched you? Could you let him? Somehow I should not want him to."

She started as from a blow. Touch her! He never had. And now she knew that if he so much as touched her with a finger she should hate him and herself. Had he known that a touch would break the spell he had laid upon her, and for that reason refrained? Ellis would even lift and carry her on occasion and she was scarcely conscious of him; but with an innate physical fastidiousness she shrank from the thought of Reaux' nearness.

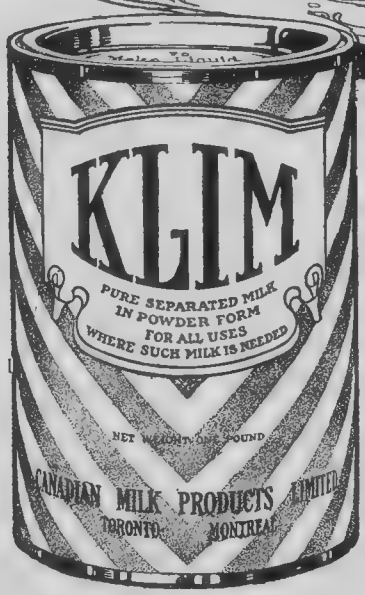
The program was ended and Reaux came toward her smiling and bowing his way through hindering and congratulatory groups of women, but still nearing her. Suddenly the polish of his manner appeared to her almost slippery. She did wish him even not to speak to her. She rose nervously and Ellis rose too, intending to let Reaux have no word with her, but he was not quick enough to avert what happened. Janet's dress as she shrank back toward him caught upon the little candle-stand.

As Reaux reached his hand to her, she stepped back and the stand overturned. It fell with a crash. The flame caught the paper shades, flashed up the light drapery of the doorway beside her, and licked delicately at the ceiling before anyone realized just what had occurred. It sprang up the lace on Janet's gown. She did not move, but she heard women scream, heard a rush towards the doors, and felt herself caught tightly in Ellis's arms while he crushed the fire out against his breast with his naked hands.

In that stunned instant she was strangely cognizant of all that passed. She knew Reaux, pale as death, had leaped back to safety and was still assuring everyone in his deep rich voice that he and his priceless violin were entirely uninjured. She knew that the boy with the beautiful face had sprung to her side almost before Ellis could seize her, and that even now he was stifling with rugs the burning draperies he had torn down. And as Ellis reluctantly released her she knew that not a hair of her head was injured. As she stood straight and looked about she felt herself fully awake and alert. It was broad day now forever. No more unhealthy illusions.

Someone had raised the curtains and the bright winter sunlight made the candles seem sickly and garish. The windows were opened to let the smoke out and a breath of bracing wind struck her full in the face. The danger was over, and those who had not incontinently fled gathered about in sympathetic curiosity. Between Janet and Reaux and Ellis Field the air had been over-charged with meanng all the afternoon. Now the girl stood waiting. It had all happened in a moment, and Reaux was hastening to her. He had intended to take both her hands, but somehow the look in her eyes deterred his dramatic intention. She crippled his power to act. He could seem nothing he was not, though he braved an attempt, speaking beneath his breath but still audibly enough to establish his public claim upon her attention. He meant Ellis, whoever he was, to understand that the girl was his.

"Ah, beautiful one—I grieve that it was not mine to save you—that I must let this gentleman"—with a low bow to Ellis, who scarcely looked at him and kept a hand on Janet's arm—"that I must let this gentleman take my



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place lest I play for you no more —as I have played this day. It was not I who played, but Mademoiselle." This with a glance at his listeners.

Those about were still insisting that some one must have been hurt, that Janet should lie down; and Ellis was steadfastly refusing to let Mrs. Hartley bandage his hands, which were very slightly burned, thanks to his own skill and quickness. He would not have felt burns far more severe, for a great joy filled him. He had held Janet in his arms and had felt her yield to his clasp with a confidence which his heart told him was not all fear. He knew she had clung to him as a refuge from more than the dread of flames.

Janet was still turned from Reaux. The boy stooped and from beneath Ellis's foot picked the red rose. It was crushed and broken, but it had been in her hand; he held it delicately and passed it to her.

"Your rose." His smile made the beautiful face still more beautiful, and she gave him the full sweetness of her black-lashed gray eyes. But she did not want the flower.

"I am afraid the poor rose has had its day," she said, with a slow meaning that did not escape Reaux. But he chose to ignore it. He would get her away from this blue-eyed, disturbing young man and again master her moods to his will. He would wait.

"It is I who accompany you home, Mademoiselle ."

"I thank you, Monsieur, but I fear not. No, Mrs. Hartley, I refuse to be made a martyr of. Mr. Field has taken what little injury there was. My lace only is a bit scorched, and my long coat will cover that. If you will kindly have the maid bring my wraps I will not go upstairs. at all." She made her farewells to several others, and then once more met the violinist's insistence.

"Mademoiselle, there is that which you have still to tell me. Is it that you forget?" Her eyes met his as she slipped her arms into the coat Ellis held for her. Her glance was cold; but shame that she could ever have even thought she loved the man made her voice very gentle in its finality.

"Monsieur, I never forget! And only now have I fully understood. I am sure I have nothing to tell you." She bowed deeply. Then she gave her hand to her hostess.

"My awkwardness has made all this trouble and fright for so many. I do not know how to ask your pardon. I must have been dreaming! I shall take a long walk to steady my nerves. Good-by!" She turned towards Field "Will you come with me—Ellis?"

So Janet and Ellis went out into the crisp winter air and swung joyfully away towards the winter sunset; but summer was in their hearts. The boy musician with the beautiful face was treasuring a crushed and broken red rose. At Mrs. Hartley's sideboard Henri Reaux poured himself yet another glass of wine.

The Oldest River in the World

What is the oldest river in the world? The St. Lawrence. It is also one of the few rivers that did not make its own bed, and has remained unchanged since the very beginning of the American continent.

Try to think of a time when the earth was covered by a mass of water, hot, steaming, and often tremendously disturbed by the throes of a globe beneath it that was shrinking because it was becoming cooler. As the globe shrunk, every particle of the outside was naturally pullel in toward the centre, and the hardening crust, which could not be packed any more solidly than it was, had to wrinkle, sinking down here, and bulging up somewhere else. After a time, certain of these rising wrinkles, or folds, the thicker, or firmer, parts of the earth's crust, stood the strain, and became permanent ridges. The oldest of them that geologists know, and apparently the first that bulged up above the universal ocean and remained high and dry, was the broad mass on which Canada now rests. It is a part of the original crust of the earth, and we can see it to-day, wherever it is not covered by newer rocks or soil, just as it crystallized and cooled out of the primeval molten material.

This mass formed a broad V from Labrador down to Lake Huron, and hence northwestward to Alaska; on account of its shape, geologists call it the Canadian Shield. It is the oldest land known, and apparently the strongest, for there are no signs of any extensive changes in it (except the wearing away of the surface) since it first rolled the ocean off its shoulders.

Off the eastern coast of this primitive continent lay a chain of lofty islands, about on the line of the Blue Ridge, the White Mountains, the Maine coast, and Nova Scotia. Between these islands and the mainland was a trough-like space that ran from eastern Quebec southwestward to Ohio. It was two or three hundred miles wide, and filled with a shallow sea; and just outside the island chain was the great hollow that held the Atlantic Ocean.

Time went on. For ages the straining and cracking of the shrinking globe, earthquakes, sun and frost, pounding surf, running water, blowing gales, ice—all labored to tear down the mountains and carry the wreckage of rocks and dust away into the valleys and seas. In this way vast masses of rock, in layers of shales, sandstones, and what not, were laid down in that narrow, trough-like sea between the chain of islands and the continent. All these "sedimentary" rocks were soft and weak, as compared with the solid old granites deeply rooted on either side of them; and the trough itself, a sagging fold, was a line of weakness in the crust. As the load of deposits became heavier and heavier, the floor of this trough slowly yielded, and as it sank toward the heated region below, the under side melted, and grew thinner and thinner.

That could not go on forever, and soon the continual shrinking of the globe and the enormous pressure of the weight of the ocean became irresistible. The Canadian Shield was immovable, so the rock in the trough began to bulge or crumple all along its length. Gradually, not all at once, but by slow and varying movements, those folds were squeezed up, which in their broken and worn-down form, we know as the Appalachian Mountains.

Toward the south there was room for this action to be rather gentle and regular, but in the far northeast the trough was narrow; and the soft rocks were set on edge, overturned and splintered against the solid continent. Very early in the struggle a great fracture of the earth's crust occured here along a curving northeast and southwest line. It left a deep and broad trench between the crused an ddisplaced rocks of the trough and the granite shore of the Canadian Shield. Into this trench rushed all the interior waters of the continent, draining away to the sea, and the St. Lawrence River was born! There, no doubt, it will remain as long as the earth keeps its present form

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Mother's Section

TO MY MOTHER

By Helen Bullis

Words have grown dull with time and dropping tears
And thin with overhandling; how shall they
Utter the love that clasps the brooding years
As nuns clasp rosaries the while they pray?
No one may know the light thou art to me.
I only ask, or ere the darkness fall,
Deny me not the gift of ministry,
My little for thy lifetime-lavished all!

Alas, the empty prayer dies on the breath,
A sunrise ghost against the sun of love,
But spirit unto spirit answereth,
As wave and wave their echoing oneness prove.

Let lesser loves with speech their heav'n unbar
Silence reveals great love, as night the star.

OUR OWN

By Margaret Sangster.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,

I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening,
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.

How many go forth in the morning,
Who never come back at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

Ah, lip with the curve impatient;
Ah, brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

COMFORTABLE CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

By Myrtle Middleton Powell

Dress the little folks prettily, if you can; fashionably if you must; but let the first consideration in either event be that the child's clothes shall be comfortable. This means lots more than merely being warm in winter and cool in summer. It means that all over and undergarments shall be correctly fitted. That they shall allow, at all times, perfect freedom of movement for body and limb. Yet not too large, especially across the shoulders. I have seen children acquire a nervous habit of jerking up the shoulders caused from wearing an apron which, for being cut too large through the chest, allowed the over-arm straps to fall off the shoulders and kept the child constantly alert to hold them in place.

The modern fashion of finishing the necks of the little dresses without the high collar-band, once considered indispensable, has much to commend it.

For my own three little girls I find wash dresses the most satisfactory for all the year. In the winter time heavier underclothes supply sufficient extra warmth. Hats should not be loaded down with heavy trimming nor be fitted with too tight elastics which cut the child's tender neck. Not shoes alone, but stockings also, need to be correctly fitted. A stocking that is too short will constrict the toes, causing poor circulation of blood and, eventually, corns and bunions; while one that is too large will wrinkle at heel or toe and result in much discomfort to the wearer. The ribbed, knitted under-bodies with re-inforced, taped seams and with stout buttons for supporting the petticoats and stockings are so superior in fit and lasting qualities that they are the one thing I always depend on buying ready-made, even though it may be necessary to economize in some other article of wearing apparel. Very ornate, elaborate or fussily made garments are out of place on a young child. Without any volition of his own, clothes of this kind seem to demand of the child a certain amount of attention. It is as if they called aloud, "Behold Solomon in all his glory was never so arrayed."

TRAINING THE CHILDREN

There are few magazines that have been so popular and done so much good as the Youths' Companion. The following article is of particular interest to mothers and is commended to their attention:

Why is it that some women who are regarded as good housekeepers always have time to read or make calls or entertain a friend, and others who have not greater cares are busy at some routine household task from morning until night? The difference is one of efficiency, a word that every successful man knows the meaning of in his business, but that not one woman in a hundred thinks of as in any way applicable to the business of managing a house.

To most women, efficiency means doing their own tasks well. The executive part of the work does not occur to them. A business man soon learns that his progress depends not merely upon what he himself does — a quantity that is necessarily limited—but upon what he can make others do for him. If his position is such that he can hire and discharge his subordinates, the task is so much the easier; but even if it is not, his executive ability shows itself in his power to get the most out of such help as he has.

What holds good in the office holds good at home. No woman is a really efficient housekeeper who tries to do everything with her own hands. She may think she is more efficient than her servants or her children because she can do some special thing or many things better than they can, but that is only being a skillful dishwasher or a good cook or a faithful scrubber; it is not necessarily being an efficient housekeeper.

The better a woman is at doing her work the harder she finds it to put up with careless or unskillful assistance; nevertheless she must make up her mind either to train others to do their part acceptably, or to be a drudge. What would be thought of a man who had been at the head of a business for twenty years and still considered it necessary to sweep out his office every morning, open packing cases, empty the waste baskets and lock up at night? Many a woman who has been the head of a domestic establishment for twenty years does just that, although in the meantime the number of her servants has increased and children have grown up about her.

Such a policy is particularly unfortunate in a family where there are children. True, little Mary may be awkward about wiping the dishes and so careless that she breaks many, and it is, indeed, easier to do it yourself; but how about Mary? Has she not the right to be taught? And how can she learn except by doing? Better a broken dish than a daughter growing up to idleness and incompetency.

The woman who wears herself out in the service of a large family has proved her industry and her unselfishness—but she has proved her essential inefficiency also.

Note one of the paradoxes: When St. Paul is describing the armour and the conflict of the believer, he exhorts him to be shod with "the preparation of peace." How strange! fighting desperately and yet being at peace. Yet it is literally true. Amid all this outward conflict and confusion, the believer walks upon peace; and peace protects him because God is in the contest, and Almighty strength works through him toward the certainty of victory in the future, and toward a calm consciousness in the present.

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A Birthday Party

It is often difficult to find a sufficient number of games of a sort that will provide interesting entertainment for a girl's birthday party. A contributor suggests a programme that has been tried with success.

Suppose that fifteen guests are invited, and that they arrive a little before supper time. There are a few minutes for a game before the meal is served. Some one proposes "Silence." The players draw their chairs close together in a circle so that all touch. Their young hostess tells them that no one must speak or laugh throughout the game, and that the one who observes the rules will receive a prize. The one who first breaks the rules will receive a booby prize.

When all are seated, the leader taps lightly on the knee of her neighbor on the right, who in turn does the same to her right-hand neighbor, and so they pass it on until it reaches the leader. On the second round they tap both knees: on the third, one cheek is tapped, and on the fourth both cheeks and both knees. On the fifth round the leader takes her friend at the right gently by the ear, and each in turn does the same until a human circle is formed that is grotesque in appearance. If the silence is still unbroken at the end of the fifth round, other absurd acts may be performed.

The party now adjourns to the dining room, where the table is prettily decorated in pink. At each plate is a place card, to which a pink carnation is tied. In the centre of the table is the birthday cake, decorated with pink candles, which are to be lighted at the proper time. An acceptable menu might be: Chicken croquettes, creamed potatoes, small biscuits, lobster salad, olives and pickles, pink gelatine and whipped cream, cake and chocolate.

When the table has been cleared for the cake and cream and chocolate, the candles are lighted, and the cake is handed round. Each girl takes a candle, and in turn, beginning at the right of the hostess, makes an audible wish and blows her candle out. When all have wished, the hostess cuts the cake. In it have been hidden five articles wrapped in tissue paper—a college emblem that is intended to indicate for the finder a course in college; a stick pin in the form of a violin, indicative of a musical career; a heart, prophetic of love and happy marriage; a thimble, which foretells that the finder will be a spinster; and a tiny vial, which predicts a medical life, or a life shared with a medical man.

When the supper is over, the girls return to the parlors, to find that a sheet has been tightly stretched between the rooms. The mother, who has prepared this game, called "Shadowland," sends all but one girl into the next room, and goes with them to instruct them in their duties. All the lights in that room are extinguished except a lamp that has been placed on a table at some distance behind the white screen. Returning to the other room where the one girl remains, and where all the lights have been extinguished, the hostess informs this girl that shadows will soon be seen passing the curtain, and that she must name them as they pass.

The girls who make the shadows are allowed to distort their profiles or to change articles of clothing in order to make the procession more mystifying. As they file slowly by, the girl in the dark room calls out the names, which the hostess records. If the guesser makes a mistake, the hostess writes the correct name beside the name called. This is repeated until each girl has had her turn.

If it is desirable to shorten the game, four or more girls can view the shadows at once. At the close of the game those who guessed correctly the identity of the greatest number of shadows receive prizes.

When the girls come back from Shadowland, there is just time enough for a game of "nonsense rimes." Each player receives a sheet of paper, on which are written four words that rime alternately, and each is requested to fill out a stanza. The time limit is ten minutes. The game affords opportunity for much amusement, for it gives an opening for clever reference to the foibles of the party; and the verses, of course, are read aloud. The best ones receive prizes.

Fashion Following

The strong impulse to follow the fashions so often noted in the make-up of the real live girl springs from a perfectly natural human tendency—she wants to "go with the crowd." Conformity to others' line of conduct makes for convenience and smooth running social machinery in a variety of ways, yet "there are limits."

The passion for being "stylish," like that for sport or self-indulgence, grows by what it feeds on. It must not always have all it calls for. Yet, because it is impossible to squeeze a quart of human nature into a pint receptacle, efforts at entirely suppressing the impulse to be in the fashion are very likely to develop eccentricity, or morbid self-consciousness, or a spirit of defence, or some other qualities that are better absent than present in a young woman's character. Also, every girl's birthright includes the privilege, yes, the duty of being as pretty as she can be—comely, neat, fresh, crisp, dainty, attractive, "as sweet as a peach"—and of giving her individual type of prettiness the advantage of varied settings.

How to help the girl who wants to be "up to date" and "in it" with her mates, so that she will herself make of her raiment a good servant and not let it be a bad master, is no small problem for the mother.

It may afford a stay against the tendency to "follow, follow" the fashion too far if the girl is helped to appreciate the innate, indescribable beauty of some womanly gifts that she does not readily discover for herself — quiet, inconspicuousness, self-respect, health, the estéem of others, common sense management of resources, a "bewitching reserve."

One of the things the eager, yet inexperienced girl needs to know as she knows her a b c's, is that she throws away part of her choicest gifts when she elects to make of herself a dummy for displaying Dame Fashion's latest caprice—designed for some passing ideal of form or personal style. For instance, because of adopting one or another of the extravagant modes of hair dressing in vogue not long ago, many girls threw away a good bit of their individual beauty. Some looked bold and starey, some looked old and thin, while the irregular features of others were exaggerated when they should have been softened. Some so spoiled the contour of their heads as to suggest defective mentality. So with the hats of the present. Some of them are pretty for some girls, but many faces under the extreme shapes look very commonplace, or insignificant, every last possibility of homeliness seems to be brought out. The right kind of self-appreciation and a careful study of effects together with a dash of common-sense independence would make a great difference "to the good" for many of our girls.

It is almost idle to touch upon corsets, for corset makers and dressmakers seem to be absolute monarchs in their realms, yet the truth remains and can not be gainsaid that many girls throw away their rightful heritage of "simple beauty," of health and comfort, purest physical happiness, for the sake of molding their figures into "correct form," which is stiffness itself. Much the same is it with high heeled shoes, and of late with skirts. To stiffen and repress the body, or throw it out of its natural poise, is to throw away flexibility of muscles, power of lightsome action. Easy, ready movement is in itself grace and beauty, gives a girl means of expressing her finest emotions in Nature's matchlessly beautiful ways. Highest art in sculpture and painting always represent woman, not as bound and rigid, a mere figure, but as free in movement of some kind, plainly and charmingly expressive of feeling and character. In using binding stays the girl also throws away power of deep breathing such as can paint the cheeks with the rich tinge of good red blood, and can give the face life, suggesting reserve power.

Those whose taste is well-trained insist that the best dressed person is the one whose attire does not attract attention to itself. Then surely those who affect exaggerations of fashion are not, in spite of their efforts, best dressed people, for their make-up always attracts attention, sometimes prompts lookers-on to rudeness. "The apparel oft proclaims the man." So it does the girl; proclaims whether or not she has really good taste, a degree of personal reserve, a right kind of independence.

The over-stylish girl never makes a favorable impression on the business man who employs women. He knows she must give so much time and attention to her personal appearance that she cannot be thoughtful, and diligently absorbed during office hours.

How often it happens, too, that while a very stylish girl's acquaintances may admire her successes with her wardrobe they find it utterly useless to expect anything of her in the way of activity in the church, in the social service club, in welfare work of any kind. By her overdoing in the matter of fashion she throws away the joys of friendly co-operation with others to good purposes, throws away the pleasure found in being useful.

The very stylish girl often throws away something else, too, that she would probably not want to throw away if she knew—attractiveness in the eyes of the men she meets. There's a deal of suggestion in the saying that the scheming woman of social experience dresses in the height of fashion to torment her women rivals, but that she aims at emphasizing her own phase of beauty without too much regard to fashion when she wants to captivate a man, and make him think of her as a possible home queen for him.

For the girl who wants to see a man's eyes brighten and soften when she appears, far better than the "last thought" from far-away Paris, is a "poem," modern, but not extreme, in simple lawn for summer, or in a warm colored cloth for winter, shaped and draped so as to accentuate her own peculiar gift of beauty, and make her appear to be not a mummy, but a natural, womanly girl.

I SAW YOU SMILE

By Fred. Scott Shepard

I saw you smile, a cheery smile,
To greet the morn, so newly born;
The sky was clear and gladsome cheer
Was everywhere, on balmy air—
Who would not smile?

I saw you smile, as when, erstwhile,
The work was hard—as though on guard
With cheer to meet what might defeat
With cruel blow, if hope were low—
'Twere brave to smile!

I saw you smile, care to beguile
Where sorrow's reign brought other pain
The while you knew grief's burden too;
Through mists of tears, your smile appears—
Love's tender smile!

'Tis good to smile for, in the while
With cheery grace all life you face,
Your heart will glow and cheer bestow,
Be strong and bright to life and fight—
So ever smile!

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The Kitchen

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By using a variety of flavors, icings and fillings more than twenty-five different kinds of cookies, all of them wholesome and palatable, can be made from one foundation receipt.

The receipt is this: one cupful of fine sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cupful of shortening, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two beaten eggs, one and one-half pints of flour. Add milk or flour as either proves necessary to allow the dough to be rolled thin.

Take a large spoonful of the dough for each kind of wafer, and mix the extra ingredients with it in a separate small bowl. Make the light cookies first, then chocolate cookies, and last the spiced cookies. Roll all the wafers extra thin, and be careful not to burn them in the baking. In a hot oven they will bake in a very few minutes.

1. Add vanilla to the original mixture; roll the dough thin and cut it into rounds.
2. Add vanilla and cocoanut and white vanilla icing, and make the cookies oblong.
3. Add lemon extract and peanuts chopped fine; cut the dough into small squares.
4. Add vanilla and chapped walnuts and vanilla icing, and put a whole nut on top.
5. Use orange extract, color the icing orange, and cut the cakes into narrow strips.
6. Flavor with almond, add chopped almonds, flavor the icing, and add half a nut.
7. Add chopped raisins, and ice, or put a raisin in the top.
8. Chop the nuts and the raisins together, and cut the cakes into oval forms.
9. Add caraway seeds, and make the cookies diamond-shaped.
10. Flavor with lemon, and add lemon juice or a bit of citric acid to the icing.
11. Add chopped citron, and put bits of citron in the ice, which should be colored light green.
12. Roll the dough extra thin; put chopped figs between two wafers; fasten them together by putting drops of milk round the edges.
13. Add chopped dates and vanilla icing, with half a date on top.
14. Flavor with lemon; put a square of jelly on top, with half of a marshmallow over the jelly.
15. Put preserved fruit of any kind between two thin wafers; crimp the edges.
16. Add melted chocolate or cocoa; roll the dough extra thin, cut it into squares and roll it up.
17. Cut the chocolate wafers oblong, and after baking them put tart jelly between two cookies.
18. Cut the chocolate wafers in star shape; ice them with chocolate.
19. Add cinnamon; cut the dough into very thin squares, roll them up and dip the ends in icing.
20. Add ginger; roll the cakes into small round sticks, like bread sticks.
21. Add mixed spices; cut the dough into triangles and put currants on top.
22. Put two chocolate wafers together with half of a marshmallow.
23. Cut vanilla wafers into heart shapes and color the icing delicate pink.
24. Cut lemon wafers into clover-leaf shapes and color the icing very light green.
25. Add rose extract; color the icing pink, and cut the cookies into crescent shapes.

Small candles, cherries, or candied rose or violet petals may be added to any of the icings on plain wafers.

If some of the white of the egg is saved, more varieties can be made by beating white sugar into it and putting some of it inside or on top of the different kinds. They should not be baked too hard.

Sugar As a Food

It has been said that the financial standing of a nation can be judged by the amount of sugar that the nation consumes. But to many persons sugar is simply an accessory or condiment to be used in making certain of the staple foods palatable, and one of the unnecessaries, to be removed from the list when strict economy in food is imperative. That was the view of a graduate of one of our best women's colleges, who asked if there really was any food value in sugar.

It is, in fact, of all the foods our quickest source of energy, and almost our cheapest. Only the cereals in their coarsest form offer more nourishment for the same expenditure. No other food has nature stored up for us in a form so near the form in which our bodies can utilize it. We actually transform a spoonful of sugar into body energy in half an hour or less.

This quick efficiency has been found useful by athletes and by soldiers on forced marches. Even the horse can testify that a lump of sugar helps to win the race.

Pound for pound, sugar gives a higher fuel value or working power to the muscles than does beans or peas or the cereals when sold in breakfast food forms. It furnishes twice as much for the money as cheese, and six times as much as beef at the average price.

Since sugar is purely an energy food, it is necessary that a proper balance of muscle-making food go with it; and since an excess of sugar may cause serious disturbance in our "preparatory departments," a guard has been set: the appetite, which normally refuses more sugar than the system can well care for.

The tendency to fermentation on the part of some of the sugars causes much dscomfort in digestion, and has led many persons to look upon all of them as dangerous and indigestible. The tendency can usually be overcome by a more careful selection of the kind of sugar used, and the amount eaten at one time.

THOSE flashes of color, on the Promenade or the Bathing Beach are an attraction, aren't they? No summer wardrobe is complete without a distinctive Sweater Coat.

If you want original and pleasing designs in either bright or subdued colors, if you want distinctiveness of trimming and style that adds an air of free and easy charm to the wearer, always insist on getting Penmans.

Penmans

Sweater Coats

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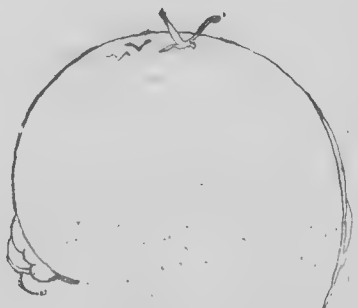

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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Notes on Honey

With the general trend of prices, including that of sugar to go as high as the consumers will pay, it is as well to turn our attention to the importance of honey as a human food. It is superfluous to say much about the reputation that honey has enjoyed from the earliest history, and to-day, even with our very rich diets, it is still a prime favorite. The honey we obtain from our honey bees is certainly obtained with the minimum amount of cost and labor. While we obtain our milk as the harvest of our efforts in hauling feed, watering, cleaning out, grooming, milking, etc., for which we pay elevated prices for both labor and material, we obtain our honey by the simple means of going to the hive and taking out the full combs and placing them in the extractor, but of course this operation is eliminated where the small comb honey is arranged for. We leave the labor to the bees who have no labor troubles, but diligently seek the flowers extract the nectar, fill the combs, keep their hives clean, feed themselves and their young and only look for enough honey left in the hives to carry them through the winter without risk of starvation. Shakespeare eulogizes the honey bee in "King Henry the Fifth":

For so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor.

To obtain the greatest amount of honey, it is essential to have the hive full of bees when the first honey flow arrives, which is usually at the time of the fruit bloom. Early in the season the bees are busy gathering nectar and pollen from the early flowers to be used as food for the young bees and it is important that this work be finished at the time of the first honey flow in order that the bees may be free to gather honey without the extra task of having to provide feed for the young.

A rather attractive form of honey for table use is "comb honey," that is, the honey is served in its natural form of storage, the comb being eaten together with the honey. These combs are built on foundation in little wooden sections, a full section weighing about one pound. Greater care is needed in the production of comb honey than in working for extracted honey. The sections must be well filled and sealed over, the comb must be straight and the cappings must be as white as possible. If they are soiled, as they will be if the super is left too long in the hive, their value will be less.

Nectar-producing flowers are abundant in Canada, and in the Prairie Provinces there are many thriving apiaries. The quality of Canadian honey is said to be unsurpassed.

Honey is graded according to color as there is light and dark honey. The better way to classify honey is from the plants from which it is gathered. As a general rule the light colored honey is mild in flavor, the dark being strong. The white honey produced in Canada is mostly clover honey gathered from alsike and Dutch clover. Clover honey is considered to be the standard of fine honey. Basswood honey is another fine white honey but it has a stronger flavor than that obtained from clover.

The fire-weed which is common in forest clearings also produces a white honey. This weed is a tall plant with purple flowers; it is also known as the willow herb. This may be sown by the apiarist on his land in order to provide extra variety for his bees.

Buckwheat honey is a deep brown in color and strong flavor. It may be advantageously mixed with other honeys if the flavor is found to be too strong, but it will appeal to a good many tastes in its flavor form.

On the prairie the honey comes principally from wild flowers and a list of some of them may be interesting.

Dandelion, produces nectar in June; Apple and Plum, produces nectar in May; Pin Cherry and Choke Cherry, produces nectar in May; Alsike Clover, produces nectar in June; Basswood, produces nectar in July; Sweet clover, produces nectar in July; Fireweed produces nectar in July; Buckwheat, produces nectar in August; Golden Rod, produces nectar in August and September.

The principal honeys of Canada granulate a few weeks after removal from the hive. This granulation is hastened by cold. It may be brought back to a liquid condition by heat, though the granulated honey is perfectly good. There are certain advantages in using honey in the granulated form. It is not liable to leak out of the container, it is easier to handle and it is less likely to make any articles in its near vicinity, sticky. Honey is liquified by raising it to a temperature of from 130 degrees to 150 degrees F. The vessel containing the granulated honey is placed in hot water and the temperature should not go higher than 160 degrees or the honey is likely to start decomposing. Honey should never be liquified by the direct application of heat.

Lunch time.

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The Cultivation of Gooseberries

As each growing season arrives, the popularity of small fruits is evidenced by the number of inquiries as to where bushes of the various small fruits may be obtained and the possessor of a few bushes of this kind has no difficulty of disposing of any surplus that may be on hand.

The gooseberry is excellent for pies and for stewing, and repeated years of success have put it in a position to be recommended. The bushes of this berry prefer a cool, moist soil and will not succeed in a dry soil, but require a soil well supplied with available plant food. Well rotted barnyard manure is the best preparation for this kind of plant.

In planting, the bushes should be placed in rows six feet apart with the plants four feet apart in the rows. Moisture should be retained in the soil by frequent shallow cultivations throughout the summer.

A good deal of the success obtained with fruit trees is accomplished by means of pruning, which is practically sorting out the "wheat from the chaff." Autumn pruning is recommended and all wood over three years old should be removed, together with some of the younger wood. Cut away any weak young shoots not likely to bear fruit. Leave the head fairly open, but care should be taken to leave sufficient foliage bearing shoots to act as shade to the fruit. Cuttings may be used for propagating purposes. A good variety for the prairie provinces is Houghton.

Are you as eager to be thorough with your work as you are to be through with it?

Salmon Salad

Sam, Sally Sanders's stolid spouse, spurns supper. Sally sobs, Sam soothes, still sups sparely.

"Sweet stuff soon sickens," says Sam, succinctly.

Sally sighs secretly, sorry Sam spoke so. Still, she sympathizes. "Sam's starving stomach!" she shudders, sadly. Seeking something salutary, savory, sustaining, she summons Sam's several sisters, supplicating suggestions.

"Sam seems sick," she says. "Sam spurns supper, says sweet stuff sickens."

"Sam seems squeamish!" snaps sharp sister Sarah. "Since sweet stuff sickens serve Sam sour stuff."

"Soup," says Stasia. Some special soup, Sally."

"Sausage," says Susan. "Something substantial, Sally. Sausage, surely!"

"Succotash," substitutes shy Shella.

Sam's sisters' several suggestions scarcely suit Sally. Solitarily searching solution, she selects simulated salmon salad, smiling surreptitiously.

"Simulated salmon shall satisfy Sam," says she. "Such salad Sam Sanders seldom sees—succulent, suety, spicy—sugarless!"

Securing soaps, sal soda, she sedulously scours skillets. Sharpening scissors, she slices some superb salsify, scalps, shaves small squashes, scooping seeds, shreds suet. She supplies sassafras, scatters sage, sprinkles spices, salt. She simmers, stirs smoothly, skims scum. Salad settled, Sally sits sewing, suffering some sensations, since six strikes soon. Should Sam spurn salad—

Sam shaves speedily, spending seventy seconds. Sally serves supper—shallow Satsuma salad saucers set semicircular-shape. Sally shakes, shivers, seeing Sam seated. Sam, surprised, suggests shawls. Sally smiles strangely.

"Start supper, Sam," says she.

"Salad?" says Sam.

"Salmon salad," says Sally.

"Salmon?" says Sam, suspiciously.

Sharp-sighted Sam seizes silver spoons, searches several salad saucers, seeking salmon signs.

"Show salmon, Sally!" says Sam.

"Salmon softens, sinks," she says.

"Salmon smells!" says Sam sternly, sniffing salad.

"Same smothers salmon smell," Sally suggests. "Sip salad, Sam."

Sam sips skeptically.

"Singular salmon salad!" sneers sarcastic Sam.

"Spice stifles salmon," sighs sorrowful Sally.

"Shucks!" says Sam.

Secondly, Sam Sanders smashes Sally's Satsuma saucers, spilling Sally's salmon salad. Sally, sobbing, staggers sidewise. Suddenly she spies salmon sitting safely shelved. She seizes salmon, shows Sam, smiling.

Sam snatches salmon, spreads sandwiches, sans salad, sups sportively.

"Splendid!" shouts Sam. "Salmon suits, somehow!"

Sufficiently sated, Sam seeks Sally's softest sofa, soon slumbers soundly, Sunny Sally, seeing Sam's sweet sleep, seems satisfied. Seldom spiteful, scarcely supersensitive, she steps softly, singing, sweeping saucers Sam smashed, scraping salad Sam spilled, scrubbing subsequent spots, simply sorry she squandered such superb salsify.

Quite Important

"Can I git off to-day, boss?" asked the laborer, according to the Cornell Widow.

"What for?"

"A weddin'." ?

"Do you have to go?"

"I'd like to go, sir; I'm the bridegroom."

Disappointing

The young postmistress, says "Everybody's Magazine," was reading a postal card from the morning mail. Finally she turned it over to the address.

"Huh," she said, in a disappointed tone, "this card is for me!"

Her Platform

At the Marshall home, there was much discussion of woman suffrage and other political questions, and little Vera had always been a very much interested listener.

"What will you do when you can vote?" a visitor asked her.

"Help to put candy on the free list," was the unexpected reply.

Joe's Diagnosis

A colored man entered the general store of a small Ohio town and complained to the storekeeper that a ham that he had purchased there a few days before had proved not to be good.

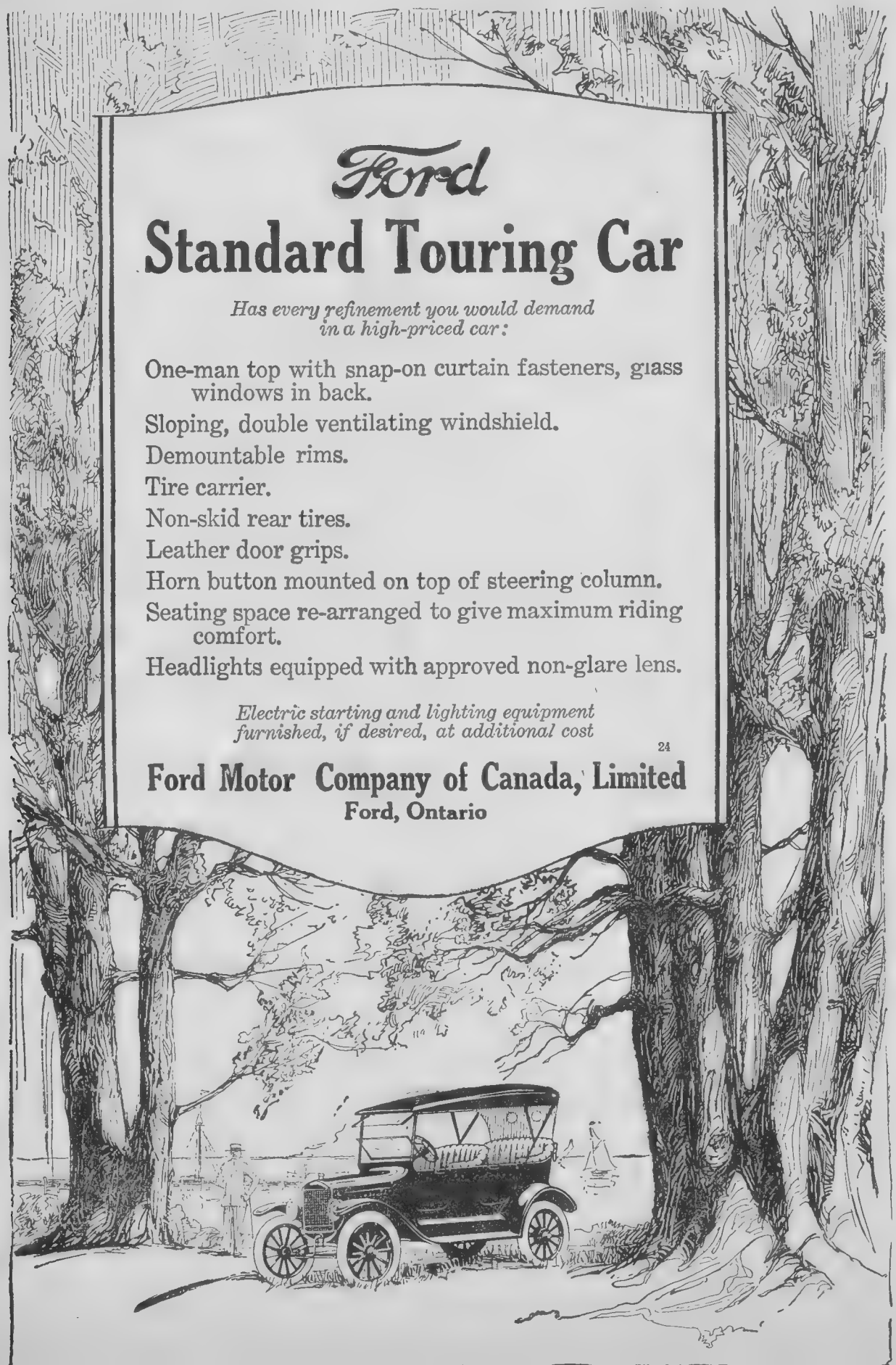
"The ham is all right, Joe," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the other. "Dat ham's sure bad."

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

Joe reflected solemnly a moment, and then suggested:

"Maybe it's done had a relapse."



Music and the Home

Suiting Musical Tastes

There is a tendency among singers at all times to sing a class of songs which are above and beyond the musical tastes of the public. They seem to be more afraid of the criticism of other singers than they are of leaving their hearers unsatisfied. Consequently they make up programmes which other singers must acknowledge to be high class and difficult, but which the average hearer finds meaningless and tiresome. As soon as a singer, or instrumentalist for that matter, selects music for the masses he gets accused of playing to the "gallery." Well, the gallery is a very important part of the concert hall, and the artist who fails to win the hearts of the gallery eventually fails as a public artist.

We are not pleading for poor music and low art. We merely ask if it is not better to lead the public gradually by music it can understand than to force on it music for which it has not had the preliminary culture? The singer who selects the best foreign songs in foreign languages, and the latest and most advanced and difficult British or American songs, is also selecting his audience. He is limiting his influence and his popularity to hearers who have enough musical culture to enjoy his selected songs. The artist who would win the applause of the great public must select what that public can enjoy.

It is certain that if he cannot get the ear of the public he will never become a great producer of grain for the mill, he will never help to raise the national taste. He will never become a great producer of grain for the million by cultivating his little hothouse flower garden.

A Boys' Operatic School

Perhaps the most remarkable of all the "operatic enterprises" in Great Britain is that of the school in the Isle of Dogs, tucked away in one of London's poorest slums, Poplar, where a study of opera is a regular part of the curriculum. In this surprising school, performances of operas are given by the boys, that is to say, the important parts are arranged for boys' voices, sung and acted by them, and the whole knit together and made lucid to young people by descriptive talks by the master, who is responsible for the music of the school.

"Faust" and "Tannhauser" have already been done in this way, and "The Magic Flute" is another production.

Music and the Early Egyptians

We first hear of music in the land of the pyramids at the beginning of the nineteenth dynasty, about 1350 B.C., when the power of Egypt, which had been steadily mounting during the eighteenth dynasty, had now reached its height under Rameses II. Passing down the crowded streets, where, through the open shop-fronts, we may see the artisans in thousands at work at their laborious daily tasks, let us go in quest of music. We may traverse the busy streets of Thebes or Heliopolis in vain, and it is not till the shades of evening fall, and the entertainments of the wealthy begin, that we discover the existence of music in Egypt at all. We have to penetrate some brilliantly lighted hall full of guests and attendant slaves; and at the far end of the luxurious room we shall see a band of men and women playing on their instruments, amid all the clatter of dishes and the chatter of the guests. They are all slaves, and before every piece they play they do obeisance to the master of the house. The business of these slaves was to attend the banquets of the great, and play and sing for the amusement of the company. We find them constantly represented in the sculptures in groups of from two to eight persons —some women and some men—playing on various instruments, as the harp, pipe, flute, etc.

Early Egyptians and Music

When dealing with Egypt of the early days let us not forget that in that land of hieroglyphics, when their history was carved on stone, that very frequently the sculptors who had only a limited space in which to express themselves sculptored one or a few men to do the duty of hundreds or thousands. That is why one harper or one piper is made to represent an entire band.

As a matter of fact a full Egyptian orchestra was composed of twenty harps, eight lutes, five or six lyres, six or seven double pipes, five or six flutes, one or two pipes (rarely used), two or three tambourines (seldom used). If vocalists were added, which was not necessarily the rule, they would number about three-fourths as many as the harpers.

The harp was the foundation of the Egyptian orchestra. Now the harp is essentially anti-chromatic. It is plain, therefore, that the Egyptian harmony was purely diatonic, such a thing as modern modulation utterly unknown, and every piece from beginning to end played in the same key. The compass of the orchestra was considerable and may have been nearly as great as our own, even though not possibl- used for harmonies.

Children and Music

As one goes back in literature and art to ancient civilizations the child, its appearance, its feelings, its modes of expression are less taken into account. Only slowly does he seem to have come into his own in art. With the ancient Greeks the child had a very small role, witness the part played by the young Astyanax in that passage of the Iliad so touching but so short, if one considers the whole length of that immortal poem.

In the newest of all the arts the same tendency is to be noted. Music is as little prone as other arts to add to its language or its representations the resources contained in the action of childhood. However, the relation of children with art and especially with music has been increasingly great during the last fifty years. The relation of children with music may be of three sorts: Either it may be music for children, or by children, or music in which children are playing the part of inspirers.

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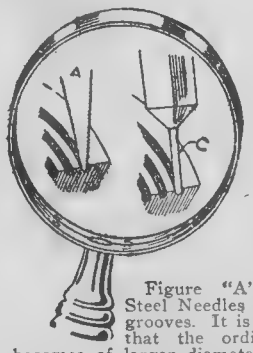

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Figure "C"—Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Be Useful

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still,
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there, all worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

George Herbert.

A NONSENSE RECEIPT.

Gosky Patties.

Take a pig, three or four years of age, and tie him by the off hind leg to a post. Place 5 lbs. of currants, 3 ozs. sugar, 2 pecks of peas, 18 roast chestnuts, a candle and 6 bushels of turnips, within his reach. If he eats these constantly provide him with more.

Then procure some cream, some slices of cheshire cheese, 4 quires of foolscap and a packet of black pins. Work the whole into a paste, and spread it out to dry on a sheet of clean, brown waterproof linen.

When the paste is perfectly dry, but not before, proceed to beat the pig violently with the handle of a large broom. If he squeals beat him again.

Visit the paste, and beat the pig alternately for some days, and ascertain if, at the end of that period, the whole is about to turn into Gosky Patties.

If it does not then, it never will; and in that case the pig may be let loose and the whole process may be considered as finished.

SOMETHING TO MAKE.

A Holiday Book.

Now that the holidays are over and you have only precious memories left of the great outdoors, and all the days of play and fun, the picnics, the days by the lake, the day you rode on horseback, the night you were caught in the thunderstorm and crouched under a tree for hours, all the adventures of July and August you should make a "Holiday Book."

If you have clever fingers and have learned how to make books at school, make yours, any size you like, but preferably about 8x10 inches. Cover the book with heavy paper, in dark green or brown, and with your pen, pencil and crayons or in letters folded and cut, make your title "My Holiday Book, 1920." Draw any decoration you like underneath a flower, a bird, a bug or butterfly. Inside paste your snapshots; the pressed orchid you found where no one ever found one before, the newspaper clipping which tells of the picnic you went to, add the names of all your friends who were there. Perhaps you will have "Ghost pictures," such as we described last month from some friends. You might have the program from a concert you attended. Paste them all in their order and with names and date as well as you can remember, and both boys and girls will enjoy this book all winter.

SOMETHING TO PLAY

Indian File Race.

Any Number of People—Indian clubs or blocks of wood.

The players are divided into teams of equal number. The players of each team stand behind each other in file formation. At a distance of, say, fifty feet in front of each file, place an Indian club upright for the team to run around. At the word "go" the teams run forward as units, the players keeping their places behind each other in Indian file, turn around the club, race back to their original positions behind each other, each runner placing his hands upon the shoulders of the player next in front of him to form a perfectly connected chain or line. The first team to finish without a break anywhere in its chain is declared the winner.

The best runner should head the team.

A club which has been knocked down may be replaced only by the last runner in that team which threw it down.

When there are many teams, the alternate teams should run in preliminary heats, and then the winner in a final heat.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A very nice letter from Jean S. McIntosh of Aspen, Colorado, enclosing a riddle and a funny story. We will print both and send Jean a membership button in The W. H. M. C. C.

Aspen, Colo.,
June, 24, 1920

Dear Mr. Burke,

I read in your Children's Cosy Corner in The Western Home Monthly about your wanting children to write to you enclosing a riddle and a funny story, and thought I would let you hear from me. I live in a beautiful little town seated in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. I wonder if any other little girl in Colorado gets the Western Home Monthly. I was eleven years old two weeks ago. I passed into the sixth grade this spring. I am hoping to see this letter in the next Western Home Monthly, and receive one of those beautiful membership buttons. I have a sister going on fourteen years and one now going on four. Good-bye. Love to all the cosy corner readers.

An interested reader,
Jean S. McIntosh

We have also received a little poem on "The Gopher" from Violet F. Andrews, of Crystal City, and we welcome Violet as a member of the W.H.M.C.C.

Unbeatable specimens of the Scotch Collie, bred and raised in Western Canada

SOMETHING RECEIVED (Cont.)

The Gopher

The gopher is a cunning chap,
But not as cute as me,
For I can catch him in my trap,
And then he says, "Squee, wee"!

He lives within a room beneath
The grasses tangled root.
And he comes up quite frequently
And carries back his loot.

He sits beside his small front door
And basks there in the sun,
But if the dog should chance along,
He flicks his tail and runs.

He steals the farmer's sweet young grain
And carries it off home,
The farmer works with might and main
To chase him off the farm.

Violet F. Andrews, (13)
Crystal City, Man.

E. Garry, Vanguard, Sask., is the winner of the button for the verses on the gopher.

The Gopher

I stood at the door, just a sort of loafer,
On our prairie farm on a summer's day
Watching while a saucy gopher
Came hopping and jumping along my way.

Far overhead the bright sunshine,
Glanced sparkling off his soft brown hair.
His bright black eyes were turned toward mine;
A look of curiosity rested there.

I saw him watching our silent Rover,
Then settled himself for a good old eat.
Peacefully crouching—that poor little gopher—
Whisking his tail as he nibbled my wheat.

He'll never sit there again, that gopher,
Never run home in the dusk of even.
He met his death by the paws of Rover,
His soul now rests in the animal Heaven.

E. Garry,
Vanguard, Sask.

A Funny Story

Mr. Brown was making a trip on a train which had no dining car. When the train stopped at a station where there was a restaurant nearby, he beckoned to a small boy on the platform. "Bring me a sandwich, and get one for yourself" said he handing the boy twenty cents.

The boy returned in a few moments, munching a sandwich. He handed ten cents to Mr. Brown. "There was only one sandwich left, Mister." he said.

Jean S. McIntosh

A Riddle

I'm a strange contradiction,
I'm new and I'm old.
I'm often in tatters and I'm oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read,
Yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten,
Though loose I am bound
I'm always in black
And I'm always in white,
I'm grave and I'm gay,
I'm heavy and light,
In form too, I differ,
I'm thick and I'm thin
I've no flesh and no bones
Yet I'm covered with skin.
I've more points than the compass
More stops than the flute;
I sing without voice,
Without speaking compute.
I'm English, I'm German,
I'm French and I'm Dutch.
Some love me too fondly,.
Some slight me too much;
I often die soon though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has as many pages
A book.

Letters, riddles, stories and verses all good and interesting have been received from Leslie Z. Little, Ruddell, Sask., Maxine E. Sutherland, Excel, Alta., Doris May Beebe, Colonsay, Sask., Edith Forster, Stone Cross Farm, Marshall, Sask., Esther L. MacKae, Chipman, N.B.

"Contents of homes bought and sold," reads an auctioneer's sign. A very common mistake. You can buy or sell the contents of a house, but not of a home.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO WRITE

1. A letter not more than 150 words long, telling about the best baseball, lacrosse, football or tennis match you saw this year.

2. A short story, giving the names of the wild flowers in your part of the country, where they grow, and how.

3. The best recipe you know for candy, that will be good for Halloween.

Send in your answers so they will be here before Sept. 30th., and the winner of the prize will appear in the November number. Write PLAINLY AND NEATLY on one side of the paper only, and address The Editor, Children's Cosy Corner, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Lists of Favorite Books

In the competition in the July Journal, the following were the fortunate winners of buttons with the lists of books which they chose. The lists were very varied, not many boys and girls choosing the same books.

Mary E. Gross, Hodgeville, Sask:—Little Women, Little Men, John Halifax, Gentleman, Swiss Family Robinson, Corporal Cameron, The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land.

Bertha Marquadson, Sterling, Alta:—Daddy Long Legs, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Just David, Anne of Avonlea, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Ragnar Johnson, Stony Hill, Man.:—The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land, The Patrol of the Sun Davee Trail, The Winning of Barbara Worth, Will o' the Wisp, Wildfire, The Iron Trail.

SOMEONE TO WRITE TO

Alice Emmous Dubuc, Mary E. Gross, Hodgeville, Sask., would like correspondents, either boys or girls.

Evidence

Magistrate—"You say that the prisoner looked round carefully and whistled. What followed?"

Witness—"His dog, your worship!"—Tit-Bits.

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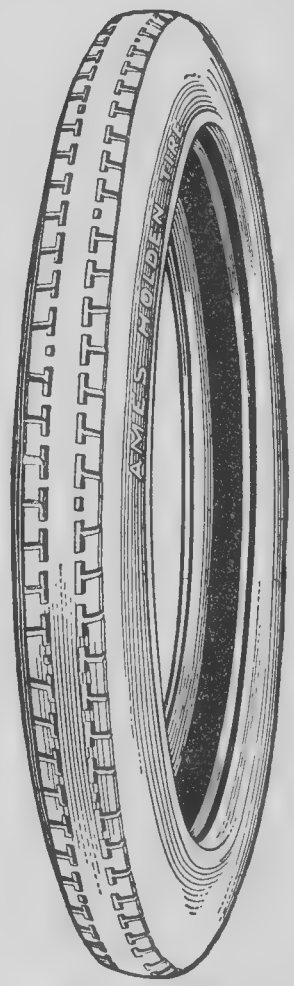

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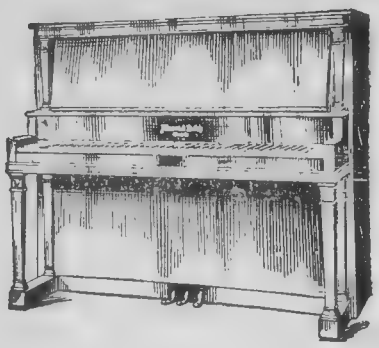

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Fashions and Patterns

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Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our up-to-date fall and winter 1920-1921 catalogue, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses and Children's patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.

An Attractive Gown for Slender Figures—Pattern 3333 is illustrated in this style. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 6½ yards of 44-inch material. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is about 1½ yard. The pattern provides a body lining for the waist, over which the outer portions are draped. This style is good for silk cloth or woolen. As here illustrated, figured crepe was used. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Model for "Party" or "Best" Wear—2752—Girls' Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Lawn, bastiste, crepe, challie, taffeta, messaline, gabardine, nun's veiling, linen and other wash fabrics are nice for this style. Braid, bands of embroidery and lace are suitable for trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 yard of lining 27 inches wide for the underwaist, and 3 yards of material for the dress, for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for Party or Best Wear—2932—You could make this of dimity, dotted Swiss, voile, handkerchief linen, soft silk, challie, or gabardine. Lace or embroidery or hemstitching will form a suitable finish. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or, short and loose. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards of 38-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1 cent and 2 cent stamps.

A Stylish Afternoon Gown—Waist pattern 3316 and skirt pattern 3311 are here combined. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes; 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Figured crepe and satin are here portrayed. Linen and gingham, taffeta and organdy would also be attractive. Braiding or embroidery on plain material would make a very effective gown. It will require 6¼ yards of one material, 36 inches wide for medium size. The skirt measures 1⅞ yard at the foot with plaits extended. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Blouse Dress with New Style Features—Pattern 3170 was employed for this attractive style. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 16 will require 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. Striped galatea or checked gingham may be combined for this model, with pique, drill or chambrey. It is good also for percale, sport silks, and other sports fabrics, also for serge and woolens. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple House Dress—Pattern 3178 supplies this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. Striped seersucker, chambrey, gingham, percale, linen and drill, sateen and flannellette could be used for this style. The sleeve may be finished in close fitting wrist

length or with cuff at elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Dainty Dress Style—Pattern 3334 supplies this model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 2⅝ yards of 27-inch material. Gingham, chambrey, calico, poplin, voile, linen, silk, batiste and gabardine are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—Pattern 3326 makes this comfortable Rompers model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 3¾ yards of 27-inch material. As here illustrated blue repp was used embroidered in white. One could have this design developed in unbleached muslin with a finish in blanket stitching in brown or red. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Apron—Pattern 3324 made the comfortable model. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Figured percale in white and black is here illustrated. One could have gingham, seersucker, lawn, alpaca, drill or sateen. A medium size will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Costume—Illustrating blouse pattern 3177, cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure and skirt pattern 3164 cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. To make the costume for a medium size will require 7¾ yards of 38-inch material. Taffeta with chenille embroidery, silk voile with bands of embroidery or linen with padded embroidery would be attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 1¾ yard. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Dress—Pattern 3341 illustrates this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. Taffeta, velveteen, serge, crepe, duvetyn, faille and gabardine are attractive for this design. Skirt measures about 1¾ yard at lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for the Little Miss—Pattern 3113 cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years, is here depicted. For a 4 year size 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material will be required. One could have this model in gingham, linen, lawn, percale, chambrey, gabardine, serge, silk or velvet. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Cape Model—Pattern 3336 is here represented. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 6¼ yards of 48-inch material. Broad cloth, velours, serge, duvetyn, heather mixtures, polo and evora cloth, satin, velvet and all cloakings are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Apron—Pattern 3145, cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure, is here portrayed. Gingham, percale, lawn, cambric, drill, sateen and alpaca are good for this style. A medium size will require 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this

Continued on Page 64

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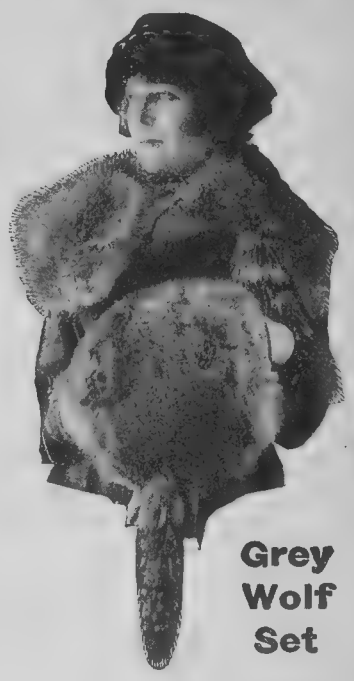

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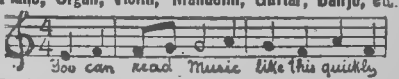

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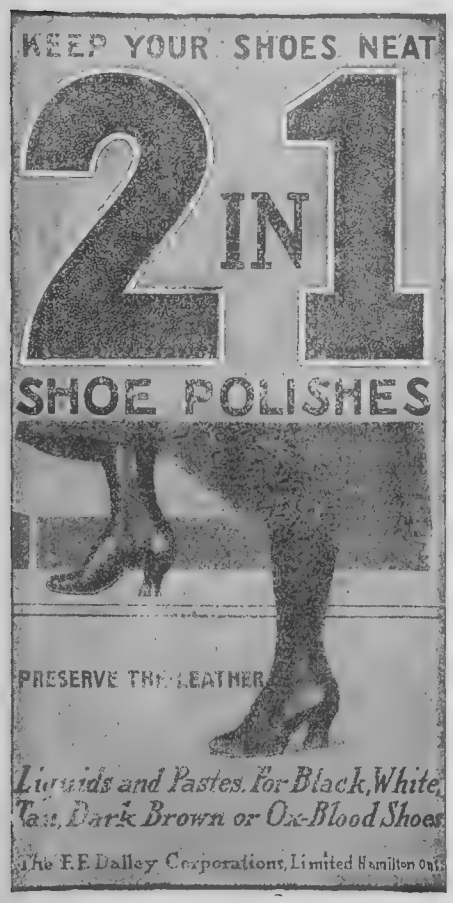

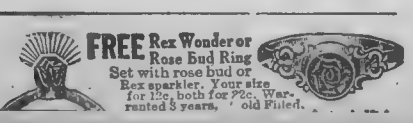

Correspondence

Will "A Pioneer Wife" kindly send her name and address to the editor so that correspondence intended for her can be forwarded.

The Outdoor Life

Dear Editor and Readers—For several years I have read your page with interest. Your letters are so delightful that I have at last made up my mind to write too in the hope of getting some correspondents. I live on a farm and find it the best place I know of, possibly because I am fond of animals, especially horses. My home is amongst trees and it is very beautiful just now. I cannot agree with those who think the city so much better than the farm. We farmers have a happy life with plenty of sports such as riding, dancing, motoring and picnicing. I do not dance for the simple reason I never learned, but I am very fond of riding horseback and have my own saddle. I quite agree with "A Lonely Bach," about the W. H. M. It is splendid. Something in it for every member of the family and a good deal of instruction too. Too bad about your flapjacks, "Lonely Bach." Do you use a different recipe for each bach? I would like to hear from someone who has a camera. I have a 2A Brownie, but so far have not had very good results with the pictures. However, I am hoping to do better soon. Like many others I love music. I think that for those who have not been very well taught to play a musical instrument, a gramophone is the best as one can get the very best music and it is not expensive either. The winter was very long in Manitoba. We thought it would never end. The trees have been in leaf for only a short time and the crops are not all planted yet. This is a fine spring for growing. It has been very cool with frequent rains, but there were several hard frosts. If some young people who live on farms and like the life as I do will write to me, I shall be delighted to answer at once. I am just eighteen years old and am attending high school. I do not think I will be a teacher. I prefer the outdoor life; ranching would suit me better. Wishing the members of this page all good luck and the paper the success it deserves, I will now close.

Lady Nowah.

Steve Wants a Fair Chauffeur

Dear Editor and Readers,—After reading the July issue and the nice letters in the Correspondence page, especially the one of 'Hokus-Pokus,' I thought I would write. Being a farmer's son, I find enough things during the day to attend to than to think of loneliness. Quite a number express themselves as being lonesome. I never was lonesome when I lived in the city any more than I am in the country. I join in all kinds of sport, but like baseball and hockey best. I do not dance much myself, but I have nothing to say against the useful exercise of dancing as it proves to be to those who sit all day at one kind of work. Take, for instance, stenographers or telephone operators, about the only part of their body that gets exercise is their neck and eyes. If all these young people kept on at the same kind of work and did not take any exercise similar to dancing they would probably become stiff-jointed. But dancing is not the only means of enjoyment, there are other things where one can enjoy themselves among others. My brother and I go to dances just for the reason of providing good music for the entertainers. We play the clarionette and cornet to the best of our ability. I like the tone of 'Happy go Lucky's letter. I think it is rather tough luck for 'Violin Lover' to live in a kind of atmosphere where the girls are frozen. Cheer up, 'Violin Lover,' there should have been enough heat in July to thaw them out. I like farming in Manitoba very much. We are breaking raw land with three outfits, for flax and wheat next year. I am sure we are lucky to have three men of our own as help is so scarce around [illegible] over Western Canada. We have about ten acres of potatoes this year and have been using new potatoes from the 5th of July. I think that is a splendid record for Manitoba, to have new potatoes for use as early as the first week in July. The only kind of potatoes we prefer to grow are Irish Cobbler and Early Rose and we have experienced that the potato bug take more to the former, although both are splendid grades for home use. I have a Hudson Super Six-cylinder car and I would like Cupid to help me find a fair chauffer with or without experience. I am nineteen years old, 5ft. 10ins. high and weigh 168 lbs. With good luck to the editor and all the readers of the Correspondence column, I am, Steve.

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

A Budding Teacher

Dear Editor and Readers,—This is my first letter to your interesting correspondence page and I hope to see it in print. I have enjoyed reading the letters on this page for many years, but have felt too young to attempt entering the circle. I am a high school girl now but hope to be a school teacher in a year or so. The question of the teacherage has interested me very much. I have had considerable experience as to teachers' boarding places because we live only a mile from a country school. We have a teacherage about a half mile from the school. Some teachers have liked it and some have not. I think it would be very nice for a teacher who likes housekeeping and can cook, but it seems to me there are several teachers who cannot cook. 'Bubbles'' letter interested me very much, especially where she said, 'in most places throughout the West the teacher is taken in and made one of the family if she care to make herself agreeable.' That is certainly true. Some teachers, however, don't seem to care to make themselves agreeable (so my experience has been). They think that they are perhaps a considerable amount better than the farmer's family and should be waited on. Of course, there are also many who are exceedingly nice and agreeable and whom the farmers like to keep. I hope to be among the latter. I must close now, wishing the W.H.M. and especially the correspondence page every success My address is with the editor. A Future Teacher.

The Beauties of the Farm

Dear Editor and Readers,—Here I am again. When I saw the title put on my last letter, I thought I would tell you about my holiday to the country. Before I go very far, though, allow me to say that I could never tell it all. There were so many interesting things on the farm. Every day there was something new to see. I liked all the animals on the farm except the gander and one day he did chase me. He came right up to my side and stretched forth his neck in a way that I thought he was to peck me, and I believe he would have done so, too, had I not taken a little bit of a run and then stopped and frightened him off. The little ducks were very interesting. They were so amusing when in the water. I could have watched them nearly all day long. I had my holiday just before the preparation for harvesting so my friends had lots of time to show me around. I had a lesson in milking cows, but did not feel too keen about it. I think there were all sorts of animals on the farm. The country round about was lovely, too, and I enjoyed every minute of the time I was there. Ten days was not nearly long enough. I could have stayed on the farm for the rest of the summer. There was lots of work to be done, but there were many willing hands and that made the labor light. Some of the neighbors own cars and I had many rides around the country. I had no idea there were such pretty places not far from the farm, and I would not hesitate to spend my holi-

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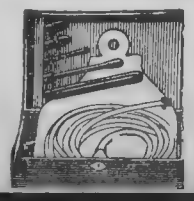

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days there again. Holidays on the farm is all I can have or look forward to meantime, but who knows, maybe some day a nice farmer will come along and then off for more than a holiday. Well, dear editor and readers, I think this is enough about my holiday to let you know I enjoyed myself, and now I had better stop and leave room for someone else As before,

Reader.

Loves Country Pastime

Dear Editor,—"I am a new reader of your interesting magazine and have come to join your merry circle. I live in the city during the winter months and the farm most of the summer season. I prefer the country life. I wonder how many agree with me. I love sketching and painting the country scenery because it is natural and beautiful. I am fond of all sports, skating, swimming, baseball, dancing, etc. I especially like the country dances. I am also a lover of music. The horse is my favorite animal. I enjoyed reading 'Sunshine's' letter very much, also 'Cow Puncher's. I like the whole magazine all the way through. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. Adieu." June Artist.

A daughter of the sea.

Conservation of Energy

It was the First of July, but the cobbler's shop was open for hospitality if not for business.

"Kind of quiet round, compared with last night," remarked Joseph Bates, with a yawn. "I don't believe I got an hour's sleep. I was just turning and tossing, and wishing those youngsters were at the north pole with their racket."

"When I'm kept awake that way," said Silas Wells, who aspired to be a philosopher but was better known as the laziest man in town, "I'm apt to pass away the time pondering on some subject. Last night my mind got to running on the conservation of energy. Supposing all the energy that those boys expended in raising Cain could be gathered up and devoted to some useful purpose, just how many hosspower would it represent? I don't suppose we can ever find out."

"I dare say not," said Tobias Porter. "I don't know any surer way of wasting a man's energy than trying to make boys really useful. As long as a boy thinks he is having fun, he is the most tireless thing on earth. But let him get a suspicion that what he is doing is of the slightest value to anyone, and he loses all vim."

"That puts me in mind of something that happened when I was a boy, over in Edgecomb," said Amos Gray. "There was quite a little pond at the foot of a field that sloped down from the road, on the Gabriel Mansir place, with some white perch in it. One day Gabriel, who was a cross-grained, tight-fisted sort of man, painted up a sign in great big letters, 'No Fishing Here,' and stuck it up on a bit of an island out in the pond.

"You could see the words plain enough from the road; and that night when a parcel of us boys, twenty-five or thirty in all, were going home from school, Tom Curtis jumped over into the field where Gabriel had had potatoes that year, and picked up a stone and let drive, although he didn't come within a hundred feet of the sign.

"Well, a pack of boys is like a flock of sheep—if the leader jumps a fence they all follow; and in less than a jiffy every one of us was over in the field, and the stones were pelting down on the pond like a hailstorm. We kept at it till almost dark, working like mad, with the sweat rolling down our faces; but we didn't often hit the sign. At last, one piece did get knocked off, so it left the sign reading 'Fishing Here'; and just then Gabriel appeared and we scattered.

"Master Duncan was keeping our school, and he was one of the old-fashioned kind. Gabriel spoke to him about what we had done, and he took the matter up in school next day. He promised us a good whipping; but, first off, he marched the whole lot of us down to Gabriel's to apologize.

"Come to get there, we found Gabriel considerably calmer than we expected. He said he was willing to make some allowance for us, owing to our having helped him out on a kind of backachy job that he had been dreading to tackle.

"You see, that field of his was just covered over with stones that he was intending to pick up and put in piles before laying the land down to grass; and we boys had thrown the bulk of them into the pond, and so got rid of them for good. That saved Gabriel a couple of days' work at least, and I guess it came as near conservation of energy as you'd often get, in the case of boys.

"But what followed," Amos continued, "illustrates that peculiarity of boys that Tobias was speaking of, Gabriel estimated that we had about two-thirds cleared the field of stones. 'Now,' says he, 'if you'll all come here next Saturday and finish the job under my direction, I'll get the master to let you off from your trouncing.'

"At that we all looked at Tom Curtis. After kind of studying on it a minute, Tom shook his head; and then the rest of us shook our heads.

"The upshot of it was that we marched back to the schoolhouse, and each took a good licking rather than pick up stones in the way of work."

Stand up for your rights; but do not obstruct the view of those sitting behind you.

Work is a Pleasure When Health is Good

With lots of rich, red blood coursing through the arteries and veins to keep up nervous vigor and muscular strength, there is a joy in living and work becomes an actual pleasure.

If tired at times, healthful natural sleep soon restores the wasted energy and you are happy in being able to accomplish things—to do your work thoroughly and well.

It is only when the blood is thin, the system run down and the nerves starved and exhausted that work becomes irksome and you get down-hearted and discouraged. In this condition you do not rest and sleep well, get up tired in the mornings and dread the day's work ahead of you.

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The Pedlar and His Pack

Continued from Page 11

You saw great, dirty, romantic cities of the East—Constantinople, Damascus, Bagdad. You saw the blue Mediterranean and the Isles of Greece and Arabia and the Red Sea and Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives and the "little town of Bethlehem," and could even call up a picture of shepherds watching their flocks by night under the stars! You saw lemon groves and street bazaars, sycamore and fig trees, date palms, cedars of Lebanon and long camel caravans winding their slow way over the desert to that ancient market of the eastern world, Damascus. The pedlar could conjure all these wonders up in broken, halting English in such an irresistible way you could have listened forever.

But this year he does not speak much of his people or of Syria. His heart is too full and in his dark eyes that unsleeping sorrow is more noticeable. So you do not question him. He is restrained but intense fire smoulders within him and dries up any tears that might flow. One of his sisters was hung by the hair of the head to a roadside gallows near Van, because she resisted the Turks. His old mother was dragged from a sick-bed and sent on a long march with hundreds of other prisoners and when she died her body was kicked over a precipice. His cousin was crucified by order of the Germans in Turkey, and many friends perished in the wholesale massacres. He had a sweetheart. If she is yet alive—forlorn hope!—he will find her and they will be married and live in Damascus.

A word about Damascus, called "The Pearl of the East." This is the oldest city in the world. There is absolutely no other to dispute the claim. It lies on a fertile plain and its strategical importance is great for it is the key to Central Syria and the terminal of the great caravan routes. It is watered by seven streams, and dominated by Mount Hermon whose snowy crest rises to a height of 9,000 feet. The first impression of Damascus made on the traveller is one of entrancing beauty. From afar it "shines like a diamond, set in the deep green of fruitful gardens, amid cypress, myrtle, palm, apricot, olive, walnut, orange, fig, and pomegranate trees, and the air is saturated with the fragrance of their blossoming in spring." The city received its name from the damascene work for which it has always been noted from days of antiquity up to the present. This damascene work consists of inlaying fine steel with gold and silver in wavy lines which produce a sheen when held to the light. Hence, too, comes damask linen and the city gave its name also to the damask rose, the damask plum, to rosewater, damask powder and to a certain quality of chased silverware.

The houses of Damascus are outwardly mean but it is said that the interiors of the larger ones are magnificent. Until it felt the oppression and the tyranny of the Turk the city of Damascus was wealthy beyond computation. The streets are no index of the city itself. They are narrow and dirty and crooked. Running east and west through the town to this day is "the Street called Straight" however. This would seem to indicate that a straight thoroughfare was a remarkable thing back in those biblical times—as it yet is in some more modern cities. Traces of colonnades may yet be seen and according to tradition persisting down the centuries the sites of the houses of Naaman, Ananias, Judas, and of the one where "standing room only" forced Paul to descend in a basket from a hole in the roof, can be pointed out. In the "Street which is called Straight" a great mosque stands and the Moslems believe that at the end of the world all who can crowd into this temple will be saved.

Damascus has undergone more changes of ownership than any other city in the world. It belonged in turn to the Egyptians, to King David, to Solomon, to the Assyrians, to Alexander the Great, to Rome, to the Moslems, to the Crusaders, to Saladin, to Turkey again, to Egypt again, back to Turkey in the nineteenth century and now—shall it become the capital of a free and happy and enlightened republic? Who can say! But one fact is absolutely sure and reliable: with Great Britain to guide the destiny of Asia Minor oppression and injustice will never again hold sway and the Syrian may look confidently forward to the beginning of his Golden Age.

The Riders of The Plains

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estimated that the distance to the farthest patrol, about 1300 miles, could be covered in fifteen hours and it took the gold seekers who went to the Klondyke in 1897, just eighteen months to make the trip.

Many distinguished visitors, including the Prince of Wales, have become ardent admirers of this famous force and His Royal Highness has consented to become Honorary Commandant of the body.

The members of the force are usually men of superior education. They have always been of great physique. Parthian riders, unequalled scouts, accustomed to hardships and rough fare and schooled in all the arts of diplomacy. It has been very truly said that "there is one thing on this planet longer than the equator and that is the arm of British Justice and the Mounted Police are the men who enforce it."

Fashions and Patterns

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illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Coat Style—Pattern 3338 was used for this model. It is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3¾ yards of 44-inch material. Cheviot, tweed, heather mixtures, polo cloth, velours, serge, satin and velvet are good for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Corset Cover—Pattern 3117, cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure is here portrayed. It will require 1⅜ yard of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The design is good for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, nainsook, satin, silk, crepe, batiste and cambric. It is simple, easy to develop and to adjust. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Work Dress—Pattern 3127 is here portrayed. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 7 yards of 27-inch material. This model is excellent for a nurse's or maid's uniform. It may be developed in gingham, chambray, lawn, linen, sateen or serge. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular School Dress—Pattern 3331 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Plaid or checked gingham, percale, seersucker, poplin, repp, serge, mixtures, velveteen and taffeta, also linen and pique are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Brook Fishing for the Gaspereau

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Earl the big hawks sailed along outside, but would not come near enough for me to picture them.

The gulls make a frantic fall into the water—the salt water of the harbor—and dip their necks and shoulders down and nip up an unwary kyiack, or alewife, or gaspereau—call it what you will.

I do not blame you dwellers along the great lakes and prairies for saying that the alewife is thin and bony, as you get a fresh-water dwarfed fish, but take one of these fish, double the size of those in mid-continent, full-fleshed—yes, and fullboned, too. I admit there seems to be more bones in it than the critter really needs for a well-adjusted skeleton, but one of these big fish, as large as the largest herring you have ever taken from the fresh-water lakes, is really only fairly good eating. The female is a bit bigger and stouter than the male as it is full of spawn. One odd thing about them: I could not find a single tooth on either jaw, or on the tongue or vomer.

We are wondering, as we sit here at home resting, just how that boy Earl will get those two partly-filled barrels of fish to his home a mile away. Then, if he is going to smoke them, he will have to salt them. He luckily does not have to clean them as all these fish are smoked "just as they is."

CRAFTY SNAKES

The South African snake called the eggeater has inherited from long generations of ancestors a sense of smell so acute that it appears never to be at fault. Professor Fitzsimons, director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, gives in his book on "The Snakes of South Africa" an interesting incident of the wisdom of these serpents.

Being short of fresh pigeons' eggs once, I went to my cabinet and took the clean-blown shells of a few doves' eggs. Beating up the contents of a fowl's fresh egg, I syringed them into the empty shells, and carefully pasted tiny bits of tissue paper over the holes. I put these in the eggeater's cage, and watched, for I expected the snakes to swallow them as they did the other eggs. First one eggeater advanced. He touched each egg gently in turn with the tip of his nose or the point of his forked tongue, and crawled away in disgust. Another and yet another eagerly advanced, repeated the performance, and straight-way retired. I began to get interested. Leaving the eggs, I returned in a few hours' time to find them still there.

For two whole weeks those eggs remained in the cage untouched, although I refrained from giving the snakes any others. Then I procured some fresh pigeons' eggs and put them into the cage. The snakes approached, touched them with their noses or tongues, and instantly began to swallow them. I tried this experiment a second time with the same result. Frequently I have noticed that the snakes would eat some of the eggs that I gave them, and reject others. On breaking the latter open, I always found that they were either addled or else had a partially developed young bird inside. I could never induce an eggeater to swallow an egg that was not perfectly fresh.

The eggeater is an expert climber, and his sense of smell is so sharp that he can discover birds nests with the greatest facility. If you place an empty bird's nest in the cage of an eggeater, he will take no notice of it, except to use it occasionally for a cosy bed. But if you put fresh eggs in it, he at once detects their presence, although they are hidden from his sight.

THE BLACK TRACKER

During the South African War an officer of the Australian contingent boasted of the cunning of his black tracker,—who was no great master of his craft after all,—until he quite exhausted the credulity of the British officers with whom he was messing. He told one remarkable tale after another, until the other men challenged him to make good his reputation for veracity, and the conditions were these:

The five skeptical British officers, two afoot and three mounted, should start, at various intervals, in whatsoever directions they might elect, and proceed for a period agreed upon; and the black tracker, knowing only the color of the horse that each mounted man rode, and having seen only the print of the shoes that each footman wore, should trace them all within a certain time and subsequently report the movements of each with reasonable accuracy.

"Is it agreed," said one of the officers, "that we may obscure our tracks?"

"Oh, yes"

"Must we keep to soft ground?"

"Oh, my word, no!" the Australian laughed. "Go where you like."

"May we take off our shoes?"

"Of course. Don't spare the tracker. He'll be all right enough."

The tracker had an entertaining day of it. He returned contemptuous of the bushcraft of the five British officers. But he had not been spared, for the officers had taken to stony ground and sought in every way to bewilder him. He had followed the tracks of the mounted men, however, on the run, indentifying the movements of each by the colors of the dark-brown, light-brown and gray hairs of the horses, samples of which he produced; he also told how the first horseman had dismounted and lighted his pipe, how the second had been thrown when riding at a canter, and how the third had dismounted, rested in the shade and climbed a tree for a veiw of the country.

He also described accurately the movements of the footmen. One had tramped his course without pause or accident, but the other, having taken off his shoes, according to the evidence of a wisp or two of wool from his socks, had cut his foot and gone lame the rest of the way, as a stone with a speck of blood disclosed.

When the tracker concluded his revelations, it was agreed by the five British officers that his report was ample, that he had not made a single mistake, and that he had fulfilled all the conditions of the trial.

SUPERHUMANLY SENSITIVE

In a recent issue, the National Geographic Magazine contains an interesting article about the measuring and testing machines in the Bureau of Standards Building at Washington. It says: Here can be seen instruments of such delicacy and precision that the mind fails at first to grasp the full significance of what they can accomplish. In one room is a balance so sensitive that the mere presence of the operator's body generates an amount of heat that is sufficient to disturb the machine's accuracy. In another room there is one so delicately adjusted that it shows the loss of weight due to the reduction of the earth's atmosphere when two pieces of metal are weighed one upon another instead of side by side.

Remarkable beyond the imagination are the heat-measuring instruments that register infinitesimal fluctuations of temperature. A ray of light may have started ten years ago from some distant star, and may have spent all of those years hurtling earthward-bound through space at a gait so astonishing that it could girdle the globe in far less time than it takes to wink the eye, and yet when it falls upon the sensitive bolometers at the Bureau of Standards, they will tell the observer how much heat that ray brought with it from the star to the earth.

Such are a few of the most delicate instruments. There are others that are as powerful as those are sensitive. In the engineering laboratory there is a huge testing machine that can tear apart the strongest steel girders used in building great "skyscrapers," while on the floor above are little electric furnaces that can generate a heat intense enough to melt the most refractory materials. The Bureau can accurately measure cold great enough to liquefy the very air we breathe, and heat that will melt solid rocks.

An American spending his vacation in Scotland had an opportunity to play golf every day on a world-famous links. Moreover, he had assigned to him an exceptionally fine caddie, who had frequently carried the bags of the best golfers in Scotland.

"Donald, my man, I expect to get some good tips from you while I am here," said the American, while making the first round of the course.

"And I expect," returned the thrifty Donald, "the like frae you."

Snowflake
The Full Strength Ammonia

Softens Water

Cuts Grease

PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread

Use it in all your Baking